

MARCH, 1908

15 CENTS

AINSLIE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS



DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER



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banishing dirt
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—Some Fiction Names Represented in April COSMOPOLITAN—

Eliza Calvert Hall

¶ The author of "*Aunt Jane of Kentucky*," who writes exclusively for COSMOPOLITAN, favors us with one of her infrequent offerings, an altogether delightful piece of mellow beauty and reminiscence, entitled "*A Ride to Town*."

E. Phillips Oppenheim

¶ The greatest modern master of dramatic plot concerns himself this month—in "*A Woman Intervenes*"—with how the dreaded "*Long Arm of Mannister*" brought another enemy low.

Bruno Lessing

¶ "*Jake—or Sam*" is another of those irresistibly funny bits of story-telling by a master. It has to do with one Spiegelbrauer, whose nights persisted in being days, but who "caught up with himself" at last.

—Among Writers of Special Articles in April COSMOPOLITAN—

Arthur Brisbane

¶ In "*The Fight Against Alcohol*," Mr. Brisbane presents a forceful study of the rising prohibition sentiment and recent legislative enactments in this country.

Alan Dale

¶ "*The Sort of Heroes Women Like*"—that's the provocative title of Alan Dale's contribution for the month. He says they are the kind the average man wouldn't have in the house.

Elbert Hubbard

¶ Fra Elbertus contributes an eloquent and exalting "*Invocation to Man*," which you will surely want to cut out and pin up where you can see it every morning.

Alfred Henry Lewis

¶ In "*The Confusion of Talky Jones*," Mr. Lewis yarns characteristically of how a confirmed practical joker in Wolfville was made at last to see the error of his ways.

Porter Emerson Browne

¶ This popular writer offers, in "*A Question of Principal*," a charming story of Love and Finance, in which Finance is worsted, of course, and Love victorious.

Charles Edward Russell

¶ Mr. Russell devotes a truly appalling article to "*The Election Crimes of 1907*," based on the closest personal observation of many polling places in New York City.

Hugo Münsterberg

¶ Prof. Münsterberg, in "*Traces of Emotion and the Criminal*," shows how the modern psychologist is about to become a figure of the first importance in criminal trials.

Kuno Francke

¶ "*The New Spirit in German Painting*" is a fully illustrated article by Dr. Francke, who is curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University.

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THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

VOL. XXI

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WARNING Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.

HOT BOUILLON FOR COLD AFTERNOONS

BY MARY JANE McCURE

March swirls and eddies over snow-sprinkled hill and vale in a mad dance. Somewhere in the bare branches a lone winter bird dreams of a mate and breaks out in a carol of joy. In the woods, beneath dry, dead leaves and mouldering mast, the violets are stirring uneasily and cautiously peering through to catch a fleeting glimpse of the feeble sun. The sap is sluggishly starting in the trees and swelling buds and crimson-threaded hazel-blossoms prophesy the coming of the springtime. Lent looks frowningly upon the wild revelry of the month of the four winds. The season spells sermon and salmon and dull, dreary days to the devotee.



FASTING forces fashion into the background for the nonce and frivolity finds small favor. The regalia of society is laid away in lavender and the afternoon call is the only form of dissipation indulged in. One ingenious dame of society, in order to sharpen the dull edge of formal calls, has introduced a quaint innovation in entertaining. Her little girl, scarcely more than a baby, prepares and serves bouillon to the guests. The entrance of the fair little one never fails to thaw the ice of formality and induce a flow of soul.

The bouillon, of necessity, is a very simple concoction. It would be impossible for the tiny child to prepare anything complicated. Armour's Extract of Beef forms the basis of it. The cups are filled with boiling water, and in each one a quarter of a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef is stirred. Pepper and salt is added, and the resulting royally rich bouillon is ready to serve.

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Beef is bound to prove a blessing in disguise to the puzzled cook. It will impart a beefy smack to dishes without meat and make it possible to prepare a splendid mixture that will sharpen the appetite with cloyless sauce and tempt a hungry mortal to eat the stew and then beg for the pan.

Armour's Extract of Beef combines most happily with cheese and may be introduced with safety into almost any recipe where cheese is an ingredient, with excellent results.

The following recipe is a tasty variation from the old-fashioned, plain omelet.

Cheese Omelet.—Break six eggs into a dish and stir them gently. Add one-half cupful of grated or chipped cheese, salt and pepper to taste and one-fourth teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling milk. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the pan, turn in the mixture and cook slowly. Cut in quarters and turn when brown.



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AINSLEE'S

VOL. XXI.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 2.



CHAPTER I.



ASWELTERING August afternoon on the Bluff above Yokohama, a tiny bungalow hidden behind bamboo hedges, cowering away from the blazing sun under a clump of pines; in the shade, on the lawn, was a tea-table; beside it Mrs. Helmsby, known as "Lady Jane" among the officers in the wardroom of her husband's ship, the U. S. S. *Omaha*, lying at anchor in the bay.

The incessant buzz of the locusts filled the air and intensified the teasing heat until Mrs. Helmsby began to speak, and then it died away to a sort of *bouche fermée* accompaniment to her resonant solo.

Before her stood three men in white duck uniform, and a young girl in a soft clinging white gown; a long strip of pale-green Liberty gauze across her shoulders fell almost to her feet. Her dark eyes peered out from under a white chip hat covered with green leaves. She was leaning on a long-

handled white parasol, laughing at her sister. Every one who loved Lady Jane laughed at her. She always declared that by this simple sign she could easily distinguish her enemies.

She was shaking her finger and storming at the group of four, lined-up before her; storming as only Mrs. Helmsby knew how to storm, for she was a true comedienne and played the rôle solemnly.

"Three grown men with their fingers in their mouths, hiding behind my little innocent Rosamond, who knew no guile till she met you!"

Ensign Pelgram coughed gently, and Rosamond darted a reproachful glance at him. Like all really successful flirts, she scorned even the faintest suggestion of that art.

"It was my fault, Jane, that we're so late to tea," laughed the girl. "I would persist in going to an endless matinée down on Theater Street, and I dragged them in willy-nilly."

"Oh, yes, of course that's your cue! Almost ever fib we women tell has a trembling man ambushed in it somewhere," returned Mrs. Helmsby, with scorn.

The two younger officers, and the one middle-aged and a giant in stature, clung together in mock terror of "Lady Jane's" mock wrath. They were all very much addicted to these little farces and found therein great enjoyment.

The men drew apart, as Mrs. Helmsby's breath endeavored to catch up with her, and they whispered, with their white helmets close together.

Evidently the navigator, Jack Schuyler, was appointed spokesman, much to his obvious reluctance.

Standing forth, he shyly removed his head-gear and smoothed down his sparse locks; as he spoke to stern Portia he nervously twirled his helmet, the picture of six-feet-two inches of comic timidity and awe. Even Jane broke down and laughed aloud.

"We don't expect tea at this late hour, of course not, but couldn't we have a few cold greasy scraps if we went 'round to the kitchen-door? Any little culinary failures lying about, we'd gladly clear away for you, kind lady, and save the *gomer-man* the trouble," whined the big navigator.

"'Culinary failures,' indeed! There are none in my house, I'd have you understand! I should think that you had dined here often enough to know that yourself! And I tell you, gentlemen, now and here, that I will not call the 'boy,' nor will I have fresh tea made, nor renew the cake-plate. I've waited two hours for you; people have come and gone; my afternoon is over. I am about to ring the gong and have Cho remove the tray."

Mrs. Helmsby banged the temple-gong on the grass beside her chair, and the men pantomimed despair. Rosamond sat down in one of many chairs about her sister's tea-table, and she took off her hat and threw it on the lawn. She knew the finale of Jane's curtain-raisers better than they did.

Cho-san, the Japanese boy, appeared, gliding rapidly over the lawn. He approached and bowed low before her. There was a thrilling pause, all eyes were upon her; then she said, in a matter-of-fact way to the servant:

"More tea, hot, please, Cho, and more

toast, and plenty cake. And, Bobby, is it strawberry or quince jam that your being so constantly longs for?"

Cho-san's soul revolted against the scene that instantly was precipitated by this unexpected turn of affairs. Down went all three officers on their white-duck knees at "Lady Jane's" feet, and they kissed the hem of her blue-and-white dimity garment.

While in this compromising attitude the gong at the gate sounded three times, and Mrs. Helmsby whispered tragically:

"All is lost! To your feet instantly, the *momban* announces the approach of the 'honorable master'!"

As she spoke, a short, stout, white-haired, black-eyed man, dressed as the others were, in white duck undress uniform, came strolling along the drive, then looking up he stopped short, gave a low whistle, and shouted:

"Well, by Jove! This is a pleasant home-coming for a seafaring man!"

Cho-san understood nothing of all this. He had divorced his first wife for considerably less! These Americans he had found much less comprehensible than the English. Officials, too, of great rank, knowing the most exalted of all nationalities in Yokohama and Tokio. They even received twice a year the golden-crested invitations to the emperor's palaces—and then acting like that! Like the veriest buffoons tooting before a theater!

Such were Cho-san's thoughts as he crossed the garden on his way back to his pantry. There was, however, another point of view which found no harm in the intimate, indolent life in these far-away European colonies, where the wives of American naval officers are wont to make little, temporary homes about which the lonely, homesick officers rotated—Benedicks, widowers, bachelors—a rather forlorn flock hungry for a little, gentle shepherding.

Soon after Lieutenant Commander Helmsby's return to his home, called "The Sailor's Rest" by the whole squadron, the twins were heard coming from afar, also the shrill whine of a desperate *amah*. They soon appeared coming.

through the gate, followed by the wretched woman herself, her erstwhile smooth hair in wild wisps about her flushed face, her costume awry and atwist from neck to heel. The twins bore the nicknames of "Pell" and "Mell," and as they were never apart this nomenclature was, even after the briefest acquaintance, easily accounted for. The amah sought modestly to untwist herself, kneeling a little apart.

"Pell!" the mother cried suddenly.

"Yes, mama!" came sweetly from a trifle the dirtier of the two, not budging his hungry gaze from the cake.

"Thank goodness, they know themselves apart!" whispered Lady Jane, rising from her low bamboo chair. "I'll label them at once before worse happens." Jane gave each boy an éclair, which he gobbled as a turkey does a worm, with sundry quick, frightful contortions of the neck and head.

"Now, walk apart, you two. Don't touch me! And, amah, you come in and we'll see what can be done in the way of excavation." And the four sailed over to the bungalow.

While she was gone Helmsby, who was the executive officer of the *Omaha*, smoked and chatted with his messmate and special favorite, Jack Schuyler, who was known all over the settlement among the natives as the "*takai dannasan*," on account of his great length of limb. The other two officers, Ensign Pelgram and Cadet Robins—who, being the captain's clerk, had many privileges—were absorbed in outmaneuvering each other as to the round dances on Rosamond's card for the hop at the Boat Club the following evening. The dance list, being made up by a committee of four Scotchmen and Englishmen to one lone American, was defaced by many strange fantastic items such as: Caledonians, barn-dances, Highland schottisches and polkas, which, combined with an appalling iteration of lancers, left a pitiful number of waltzes for the Americans to quarrel over.

The girl smiled with equal sweetness upon them both, turning from one to the other the slow gaze of her big brown heavy-lidded eyes.

Rosamond was intensely individual in her dress, very quaint always, but somehow exquisite; gentle and womanly in manners and voice; old-fashioned, unathletic, fond of sport only as a spectacle. She was what her sister had intended, from the first, that she should be—a successful anachronism.

After many years of observation about the world, following her husband on his cruises, Lady Jane had reached the conclusion that unless something was done, marriage would soon become as extinct an institution on earth as it is in heaven. She had set her face most distinctly against the current merging of the two sexes into an amorphous one.

There was fifteen years' difference between the two sisters, and several of these theories had been put into practice upon Rose Atlee, as she had once been called before Jane rechristened her Rosamond. Mrs. Helmsby had had the entire care of her younger sister during her childhood, after their mother's early death. Then she had placed her in a convent school, the mother superior of which had been a social leader and the beauty of her day, and whose abrupt disappearance from the world had caused more than nine days' wonder.

The result, after Rosamond had left the convent, was beyond her sister's most sanguine hopes.

This had been Rosamond's first summer with her, the second of Mrs. Helmsby's residence in Yokohama, and already there was not an unattached man in either the wardroom or steerage of Guy Helmsby's ship—except that incorrigible old bachelor, the navigator, Jack Schuyler—who did not sooner or later intend to marry the quaint maiden, with her low-dressed, dark-brown hair, her slow, sleepy, demure eyes, her strangely deep contralto voice, her delicious air of repose. As for fascination—was she not, above all else, a tantalizing, maddening mystery? She thought in French, after years of hearing no other language, and spoke English with a curious precision.

Jane was quite aware of the fact that she herself made an excellent back-

ground for this very successful experiment in feminine chronology. She was tall, spare, plain till she smiled. A modern, aggressive, talkative type, vibrant with nerves, the whole strong nature sweetened by humor.

The late sun had set, the locusts had reached a frenzied apotheosis and then slowly lowered the key and tempo of their sonata, and finally lulled themselves to sleep.

Lady Jane returned just in time to hear her husband say to the man beside him:

"Schuyler, why not stay on to dinner?"

"There are only three ears of corn, Guy! Cook-san said it was too expensive for more," whispered she, in an audible aside.

The navigator laughed luxuriously. Was there ever such a woman? With her return came back that one of several moods most likely to come to the surface at the Helmsby bungalow. She bore the brunt of these absurd scenes, much too robust in fiber for gentle Rosamond, whose low laugh was, however, an essential part.

"But, if you and Guy will pull your common ear of corn, wish-bone fashion, and abide peaceably by the result, and not expect—as men generally do—that the women of the family should nibble meekly a few crackers while the unexpected guest revels in plenty——"

"Jane!" expostulated her husband, who adored everything she did or left undone.

The young officers arose to take their leave, having caught the drift of the conversation among their elders.

Pelgram and Bobby, with only a hotel dinner ahead of them, looked so openly broken-hearted, and their limp hands met Mrs. Helmsby's with such implied reproach, that she suddenly burst out wrathfully:

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, stay, all of you! Come and spend a month. Send for your trunks and camphor-wood chests, and bring your families, do! Is this my poor little rat-infested bungalow home, or is it the *dépendance* of the United States ship *Omaha*? No, Guy,

you wrong me, I begrudge nothing—your friends are generally more than welcome. It is not my fault, is it, that there are only three ears of corn? However," she added, with resignation, "I'll go ahead and order a can of lima beans, and with our few grains of corn polka-dotted through it, we'll manage very nicely." She stalked away again over the lawn, the men's laughter following her.

So they all stayed on to dinner, and afterward they went to the summer-house, where the children joined them for half an hour, the boys and their little four-year-old sister, Peggy, who went directly to Schuyler's arms and promptly fell asleep there. Then, later, when the amah had taken them away, Schuyler, in response to Rosamond's coaxing, went to the house and got his zither, always kept there, and under the light of one yellow paper lantern, he played for them.

No one ever saw the mood in him that matched the music that he played. It was sad, and he never was; it was full of yearning after things unattainable, such as the ideal of oneself seen briefly in the face of love; full of memories as dead as yesterday—Jack Schuyler, the bald-headed, jolly, giant that he was! Just a keen-eyed, kind face, as full of faults as he was himself; full, too, of tenderness for women and children and other foolish enthusiasms, of which he never spoke.

The zither's pleading vibrations filled the little tree-encircled compound, and no other sound broke the silence, except now and then the amah's plaintive pipe told of the native hour of the bath.

Jane sat by her husband, tired, silent, very contented with her life. There was always something that went to her heart in Schuyler's playing. She often wondered, as she watched him, what his life history had been. Guy declared that the navigator had none; that he knew every step of his career since they were boys together at the Academy. Of late Lady Jane had begun to think that perhaps Schuyler, too, was falling a victim to Rosamond's novel charms, he came so often and seemed as glad to

stay as they always were to have him. But however often he came to The Sailor's Rest during that stay of six months of the *Omaha* in Yokohama, his reserve remained impenetrable.

The gaiety of all the party fell away from them, only broken by the zither-player's interrogatives and the audience's low murmur of pleasure.

Rosamond, among other of her old-fashioned accomplishments, had been taught the art of listening, and her heavy, half-open eyes scarcely left Schuyler's face. Pelgram and Bobby were both deeply grateful that the aforesaid face must seem to her as old, and worn, and altogether commonplace as it did to them—poor old "*takai dan-nasan*"!

At eleven o'clock the officers reluctantly and lingeringly left.

Guy Helmsby, who had to be awakened in his comfortable chair, blew out the lantern by sundry wild swoops with Jane's fan, and then they went in.

Soon the little compound was in complete darkness and silence; the hot night brooded over them. Now and then, through the night, the jingle of the staff and bells of the public fire-watchman, followed by his shrill warning, sounded along the Bluff; and over the hedge was the harbor full of fixed and moving lights, where the ships went and came and rode at anchor.

CHAPTER II.

It was ever a question of hats at the Helmsby bungalow! Lady Jane had no talents, she neither sang, nor played, nor sketched, and her husband had been heard to thank God for it; but she did have an expensive, lively, and feverish passion for millinery. So her entire morning the day of the races had been given over to an orgy of flowers, laces and ribbons, interrupted by periodic disciplining of the twins.

"Thank goodness, Ah Yak, the Chinese amah, comes to-morrow!" announced Mrs. Helmsby, returning for the third time from the fray. "They say no child has ever conquered her. I'll keep poor little Tsuru for Peggy.

And now, for mercy's sake, do let's get once more at your hat!"

After tiffin, the two sisters sailed out of the gate. Upon Lady Jane's head was perched her violet capote, as jauntily as if Paris were its birthplace. The sprays of eglantine on Rosamond's big hat were repeated in softer tones all over her fleecy gown. In her hand she carried some roses sent to her that morning by Ensign Pelgram, who always did the things that so many other men only thought of doing.

When their jinrikishas dashed up to the landing in the canal, Bobby Robins was there to greet them. Other guests, bound for the *Omaha*, were now rapidly arriving from all directions; some in low-hung traps, some in jinrikishas, some merely strolling over from the hotel.

The committees and sub-committees had had only a day or so to make their arrangements, so the ladies must not expect anything more than a little fun. So spake Cadet Robins in reply to a broadside of questions fired at him from the stern of the crowded launch, as it flew over the dancing, dimpling water, straight for the *Omaha's* gangway.

Rosamond sat looking out over the sparkling bay, full of the ships of many nations, and she was conscious of being still half-asleep, unaroused, and conscious, too, that that was not all that there was to living. The books told of more than that, music sang of more, little Sister Marie Hélène spoke of much more, when they used to walk together along the sands by the ocean when the tide was out. Perhaps it came to some and not to others.

No one understood her, least of all Jane. Mr. Pelgram said he understood her—but each man said that in turn; all but one, she remembered with a little catch in her breath; he never even gave her a thought—she often wondered why—for she saw him frequently, and his music spoke directly to her soul, under the yellow lantern in the summer-house.

She sat looking straight ahead, her heavy brows frowning over her slumbrous dark eyes.

Schuyler ran nimbly down the gangway, when the launch reached the *Omaha*, and was there with outstretched hand to help the women. Pelgram greeted them more formally as they stepped on deck, as a man upon whose shoulders the subduing hand of duty lay heavily; and a little farther along stood Lieutenant-Commander Helmsby, whose merry voice welcomed them even less heartily than his beaming face and twinkling eyes, which, as soon as possible, he turned with approval upon his wife's hat.

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of my head, to put on it," said she, squeezing his hand.

"It's simply great, Jane! A regular out-and-outer! I'm so proud, I'd save time by walking backward."

"Well, I didn't want you to spend the afternoon wishing you were married to some other woman off here to-day," she pouted, flirting with him after twelve years of married life.

"Scared to death, eh?" he teased tenderly. "Well, I'll let you know later."

"You'll let me know now!" she challenged. He made no answer, but the eyes that met hers were those of a lover.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Helmsby, spare us forlorn bachelors these exhibitions of unseemly connubial bliss!" cried a deep voice, and Schuyler's elbow came between man and wife, and swept Lady Jane away to an especially arranged wicker armchair, ravished from the absent captain's luxurious cabin, he being on leave in Nikko.

The navigator handed Mrs. Helmsby the hastily arranged program, and then folding himself up into his smallest proportions, perched on a camp-stool beside her.

All the world was gathered on the port side of the poop, under a vast awning, the better to see the course, at one end of which lay the *Omaha*, while at the other, at the turning-point far down the bay, was the lightship.

Launches, cutters, dinghys, and sampans darted about to and from the shore, or between the long, irregular line of war-ships; Japanese, Russian, British and American, whose flags

there was just breeze enough to lazily unfurl.

It was intensely hot, as everybody told everybody else, with varying emphasis.

The officers came one by one and paid their respects to the most popular navy woman on the station—all but Captain St. Barre, of the Marine Corps, who deeply resented the fact that Mrs. Helmsby had not called on his wife.

During the three years' cruise in Asiatic waters Mrs. St. Barre had followed the *Omaha* about, after a desultory fashion of her own, coming to Yokohama two months after the ship's arrival; so it was undoubtedly Mrs. Helmsby's place to call, for she had been a resident of Yokohama for the last two years of the cruise. Be that as it may, the wife of the executive officer did not call upon the wife of the marine officer, for reasons about which she was silent.

During the ships' several visits to Yokohama, and the long stays in port common in those days, Mrs. Helmsby had established personal relations with almost all of the officers of the American squadron. She had listened to the tales of love and debt from the juniors; to the dying ambitions, the homesickness, the disillusion of the seniors. She cried with them when bad news reached them from home, and laughed when good news came. There was only one Lady Jane in the world! No matter if little Mrs. Bean, wife of the chief engineer, did cast, now and then, a rather peevish glance at the procession of men who stooped for at least a moment over Mrs. Helmsby's chair; no matter if Mrs. St. Barre, at the extreme end of the line of women, hated her as only a bad woman can hate a good one, who is, nevertheless, popular among men. She resented it as one woman does the better bargain of another; the paying less for a given commodity. The price had never seemed exorbitant to Fanny St. Barre till Lady Jane came within her range of vision.

Queen of the junior mess sat Rosamond, seeking to divide her kingdom with Lucy Postlethwaite, whose British

sporting soul was uplifted out of such trifles, and whose keen eyes understood every detail of the scene before her. Bobby had bustled up for a moment before the first race was called, a damp, starchless being, puffing painfully and purple with excitement. At him Miss Postlethwaite fired questions unfeelingly, for he was reduced to nods horizontal or nods perpendicular, for lack of breath.

"You don't really expect to win that whaleboat race?" she scoffed. His nod did credit to his patriotism.

"It's beef that tells in a long race like that, and what nation on earth can touch us Britons for beef?" cried the daughter of England proudly.

Bobby thumped his chest resoundingly, and gasped out something about "wind" and "eagles," and then he was summoned away.

"He's a rare one to prate about wind," laughed Lucy, sitting down again beside Rosamond, whose eyes wandered about, not comprehending, as did her companion, the technicalities of it all, but feeling already cold with excitement, thrilled with those voiceless undercurrents of passion that run beneath all contests between two nations. Analytically she understood little of what was going on about her, emotionally it almost choked her. She looked about the deck, frightened for a moment; why could not she laugh and take it merrily, as Lucy and Jane and the rest did?

Pelgram had stopped for a moment behind her and stood leaning on her chair; she turned to him and tried to forget the terror of her own rising emotion, in condoling with him for being on duty during the races, which prevented his sitting down and behaving otherwise humanly, and would also keep him from the dance. All of which accumulation of ill-luck he took with his usual placid good humor, and slow, drawling facetiousness, that misled so many in their estimate of him. He was tall, slight, with a pale aquiline face, re-deemed by the very strong will stamped on his mouth and chin. He was rather a silent man, for so young a one, with

a gentle voice and sympathetic, hazel eyes that always rested and quieted Rosamond.

A pistol-shot sounded, Lucy cried: "They're off!" and every one craned to see the start of the first number on the program, a race between the whaleboats of the *Omaha* and H. M. S. *Champion*, an old score of long standing between the two ships, whose crews and officers had been on the friendliest terms all up and down the China coast, and during a long, dreary winter at Chemulpo.

The two boats lumbered along, as whaleboats seem to do, so slowly that it looked to the women as if the men were straining against anchor-chains.

Then, farther down the course, the American boat suddenly spurted ahead.

Some of the petty officers of the *Omaha* huddled in the bow, far from the restraints of feminine society, damned the Yankee coxswain roundly, for they had warned him to hold back till the last of the home-stretch.

The boats now being far down the course, it was not easy to see without glasses. Bulletins of progress of events around the lightship were reported to the guests on the *Omaha* from time to time.

The wardroom made haste to enlighten Mrs. Helmsby; the junior mess, Rosamond; and Mrs. Bean and Mrs. St. Barre took note of both facts.

But all antipathies melted into one great spasm of national joy, when on the home-stretch it was discovered that the American crew had kept their lead, in the face of gloomy prediction.

"We've got it, all the same!" said Lucy Postlethwaite, the coolest of them all.

Almost before she finished speaking, the British tars began very gradually to quicken their stolidly even stroke. Foot after foot closed up between the two boats. Creeping up slowly but steadily, the *Champion's* bow first passed the *Omaha's* coxswain's tow head, then her stroke-oar, then one man after another, until when once more abreast of the British flag-ship the two boats were bow to bow.

"It's ours!" cried Lucy to Bobby, and he turned and shook his fist at her.

He was clinging to the rigging apparently by five toes, for all the rest of him was spinning wildly about in mid-air, one animated perspiring pin-wheel of demoniacal excitement.

The shrouds of all the double line of ships were full of yelling sailors; the Russians cheered on the Americans, the Japanese cheered non-committally and with the instinctive restraint which in those days had not worn off.

The women on the *Omaha* were brazenly deserted—it was not a time for manners or niceties of speech, it was suddenly a national event, big, important—America against Great Britain!

Rosamond's opera-glasses shook so in her cold, trembling hands that she could no longer use them. Her face was deadly white, her teeth chattering, her reddish brown eyes black with excitement. Great, panting sobs rose in her full throat, and had to be swallowed lest she scream. During the last five minutes of the race she had sprung up on her chair, and was leaning forward, her hands clinched against her breast, whispering to herself, unconscious of the world:

"Pull, pull, pull! Go faster! Oh, for God's sake, go faster!"

Schuyler happened to look over, and saw her. At first he smiled, and then watched the girl in amazement. Was that the demure little Rosamond? Why, even high-strung Lady Jane herself was only laughing and waving her handkerchief. He turned aside and rapidly made his way toward Rosamond's side, where he stood leaning on the back of her chair.

A moment later pandemonium broke loose. The stroke of the *Omaha's* whaler pitched suddenly forward a limp mass at the little coxswain's feet.

The *Champion's* boat instantly forged ahead, the signal sounded—"Rule Britannia" brayed out on the British flagship—the race was over.

From ship after ship came the hoarse roar of the sailors. After an instant's pause, the Americans entered the ring. The Yankee ship saucily played "Yan-

kee Doodle," and three hundred Yankee sailors cheered for the *Champion's* crew, the *Omaha's* crew, for America, for England, for the Stars and Stripes, for the queen, for the American Navy, the captains, the coxswain—for any old thing that would go to prove that they were not sulking in the face of honorable defeat.

Hadn't they knocked spots out of those *Champion* fellows often enough over in Hong Kong?

And then, under the poop-awning, Rosamond fell backward into Schuyler's strong arms, ready to catch her. She had fainted away, as he very much feared she would.

He lifted the girl as if she had been Peggy, and before Lady Jane or the others had subsided into sufficient calm to look about, he elbowed his way quickly through the crowd, and carried his burden down the ladder to the cabin, where he laid her on the transom, and sent the captain's orderly for the doctor.

While the messenger was gone, the girl's eyes opened; and the look of sudden fright that came into them went to the big man's heart.

"It's all right, it's all right, little girl! The heat, the glare—feel it myself. The doctor'll be here in a moment, just let me fan you till he comes."

"Does Jane know?" she panted.

"No, I thought I'd not tell her till you came 'round—no use scaring people."

"I want to go home. I can't stand any more. Just get me ashore, will you, please? Don't tell Jane. I want to go, and be alone for a little while!"

"I'll take you home, my dear child—don't worry. Nobody'll notice in all this to-do about the race."

The "little doctor" came rapidly into the cabin, the senior surgeon being on leave with the captain. He gave Rosamond a draft and took the fan from Schuyler, while the latter sent the orderly to Helmsby to get the steam-launch in which he could take the girl ashore unobserved.

In a few moments Rosamond, supported by Schuyler on one hand and the

junior surgeon on the other, slipped away circuitously, and down the covered gangway into the launch.

As they sped toward the Bund, the music grew fainter, the cheers died away, the glint on the oily-looking water less glaring, less overwhelming the heavy, humid heat.

Rosamond closed her eyes with a long sigh.

"And I shall not see Bobby's race, after all!"

"No, but you'll hear enough about it, Lord knows!" quoth the man beside her.

Walking slowly along beside Rosamond's jinrikisha, holding an umbrella over her head, Schuyler tramped up Camp Hill to The Sailor's Rest.

As she rested for a moment in the cool, darkened drawing-room, the girl said suddenly, looking up at Schuyler, and clinging for an instant to the hand he had extended in farewell:

"It wasn't the sun, Mr. Schuyler, as the doctor thought. It's something here—that's terrible," she struck her breast, her face now on fire, her eyes brilliant. "Jane does not understand, no one does but Mother Veronica; I don't myself, so I can't express it, you see. I care too much about things, I care too much! I can't just care a little and be happy, as others are. The reverend mother said I had a will to match—*précisément*—my emotional nature, as she called it; and some day I would find the balance; and in the meantime she taught me to hide it all by an indifferent manner, by speaking slowly, moving slowly, quietly coming and going, watching myself, hiding it from other eyes. Jane does not know—she must not. To-day was too much—the old terror of life, of feeling, swept me away—and then that great man fell flat on his face like a child and something snapped in my heart!"

Schuyler withdrew his hand from her feverish grasp, and, looking into her blazing eyes, he knew that he neither comprehended her nor the scene. He deemed it wiser to go before she said something she might regret in her hysterical condition.

"Now, I want you to send for the

amah and go straight to your room and rest; darken the room and lie down and try to sleep. I'll take a book and sit out under the pines, until Lady Jane comes. The doctor was to tell her that you had gone down to the cabin to rest and get cool—later on, he'll tell her you and I had come ashore. She'll know you're all right with the old '*takai danna-san*!'" He laughed and spoke to her as if she were a child, as indeed she seemed to him. She protested, but he added:

"I've seen at least fifty races exactly like this one, and am only too thankful for a little peace and quiet."

Rosamond went to her room and soon fell into a troubled sleep, the amah beside her on the floor, slowly fanning the girl's flushed face.

Schuyler laid his great length out in the long Hong Kong chair, lighted a cigar, and began to cut the leaves of a month-old magazine, musing to himself:

"The capacity for suffering ahead of that little sister of Lady Jane's! Heaven help her, when it does come. How she'll love some day, and how she'll hate!"

Very soon his hands fell, his eyes wandered about the little garden. "How one misses Lady Jane!" he thought, smiling.

And out on the bay the races went on. Bobby's boat beat the combined "free for-all," and the little coxswain became the hero of the hour, after the gig race manned by officers ended in the *Omaha's* triumph, at the close of the long afternoon.

By ten o'clock all the world was dancing and flirting at the Boat House, Rosamond and her sister being the first to arrive; and Pelgram, too, turned up unexpectedly and claimed his dances, Schuyler having offered to take his watch.

CHAPTER III.

One morning about a week later, Mrs. Postlethwaite's old fashioned chit-book, having been the rounds in the Settlement, finally reached Mrs. Helmsby's hands, on its way up Camp Hill to the Bluff.

Lady Jane, in a white muslin wrapper, was lying in a hammock hung on the side veranda. At the moment she was occupied in cooling off after a morning of frenzied industry at her desk. The result of which rested on the mantel-piece in the drawing room, addressed and stamped, waiting for the home mail.

Little Peggy sat beside her in her tiny "American chair," rocking to sleep a huge paper doll cuddled tenderly in her arms. To know Peggy was to be on equal terms of intimacy with "Bella," the inseparable companion of the child's many wanderings on land and sea. To travel with anything more corporeal than a paper doll Mrs. Helmsby declared impossible, so Bella had early been introduced to the family circle and set a convenient standard of her own, which happily no other doll of whatever kind had ever approached. One among Bella's innumerable charms was that she "packed flat," a thing not to be lightly set aside in life in the navy.

"She had a res'erless night," explained Peggy over her shoulder to her mother in a low tone, patting Bella's back which was in such startling proximity to her front. Over the little maternal shoulder stared Bella with huge unblinking blue eyes, and a decidedly unintelligent simper.

Cho appeared in the open French window and announced in a low tone: "Amur'can officer—'takai danna-san.'"

"Where is he, Cho?" whispered Jane, scrambling to her feet, preparatory to instant flight.

"Smoking-yum."

Stooping, she whispered to Peggy as she passed:

"It's Mr. Schuyler, pet; mother must go and dress. Will you receive him and 'play lady' till I come?"

Like a bugle call to the jaded war-horse so was the sound of this social tocsin to the little maid. Of all the ravishing excitements of life, nothing approached "playing lady" with a grown-up person.

Casting all lesser affairs aside, Bella was left in a state of shocking disha-

bille flat upon her blushing face down on the veranda, and Peggy sped into the drawing-room. Finding no one there, she peered silently about until she located her visitor; then she tiptoed back and rang the electric bell. Climbing up into the great teakwood chair, she smoothed down her little white skirts into place, and sat very straight, her short legs extended stiffly before her, exposing the soles of her little slippers. Cho appeared at the door leading into the broad hall that ran through the bungalow, surprise written on his irregular face. Gravely the tiny damsel addressed him:

"Cho-san, please go and tell Mr. Sky-low that I will see him in the droring-room."

Cho's ugly face broke into a delightful smile, and bowing very low he withdrew. It was not the first time that he and little baby-san had played this game together.

Schuyler, too, recognized the situation the instant he saw her in the great black chair, in which her mother received on her day at home. He and Peggy were great friends, and his happiest hours were spent with the child.

"Good morning, Miss Helmsby," he said, approaching with extended hand. She flounced about on her chair, presenting her back while she tumbled off the high seat, and then, her dress in a corkscrew twist, she faced about and put out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Sky-low. Muz-zer asked me to deceive you till she comes in."

The big navigator muttered something about his handkerchief being in his hat and bolted out into the hall, whence he returned with a still more solemn face, flourishing that article ostentatiously. Peggy meanwhile had climbed back into her seat, the twist in her white gown still more marked. She waved him to a chair with one chubby little hand.

"I hope you will pardon my calling so early in the day, Miss Helmsby," he began.

"Oh, certingly! Mr. Pelgram came nouns an' nouns ago, and one day Mr.

Bobby came up to breakfast. Muzzer had pancakes for him, and he busted out cryin' right at table. I felt so sorry for him, 'cause I s'pose he was so hungry, but they all jes' laughed and laughed." And Peggy sighed at the daily incomprehensibility of life.

"I hope your mother is not ill?" inquired Schuyler, with pretended concern.

"Oh, no, only she had on a yapper farzer says looks jes' like a nighty, and so she had to change it." Schuyler regretted having used up the handkerchief expedient so soon.

There was a painful pause, which she tidied over by giving an affected little cough behind her hand exactly as Mrs. Bean did, whose manners were the child's admiration because of their novelty.

"Fine weather, we're having?" said the navigator, imitating in his turn a certain English baronet he knew.

"Yes, indeedy!" cried Peggy, the first constraint wearing off.

Again there was a short silence when he forgot to play the game, his eyes full of the child's quaintness and beauty, his heart full of an old yearning. Presently he blew his nose, conversationally, as it were.

"I'm afraid you have a bad cold, Mr. Skylow," she said with tenderness.

"These summer colds are so hard to break up," was his non-committal reply.

"Jes' like ice!" she beamed.

"Eh? Oh, of course, of course! Now I call that aw'fly clever, you know, Miss Helmsby—I do, indeed!" He laughed, having gone back to the baronet's rôle, and she gave a chirp of delight and wiggled her toes.

She looked about for a new subject, and spying a vase full of flowers, remarked:

"Don't you fink a piece of mignonette would be pretty pinned to your coat?"

"Perfectly lovely! I was dying for some but shy about asking, and then I haven't any buttonhole."

"Mercy! I know all 'bout officers' coats. I've pinned flowers on 'em all my life!" scorned the beauty.

He sprang up, and to save her the

labored descent and ascent from and back to her throne he brought the flowers to her, and holding the vase in one hand, knelt in front of her.

"I'm afraid I'm putting you to a great deal of trouble, Peg—Miss Helmsby."

"Oh, not at all!" cried the gracious little hostess, smiling a meager society smile she had often observed.

Their two heads close together, they selected a spray to their liking. He was so used to a more intimate relation with her, that it was all he could do to keep to his part.

To his great amusement she turned over a leaf in her gown and carefully took out a pin, explaining with a deep sigh:

"So many of the officers ask me for flowers, you see. Now what do you s'pose Captain Rosse asked me for, only the las' time he was here?"

"The earth on toast with grated cheese on top?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Skylow, tea was all over! Guess again—free guesses!" cried Peggy, lapsing somewhat in her pose.

"He wanted a bamboo-tree. I know him well, you see, Miss Helmsby!" Peggy shrieked with delight, her toes beating a tattoo on his arm, as he stooped forward to receive his decoration.

"Give it up!"

"No, no, no!" She had been in terror lest he could guess right the very first thing, the way some stupid people do; this was as it should be.

"He wanted—let me see—he wanted you pinned to his blouse!" announced the big man at her feet, the vase discarded, holding on to the arms of her chair and leaning back to see the effect of his bold words.

"Goosey!" laughed Peggy, now wild with excitement, lost in the rigors of the game; forgetting that her companion was not exactly her own age.

"Oh, dear, you'll never guess! He wanted—do you want to know dreadfully?—well, he wanted that bigges' sunflower over in the corner, the one muzzer calls 'The Pilot'—that's you,

you know. She calls it you 'cause the crow did come and eat all the seeds, and so it's all nakid on top, jes' like you!"

Nothing human could withstand the mischief in the child's face, as she shook her fat little finger at him.

Schuyler put out his arms and lifted his small hostess out of her great chair, and held her suspended in the air, shouting boyishly:

"Don't let's play company any more!"

"Don't let's," she agreed promptly from the zenith. "I'm jes' Peggy, an' you're jes' Uncle Jack!"

"Then may I kiss you good morning? We couldn't when we were grown ups." He pulled her down and kissed her right cheek, lifted her, lowered her again for the left cheek, and continued till eyes, mouth, and tiny nose had received its separate caress.

Then she fell giggling and breathless into his arms, amidst shouts of laughter from them both.

Then he looked up and saw Lady Jane standing in the doorway, smiling in upon them.

"Well, my daughter, is this what you call 'playing lady'?" she said, entering.

"We prayed it all yite at first, muzzer, didn't we, Uncle Jacky Tar?"

"Now, dear, thank Mr. Schuyler for playing with you such a long time on this hot morning, and run away and finish dressing Bella for tiffin."

Once on the floor Peggy unwound her little gown, and emerging from the white coil about her ears, she repeated mechanically and gravely:

"Fank - you - for - praying - such - a - long - time - on - this - hot - morning, an' if you'll 'scuse me I'll finish d'essing Bella." Then she walked sedately out of the room through the French window down to the veranda.

"I wonder if you were like that?" Schuyler said, with a sudden gravity, looking fixedly at Mrs. Helmsby.

"I refuse to believe that any man of your rank and social importance has come all the way up here with the thermometer at 2000° to find out the secrets of my paltry past," was her characteris-

tic reply, and the expression of his face instantly changed into the broadest of smiles.

"The secrets of a woman's future only warrant that, you think?"

"Nothing warrants it but a lively sense of food, or favors, to come."

"No disguise is possible with you! You read me a page at a glance. Truth to tell, I did come about a dinner invitation."

"I don't want to emphasize the fact at all, but considering that you've dined here twice this week and once to tiffin, and—well, let it go, let it go! Tell me the worst at once, please." Her unnatural gravity was so very like Peggy's a few moments back that he laughed aloud boyishly, before he replied.

"I have been deputized by the ward-room to seek your priceless advice on two social points at issue; first, are you and Miss Atlee going to the Postlethwaite dinner next week?"

"I'm thinking strongly of regretting," she murmured.

"Don't! I am sent to beg you as an American to stay by our navy in this matter. We all want you and your sister to be there. Being given to the British admiral, it's going to be something too awfully exalted for words. The whole room will be as full of stray unassorted letters as a bowl of alphabet soup! K. C. B., F. R. G. S., H. B. M's. to beat the band! Miss Postlethwaite was telling me at tennis yesterday—Lord! what an arm that girl has, and what ankles!—she was telling me that of course mama would never have thought of having so formal a dinner as this, in all this boiling heat, if the Russians hadn't come; for Sir Grannis fully expected to stop on till October. But you know how it is! If the Lion should bat the Bear over his head with so much as a ginger-ale bottle—the ministry at home might fall. No, Sir Grannis announces that all along he had expected to sail for Hakodate next week for great gun practice. Who dares dispute it? And all this leads to my point—the American navy's point. It has been discovered, subaqueously, that Mrs.— that other ele-

ments less representative of our great nation—are going to the dinner—hence!”

“Briefly ‘Pussie’ Bean is going, so on patriotic grounds I must, and Rose, and poor, poor Guy.”

He looked away uncomfortably, it not being in his chivalrous heart to say ill of any woman. One reason why he had accepted the commission was that he thought he might be able to handle the nice question with more tact than a younger man. He made no answer, but presently asked:

“Would you mind my having a cigarette on the veranda before touching on my second question?”

They both went to the vine-covered veranda, where Peggy was found absorbed in Bella’s rather fussy luncheon toilet.

Jane thoroughly liked Schuyler’s invariable, almost quixotic, courtesy towards women, even towards the Bean woman who was fairly and squarely on her nerves during that cruise. As he lighted his cigarette, she watched him with a gentle smile.

After that first long yearning puff, he took his cigarette out of his mouth and gravely studied the results, as a man will while tobacco retains its place in the harem of his vices. Then he went on.

“Secondly: In return for numerous courtesies, the *Omaha* proposes giving an evening hop next Friday. Will you receive with the captain? He returned to-day.”

“Who else is on the reception committee?”

“That’s the rub, Mrs. Helmsby. No man’s mind since Pepys’ day has been able to grapple successfully with so delicate a question. Again the wardroom flies to you for succor. The same and other elements demand recognition.”

He became busy with a refractory corner of his cigarette, apparently fire-proof.

“Ah, I see! Will I consent to stand in line with Mrs. St. Barre—and of course, poor Pussie? Is that it?”

“Boldly, yes.”

She sat up very straight, and in, the

voice of another woman she said with controlled excitement:

“Then you can tell the captain, and the wardroom, and the steerage mess that Mrs. Helmsby thanks them very much, but will unfortunately be out of town next Friday.”

Schuyler sighed, sustained by the thought that the disagreeable task had been left to him.

“It isn’t the first time I have noticed that the officers balk at Pussie Bean with her mussy clothes, and imitation manners, her *gaucheries*, and her honest stupid little soul; but do not in the least mind the other woman, with her Worth clothes, her *déclassé* manners, and her mussy soul! All the men are with her, all the women against her, I’m with the women!” There was a short silence, during which Peggy wondered why her mother was scolding Uncle Jack.

In a matter-of-fact tone, the navigator said slowly:

“You women ought to cultivate indifference, the masculine faculty of ignoring a number of things not of immediate concern to us.”

“A lot of your vaunted *laissez faire* would not stand close inspection, I suspect,” she laughed.

“Life on a ship-of-war thrusts all sorts of duties upon us, Mrs. Helmsby; a fellow has to do them, that’s all—some not specially pleasant.”

“Forgive me! Guy says I’m a perfect harpy about some things. This happens to be one. May I say one thing, and then we’ll talk of something else? I, as a woman with a sister and daughter, have too *my* duties. And I don’t presume to judge *yours*!”

He looked full at her and smiled. She may have been a little hard on Fanny St. Barre—but she stood up for a principle like a man—stood up and fought as few men do. Bless her heart!

“Lady Jane?” he coaxed.

“Yes?”

“You won’t go out of town Friday?”

“Well, perhaps Saturday will do—but mind you, I’ll not be on board till quite ten o’clock!”

They both laughed, the little cloud had passed.

He arose and went to Peggy and lifted her in his arms, and cried suddenly with the ring of passion in his voice:

"Ah, these dear babies! Before life's weariness comes to them, life's ugly duties, life's sacrifices—sweet flowers beside the hard hot road! Peggy, tell me you love me a whole lot or my heart will break!"

Lady Jane was startled by his tone, and looked up wondering to find Rosamond standing in the open French window, half-turned away, watching the scene in silence. Behind her, in the shadow of the room, was Pelgram.

Schuyler must have seen the two together and that was the cause of his outburst, thought Jane to herself. "If Guy thinks I'm going to believe that that poor fellow has not a heart-tragedy he's very much mistaken, that's all. He's starving for a woman's love—and I believe it's Rose! He shall come to dinner every night of the week if it's any comfort to him, poor soul!" she communed within herself.

Then the navigator put the child down very gently and without turning his head, said good-by to them all, and rapidly left the house.

CHAPTER IV.

All through the day of the Postlethwaite dinner the barometer continued to fall steadily. The wind came in furious, short-lived slaps of hot air, so full of humidity by evening as to be almost unbreathable.

So sure was Helmsby that there was a typhoon off the coast that he told Mrs. Postlethwaite on entering that he should have to leave directly after dinner and return to his ship.

As the inevitable post-prandial musical program of the colonies began, Guy squeezed his wife's hand as he passed, and slipped out of the house.

Twenty minutes later, while Rosamond's deep, penetratingly sweet voice was filling the great drawing-rooms, a

native messenger brought a note to Schuyler scribbled on Guy's card:

We are in for a bad blow. I do wish you'd stay to-night at 101, there's a good fellow. I hate them to be alone. If you can't get off to quarters, I'll square it for you. Don't tell Jane I've written.

Schuyler's first impulse was to join his ship at once, but he had to wait till Rosamond's song was over, and by that time he had decided to do as Helmsby wished. There is a singular satisfaction in finding one's dearest temptation suddenly assume the mask of duty. It comes too seldom in life to be received coldly. And so, apparently yielding to Lady Jane's casual invitation, he too turned in at the gate of Number 101, held open by the tiny *momban* looking like a little gray spirit, his kimono fluttering wildly in the rising wind.

At three that morning the bungalow was aroused from its first deep sleep by the fury of the wind, now blowing with a dull continuous roar which Schuyler recognized at once. The "tail of a typhoon" was lashing the coast in a great circling progression from south to north. And one of these whirling curves had struck Yokohama. In eight hours the typhoon boxed the compass. The little bungalow shivered and creaked like a ship at sea. The dampness became a stench.

Schuyler got up and dressed, and he and Cho spent the rest of the night ropping the shutters together, and closing the sashes of the windows down upon the rope-ends.

Jane, in a blue *crêpe* wrapper, joined them towards dawn. She had gathered all the sleeping children together in her own bed and left Ah Yok on watch.

Schuyler, seeking to relieve the pale stress in Mrs. Helmsby's face, belittled the danger with sundry and divers jokes of naval origin. She was standing by him as he worked, teeth and nails, over a knot in his last piece of rope. They had to shout to each other to make themselves heard above the uproar.

"Oh, I know you sailors! It's part of your business to tell fibs about the weather. Unless a solid block of brick

houses is carried five miles and deposited on top of an active volcano, we poor women and children get not a single word of sympathy from you—not one! But you might tell me one thing: If the bungalow does break loose from her anchorage, could you steer her? What's the use of a navigator about if he can't promise a little thing like that?" she screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Am I frightened?" she moaned a moment later. "Oh, no, I'm having what my boys call 'the time of my life.' Until this moment I never knew what the words 'a quiet home' meant."

He looked around at her for an instant, his hands still, then he again vigorously attacked the knot, she helping with her quicker fingers. He had never seen Lady Jane at so intimate a moment, in her pale wrapper, her hair in a loose knot. It was sweltering, stifling, with the windows and doors fastened, and yet his hands, when now and then they touched hers, were as cold as ice. The old longing for a home, for the sweet mystery—never unraveled—of a good woman and children, was back upon him.

And then Rosamond crept in half-asleep, dressed in a pink *holaku* she had picked up in Honolulu as she passed through; and the other two stood and laughed at her, as she cuddled down in a corner of the lounge among the matting-covered cushions.

She could not hear them laugh, but the lamp showed the gleam of their teeth as they watched her lazy movements. She stayed there until morning. Jane flittered about between her and the children, and the diverting number of leaks Cho hourly discovered.

Several times Schuyler had joined Rosamond in her corner, and rallied her in a good-natured roar about her apparent terror of the storm. She only smiled. Once, when daylight was beginning to snuff out the lamplight, she spoke, leaning close to the navigator to make him hear, her mouth almost touching his ear:

"Why do you and Jane persist in thinking I'm afraid? I'm not a bit. I love it—all this—the bigness of it. The

feeling of helplessness quiets me somehow. I've always liked a big strong thing that takes us and shakes us and cares no more for us humans than if we were a lot of brown leaves. Wind, waves, a thunder storm—I'm sure I'd love an earthquake! There are so few big sensations!"

At that moment a tendril of her hair touched him, and an electric current passed between them. They started apart and stared into each other's eyes, and in that instant he understood her—the passionate nature as yet only rarely aroused, as yet unknown to herself. What a power for good or evil there was in this girl! As she would suffer, so would she make another suffer; as she would enjoy, so also give crowning joy to another. Whither it would eventually lead her he would have declined even to surmise. There was a quiet persistence about that fellow Pelgram that spells success with women in the end, thought Schuyler as he got up from the lounge.

Although nothing more passed between the girl and him that night, never again was their relation exactly what it had been before that look passed between them that morning of the typhoon when daylight tried to creep in through the barred shutters.

The next day was turned into a sort of prolonged picnic, to the delight of the children, and the distress of the servants, whose quarters, including kitchen, were removed from the house itself, connected only by a short half-sheltered colonnade, along which Cho and the coolie scamped as they brought the meager food to the house. The process of cooking was full of dangers and vicissitudes, and living reduced to a cold minimum.

Lady Jane was in her element; now fully clad in the thinnest dress she owned, she met the emergency with even more than her usual flow of high spirits. She had at last become accustomed to the wail of the agonized trees, the hoarse roar of the wind, the whip of the rain lashing with savage rage against the heavy roof-tiles, and the wooden sides of the little house. The

air inside was hardly endurable, batted down as they had been now for half a night and a day. The heat was that of an unceiled attic, the dampness and smell that of a cellar.

The worse grew the conditions, the gayer became Mrs. Helmsby, once Schuyler had assured her that the safest place in the harbor was aboard Guy's ship.

During one of the lulls in the typhoon, Schuyler told her of her husband's solicitude the night of the dinner, of his note requesting his mess-mate to stay at The Sailor's Rest. Jane sat lost in admiration of the perfect spouse that fate had graciously vouchsafed her; then suddenly she raised her head and said:

"If all this is true, what made you hesitate at the gate that night? You remember, Rose? Most uncomplimentary hesitation it struck me at the time?"

She thought she knew why, and felt convinced of it when he said in a low tone, looking at the floor:

"Less uncomplimentary than you think, perhaps."

The color ran to Rosamond's face, and Jane took the whole tableau in with mischievous glee.

The climax in the storm came at five o'clock that afternoon, when even Schuyler looked grave, and talked apart with Cho-san, who had not been able to go to the kitchen after tiffin, the veering of the wind exposing that part of the compound to the full fury of the now heightened gale. The back door was as immovable against the force of the wind as if it were part of a stone wall.

When Cho appeared in the drawing-room serenely carrying the tea-tray, they all knew it was five o'clock, and Jane led the applause which greeted his prowess. From what resources he had produced the iced ginger-ale and fruit cake, which replaced the usual tea and toast, Jane never knew, nor inquired, as a Japanese servant does not like to share his responsibilities with his employer.

So they merrily gathered about Jane's low tea-table and ate what they had and

while they could, thankfully, not sure what the next hour might develop.

The whole day was a sort of nightmare in its utterly unnatural conditions. The nerves of all were under an immense strain, all sense of proportion seemed in abeyance, their pulses beat like trip-hammers. There was no night, no day, just one continuous twilight in that breathless room where they huddled together hour after hour. Conversation was impossible, only Peggy could sleep and forget it. The long, weary, chaotic day came to an end at last.

At seven o'clock there was a marked lull in the hurricane. Cho was at last able to open communication with the other servants, all of whom had been caught in their quarters. The prospect of a hot dinner, if a late one, brightened them all, not so much for its own sake as for the fact that it stood for a return to sane conditions.

The growing quiet and change of air sent the children to bed, suddenly overwhelmed at the dinner table with sleep. Lady Jane and Rosamond went to their rooms. Schuyler and the servants cautiously experimented with windows and doors, then the former threw himself down on the lounge and fell asleep.

He awoke suddenly about an hour later to find Lady Jane in the room, Peggy, attired in her tiny kimono, in her arms.

Schuyler sprang to his feet with an apology.

"I'm sorry we disturbed you," smiled Mrs. Helmsby, "but Peggy awoke in a nightmare about her 'Mr. Skylow' and I had to bring her in to quiet her."

He went to them and took the still frightened baby in his arms, and hushed her gently, his cheek laid against the child's hot head.

Presently the mother put out her arms to relieve him, but he said gravely, his eyes closed:

"Let me have her a moment more, please, Lady Jane; you cannot know what it means to me."

She walked away with tears in her eyes of sympathy for his loneliness, pity for the great waste in his life.

By midnight the moon shone brightly

behind and between the fast drifting clouds; and assured that the storm was over, he left the now sleeping house and walked rapidly down the hill to the Bund, which was torn up and strewn with boulders from the ruined wall and wreckage from the smaller boats. It was an hour before he found a *sampan* willing to run the risk of the still angry waters of the harbor, far out upon which he saw the *Omaha's* tossing lights.

Every step of that short walk of his down the hill had been followed, through a pair of opera-glasses, held by plump white hands in one of the second-floor hotel windows; and the woman, who watched, laughed aloud.

CHAPTER V.

The germ of what followed at The Sailor's Rest had been planted years before in Venice, during a former cruise when Jack Schuyler was a young man, and he and Lieutenant St. Barre of the Marine Corps were messmates on the same ship.

When the ship had arrived there was Fanny St. Barre established in the best suite of rooms in the largest hotel, and three nights later she gave a dinner in a private dining-room that was the talk of Venice.

Even a larger city than Venice might well have gasped at the wine list that night, and Fanny St. Barre's gown of dull gold sequins which matched so wonderfully with her then golden hair. Since then it had turned a very dark wonderful shade of auburn, which deceived only masculine eyes.

Schuyler met Mrs. St. Barre at that dinner, where she was the only woman present. She was always at her best, her artistic best, where there were no women's eyes to torture her with their stupid little plumbing into depths that were no business of theirs to sound. If it should turn out that there was, after all, a judge to be faced later on, that was her own affair—she would stand and take her sentence without flinching. She never flinched.

She was not a pretty woman, except for her eyes, but she was exquisitely proportioned from head to heel, her figure was superb. As for her face, it was a mere piece of blank canvas upon which she cleverly produced all sorts of alluring effects according to her mood and the dress she wore. Wherever she went, the women either did not take her up at all, or eventually dropped her. She felt it because she realized that it meant that she did not play her elected game perfectly—she was not sufficiently *grande dame*, else she would have kept her place socially, as others do and will do, till the end of time.

Louis St. Barre, after several tragic years of married life, had slowly buried one by one the few, very primitive, ideals he had ever possessed.

A child had come to them, their little Louis, but he had gone out of their lives within two years. When St. Barre had reached a given moment of nervous balance that a certain amount of drink brought about, he remembered Fanny's tragic inconsolable grief when the baby died, and forgot all else.

At that dinner of hers in Venice, Mrs. St. Barre had made a rapid estimate of John Schuyler as soon as her dark blue eyes rested upon him; and whereas she was right in recognizing him as a man of strong emotions, she forgot that men have many equilateral facets to their natures.

For the week following their meeting, she had laid deliberate siege to his sensibilities, then deliberate siege to his brutalities. In the former she succeeded, in the latter, failed; seeing which, she dropped him publicly one day before all her little world, and had hated him unrelentingly ever since.

So when the full moon shone out now and then, the night after the typhoon in Yokohama, and Fanny St. Barre had taken her opera-glasses to examine the ravages of the hurricane on the side of the Bluff in front of her window, she felt a distinct thrill of pleasurable excitement when she saw Schuyler's tall, unmistakable figure come out of the Helmsby gate—at midnight! And Helmsby himself out on the *Omaha*!

"Now, we shall see!" cried Fanny, going into her room and arousing her husband from his heavy fuddled sleep, for he, too, had been caught ashore, unable to reach his ship until the typhoon had run its course.

Mrs. St. Barre's malignant hate vibrated between the only man who had ever scorned her, and the only naval officer's wife on the station who consistently held out against her and in a quiet, dignified way succeeded in ignoring her existence.

Then, too, Fanny was fully aware that the officers of the American fleet preferred Lady Jane's tea to her own cocktails, fully aware of the constant little procession of manly figures which trailed up the hill to The Sailor's Rest. As Fanny said to her husband with a sneer: "The Madonna of the Tea-Table is a clever woman, she has known how to remain *grande dame*." Not realizing that she herself had chosen to stand for the mastery of womanhood which lasts but an hour, while Jane Helmsby stood for the mystery of womanhood which endures forever.

St. Barre awoke with an aching head after the two days of tipling ashore, and went off in a *sampan* to quarters on his ship.

The officer of the deck saw at once that St. Barre had been drinking during his enforced stay ashore, but he knew that the marine officer never lost control of himself and was entirely able to perform his duties.

His brother officers felt a great pity for St. Barre, and protected him not only from others at such times, but from himself. They often wondered if, in his place, they would have managed Fanny St. Barre one whit better than he had—poor fellow!

When St. Barre entered the ward-room he found all the mess, except Helmsby, gathered about Schuyler as he was telling them of his adventures ashore during those forty-eight hours, riding out a gale in a bungalow.

To men tied up to a ship's anchor during a storm, every bit of news of life ashore is as manna to the starving, and they stood and sat about the breakfast

table listening and laughing at Schuyler's tale.

St. Barre lunged in with an ugly laugh.

"I call that a damn shame, taking the cream off my story!"

"Your story! Skim your own milk now, I wasn't in your pan. Scoop up your own cream, the fellows will soon tell me if they prefer it to mine," Schuyler had replied idly, with perfect good-nature, walking across the ward-room bent upon going to his stateroom.

He had just reached the doorway, when he heard St. Barre mutter:

"No, you weren't in my pan, but you were in Helmsby's from Thursday to Saturday."

Like a flash Schuyler turned at the door and then stopped himself, and said in a quiet voice, but with a white face:

"So I was just explaining!"

St. Barre laughed. Pelgram left his seat and lounged slowly over toward the doorway.

The room was absolutely silent, the officers' faces very grave as they looked from one angry man to the other. Then the "chief" tried to laugh it off, and the senior surgeon, Doctor Follis, went up to St. Barre and touched him on his arm. The latter jerked away angrily and shouted:

"Fanny said she was going to make some worsted balls for people who live in glass houses to throw at other people!"

Before even the watchful Pelgram could reach him, Schuyler, with one bound, had taken St. Barre by the throat. A dozen hands and voices interfered, but the big man would not let go his hold, till he had shaken the marine officer as if he were a rat.

"Schuyler," said Pelgram gently in his ear, "Mr. Helmsby may be in any minute!"

The navigator's hands fell as if struck away by some stronger force. Several men rushed St. Barre into his stateroom and closed his door.

Schuyler put his hand to his head as if bewildered, and then he said brokenly:

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!"

"Oh, that's all right," cried the doctor, "we understand perfectly, and if——"

"What is it you understand so perfectly, Follis? I confess to a devouring curiosity," cried a cheerful voice at the other door, and Guy Helmsby walked into the wardroom.

It was just the old wardroom chaff in which they all instantly joined long enough to divert Helmsby, not at all a difficult thing to do. But a sigh of relief ran around the whole wardroom when he said:

"Schuyler, come to my room. I must hear about the wife and bairns, and how they stood the storm. Chimney gone? How many leaks? It was a corker, and no mistake. I was so thankful you did as I asked, and I want to thank you for——" The voice died away down the passage and the officers left in the wardroom exchanged significant glances although no one spoke. Presently they went their several ways to their diverse duties.

At the formal twelve o'clock breakfast in the wardroom, the men near St. Barre paid him unwonted attention, and Schuyler at the other end of the table sat in absolute silence, unless directly addressed. There was a look in his face new to them all, an expression of something that suggested fear in his eyes, while the mouth was drawn and rigid with purpose.

That night long after dinner, Schuyler had been about to step on deck from the shadow of the ladder, when he overheard little Bobby Robins say to Pelgram, as the two passed in their tramp back and forth past the gangway:

"I wonder why old Schuyler lost his temper like that to-day! Been cogitating over it all day. With poor St. Barre, too, full as a goat!"

"It's only the truth that hurts a man like that, Bobby, my boy," said Pelgram, and then their voices passed out of hearing. And Schuyler stood a moment as if petrified. Then the voices came again:

"Over head and ears in love with her, of course, even you must have seen it," Pelgram was saying.

"Lady Ja——" began Bobby in an awed whisper.

"I wouldn't advise you to finish that word," said Pelgram quickly; then he added mildly: "No, a thousand times no, you young idiot—Rosamond Atlee, of course."

Schuyler did not go on deck, but silently slipped down the ladder and went directly to his own stateroom.

He sat a long time in his swivel chair, staring blankly at the inkstand on his desk.

The whole ship was asleep when finally, about midnight, he again started for the deck. After a word of greeting to the officer on watch, Schuyler went a little forward on the poop and slowly paced up and down alone, his eyes on the narrow planks, his hands clasped behind him. As three bells rang out in the usual rapid fashion of Yankee ships, Schuyler went to the low rail at the stern and stood looking off across the bay to the dark line of the Bluff against the western sky. There was a waning moon visible now and then through the still racing clouds.

The tall man muttered to himself:

"it's got to be done at once, to stop this talk! It's got to be done!"

CHAPTER VI.

During the night the wind had died completely in the lower currents of air, far above the clouds still raced northwards. A ground swell lifted the *Omaha* as a jewel rises and falls on a woman's breast.

"Good kind of a day to be alive in, eh?" cried Helmsby, dropping into his seat at the early informal breakfast in the wardroom.

Schuyler in his place on Helmsby's right said slowly, tapping his egg gently with his spoon:

"Oh, the day's all right; it's what a fellow does with it that decides whether it's good to be alive or not."

"If that's your mood, Schuyler," replied Helmsby, lowering his voice, "you'd better keep away from the beach. I used to have 'em like that—don't look it, but I did!—before I got mar-

ried, and I always stayed aboard till I got over it. That's why"—he paused, his eyes twinkling—"that's why I kept my rose-leaf complexion."

Schuyler laughed. There is an unwritten law which makes it necessary to find humorous the jocundities of the first officer.

"Well, as my complexion is not one of my strong points, I guess I'll strike the beach after quarters with your permission, sir."

St. Barre entered, nodded to the head of the table, and sat down to his iced oranges.

"Going up to The Sailor's Rest?" queried the unconscious Helmsby.

Schuyler replied instantly in a loud voice: "Straight as a die, and as quick as I can get there."

St. Barre's face flushed.

"Tell the missus not to have dinner till quarter-to-eight, will you, Schuyler? I'm going to have a swim at the boat-house before I go home."

As Jack Schuyler got out of the launch at the landing-place in the canal opposite the hotel, he felt convinced that at least one pair of eyes was watching him from one of the upper windows. Nevertheless, he turned his face to the bridge that led over the canal up Camp Hill to the Helmsby bungalow. The "*takai dannasan's*" chin was up, his shoulders squared, his face rather pale from loss of sleep during the last three nights, and perhaps from the intensity of his purpose which impelled him to this morning visit to The Sailor's Rest. He returned the old *momban's* greeting at the gate of 101 Bluff, and turned into the graveled road that led to the front door. Schuyler rang the bell and waited in the little square of shadow, furnished by the roof of the porch that hung over it like a short heavy eyebrow. Cho opened the door, and his stern irregular face broke into the broadest smile of greeting upon seeing the familiar face of the best friend of the family, and one he himself much liked for reasons not altogether sordid.

"Young lady in summer-house, *dannasan*, I beg to have a pleasure to inform you," added Cho hastily, bent on

practicing his English, and watching the effect with his furtive little eyes.

"The gods fight with me," murmured Schuyler, to the native servant's bewilderment, who stood watching the "big-master" as he strolled over to the summer-house, with bent head and his hands clasped behind his back.

The thick grass deadened his footfall, and he reached the door of the summer-house before Rosamond knew of his presence. The girl was sitting in a low wicker chair reading, her head leaning on the hand away from him, thus presenting her profile to his grave glance. He stood a moment perfectly still, looking down upon her from his great height. She seemed more than ever the veriest child to him. The barrier of years loomed between them a huge, impregnable wall in his imagination, and his solemn face relaxed into a smile. For although this man had come ashore to ask this girl to be his wife, the higher the barricade between them the easier was his task, the sooner over.

It had come to him during those night hours, when much beset by men's and women's tongues, that the solution lay in allowing Rosamond Atlee a chance to refuse to marry him. This proposal, and his indubitable refusal, would soon be known, and would account for all those daily visits of his to The Sailor's Rest in the past; for any and all of his thoughtless indiscretions in regard to the dear people; it would clear Lady Jane's fair name, give the lie to Mrs. St. Barre, and above all it would furnish him with the pretext—of which he was in sore need—of breaking off this intimacy; for it had to be done! On his part the officers were more than welcome to the jest of his refusal by Miss Atlee; the more freely they spoke of it, the better. The girl was sure to speak of it to her sister, and she to Guy, and so account for his gradual falling out of their intimate life. Taken all in all, Schuyler was not a little proud of this artful scheme of his with its many-sided advantages.

But he forgot one possibility; partly because he was singularly free from conceit, and partly because he lost sight

of the fact that others could not know how completely all his thoughts of women had been immolated before one exalted altar; and that possibility came to pass, and turned order into chaos.

"Good-morning!" he cried gaily from the door of the summer-house.

"Oh!" Rosamond gasped, half-rising from her seat, much startled. The blood flew to her face, and then left it paler than even its wont. But he was occupied in finding a place for his helmet and umbrella; the little center-table was covered with a dainty litter of lace and grass linen, and he looked about in a helpless masculine way that made her laugh.

"I suppose I have no right to ask you to lay aside that book unless I can offer conversation which in some faint degree warrants the sacrifice. As a cue, may I ask what you've been reading?"

She looked up at him, hesitating for an instant, and then held it out to him.

"Ah, I know it well. Another sheaf of letters from an unloved woman, demanding constancy—as if it were worth tuppence save as a free gift! Poor little nun, obsessed by a half-hour of real living! How the world loves such piteous feminine cries straight out of a stricken soul!"

"Jane says she is sorry for the light-hearted hero of these letters. It must have been such a shock to him to be taken at his word."

They talked a while together of the sad little story, superficially, as a man of forty always must to a good girl of twenty.

Then as Rosamond reached out for her sewing, her convent habits still clinging to her, she remarked mischievously:

"Evidently you think what you have to give in exchange for the nun's letters interesting, as you have settled down so comfortably, and put my book out of reach."

His heart began to beat violently. He did not reply at once, but took up her scissors and began to clip off bits of thread from the spool lying on the table, cutting it into inch pieces, measuring

each piece very carefully. He had a sudden feeling that what he was about to say was extremely momentous, although last night as he paced the deck it seemed merely perfunctory; an easy means of clearing Lady Jane's name, and of freeing himself from a burden fast becoming unbearable.

"Could you imagine anything more fantastic than for an old fellow like me to ask you to marry me?" he suddenly blurted out. "It's much more foolish than even the nun's hopes, isn't it?"

"Is—is it foolish?" she said breathlessly, her head turned away.

He gave her one startled look, and saw the tensivity of every muscle in her body; and then hurried on:

"To dare lift my eyes to a beautiful girl like you, surrounded by a score of younger men—it's infernally conceited, and I know it!" Surely it was the queerest love-making of which a man was ever guilty!

Why didn't the girl laugh as he expected? What's the matter with her? He stared at her with dilated eyes.

"I'm old and tough and will try to take my—my disappointment quietly," he heard himself saying as if it were some one else.

And he despised himself and began in that moment to see that there had been something false about his specious reasoning; something at variance with the whole habit of his life; something morbid and decidedly hysterical, something founded upon an uneasy conscience, which always is fearful like a hare and runs and doubles back upon its own track, and hides trembling, and then runs and doubles again. All this indirection of his was founded upon—fear of the truth!

"Well, Miss Atlee? What am I to believe? A woman's silence may stand for either hate or love; as long as she talks she's indifferent—so the sages say."

He sat staring at her averted head, his own face now very white, his eyes full of terror. The girl's hands were close-clasped, lying in her lap; once he thought he heard her low laugh, and his expression changed. He shook him-

self and started to his feet—it was like a nightmare closing in upon him.

"And so," he said, speaking very loud, "your silence stands for—hate, and I have my congé? Or is it that respect for my years allows me thus to gently slip down into the cool pool of your indifference?" He could have struck himself full between the eyes as he spoke.

This time he knew that she laughed, but with lowered head, one hand up to her eyes. God in heaven! could it be possible that the other alternative of a woman's silence was in this child's breast?

He raised his head and drew a deep breath, gathering up all the forces within him as a blooded horse does when he sees the bars ahead. Then he went quickly to her, and raising her head, looked down into her face. Rosamond's great brown, sleepy eyes were drunk with happiness, her lips were parted smiling, her breath came in quick pants, her whole suffused, excited face trembled under his touch and searching glance.

As Schuyler read the confession written on that lovely young face, he wished that he was dead!

"I'm just happy—that's all! I did not dream that you—that you cared," she whispered, closing her eyes.

A long life of self-control, of social training, a personal capacity for great moral and physical courage all came to his aid and helped him through the first moments which followed this unlooked for revelation. Two elements in the unique situation fought on his side: first, the child's absolute ignorance of men under like conditions; second, his quick realization of the fact that her attitude toward him must necessarily be affected by the twenty years difference in their ages. So his reserve, his quiet gentleness, his few words more than satisfied her—at first.

He had drawn his high chair near to her low one and was so much above her level that she could not see his face—a voice is more easily commanded. She held one of his hands in both of hers, entirely satisfied with that sweet fa-

miliarity—and he simply sat and suffered it, stunned and confused. Now and then she tried to look up at him, but was each time instantly overwhelmed by his nearness to her, under new conditions, and her eyes drooped before him.

But at first he claimed no rights, this treasure-house of love and youth and beauty would not seem his to caress. Liar he was undoubtedly, but not yet a thief—one must pay down the gold of love at the threshold of a woman's soul, before the right is given to enter and be master. This state of affairs could not last—the less she gave him the less regret would both of them feel in the future. To-day he must be very guarded till he could get away and think.

"Rosamond, will you keep this a secret until I see you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! don't let us tell any one—except of course Jane." He started and she looked up at him quickly. He smiled down at her and said gently:

"No, not even Lady Jane till to-morrow. May I have my way, little girl?"

Where now was his desire to have mooted abroad his hopeless love for Rosamond Atlee? The fact that it was not hopeless had refocused his whole inner vision. He must have time to think; to find a way out of it, before it was too late to preserve the girl's happiness and some fragments at least of his own honor.

It is an unspeakable joy to a woman to yield her will to that of the man she loves for the first time, even in so slight a thing as this, and Rosamond's face flushed as she nodded smiling, and pressed his hand more closely in both of hers. He looked down at her in a sort of dull amazement; all this lovely womanhood was his—he had but to put out his hand to touch the beautiful dark hair, to raise her face to kiss the pure passionate lips, to slip an arm about her to draw that full young pulsing body closely to him; and heaven help him, as he sat there he wished instead that he was dead!

He talked on quietly, telling her of

his boyhood, laying aside that reserve which enshrouds every one's heart. She had never heard him speak like this before, and she listened and was unutterably happy. His sole desire was to prevent her talking of herself, of the present, still less of the future.

Once she suddenly nestled against him just as Peggy did, and one whispered word burst from her: "Dear!" It was almost a cry of pain, and his heart stood still. Was it not the first faint cry from a nature that demanded much more than he could ever give? All the kindness and tenderness in the world would never make it up to her; nor the utmost circumspection succeed in long deceiving her.

He must get away before any of the others of the household returned, older eyes must not be allowed to read the look he knew was in his face.

Presently he made the plea of his ship's duties which renders facile an officer's social eccentricities, and he went away.

He kissed her soft little hands, he kissed her brow, he told her with a sudden passion which thrilled her, that he was in nowise worthy of her, told her with bowed head in truth and bitterness of remorse.

And she whispered, so gently he barely caught it: "I love you, dear."

At the gate he turned and looked back at the white figure standing watching him from the opening in the thick green of the summer-house.

Fanny St. Barre's mischievous tongue was cut now, with a vengeance, he thought with a rough laugh as he walked rapidly up Camp Hill to the bluff road. He was engaged to Rosamond Atlee and might go as often as he chose to The Sailor's Rest!

But of course he could not allow the present state of affairs to go on. He would take a long walk alone and think it out. There is always a solution to everything. The whole habit of his life had led to directness of speech and of action. Only one corner of his heart was in deep shadow. As far as he was concerned he was willing to stand any punishment, any ridicule, scorn even, so

long as it fell upon his own shoulders; but that girl must be spared any and all results of his recent defection from an honest, direct course of conduct.

He had been so sure that she cared for Pelgram? So absolutely sure of her indifference to him! That he had perhaps flirted a little with her, there was no denying, during all that long intimate summer. It was one of his habits with all young women—Lucy Postlethwaite among others. Girls always expected that sort of thing, but surely by this time all the world must realize that he was not a marrying man. The reason of it, being of course no one's affair but his own.

He flew along the unshaded bluff road, then down through the tiny, noisy native village of Izawa, and on, up and down, over the hills beyond the race-track. On a bluff overlooking Mississippi Bay, seated under some great pine trees, he thought it all out to a finish, from telling Rosamond the truth bluntly, every word of it, to sending in his resignation to the Navy Department—a dread cataclysm always in reserve.

But Rosamond was too young to hear the truth—only a woman like Fanny St. Barre would ever have really understood; and as for the other alternative, he owed it to his name, his people, to do no such wild thing, because he had jumped into an ethical brier-bush, a quixotic chivalry toward a brother-officer's wife at the root of it—and back of all this perfervid knight-errantry?

Even to himself he would not formulate it into words. It was sacrificing the girl to her sister after all, now as it had turned out, and yet that had been far from his intention.

Solitude does not often offer enough friction upon which to sharpen the edge of decision. The hours flew by and Schuyler finally realized that he had only been dreaming, and he sprang to his feet with an oath.

He went over to the dairy near by, and two glasses of fresh milk made his dinner that day. As he stood drinking he faced the west; the horizon was clear and there before him far-off like a cone-shaped cloud was the wonder of Fuji

in August, wearing only her collarette of snow, all that was left of the great white mantle which in winter reached to her sovereign foot.

Schuyler felt the thrill the sight always gave him, however familiar the marvel of it.

As the twilight waned he walked back toward the race-track, his eyes on the horizon as if fascinated. And as he looked the love of living returned to him strongly, the love of beauty, the love of the good—which is merely one of beauty's forms—the ecstasy of being alive and strong and with some youth left in his veins. With it inevitably returned the thought of that woman who had remained his worshiped ideal through twelve years—Lady Jane.

The devil had waited till this moment came to the man, and then he drew near and whispered:

"Keep to your engagement to Rosamond—the other is her sister! You can come and go familiarly as a brother might. She will touch you with a sister's hand—kiss you perhaps, now and then. Then, too, perhaps you may arouse something in her that will not be—sisterly. The girl, too, is young and pretty—it is a rôle a sultan might envy—hold your peace!"

As the night came, all the evil that is in every sane and healthy man had Schuyler now by the throat, and he laughed loud and long; but no one was there to hear that rattling skeleton of a laugh that rang out over the deserted race-track which he had twice seen jammed with excited people, full of color and movement and the sound of wild cheering. Above, far beyond, Fuji stood sentinel, aloof, exquisite, absolutely unique in a world full of beauty; aloof as were his own high ideals, beyond and above the race-track of his own mad passions.

He walked twice around the track, and mastered that mood, and it passed and left him strongly set against the falsity of this engagement to Rosamond. Emotionally set against it, for his mind suggested no opening of escape. This, too, passed and he knew it was but a lesser temptation, to bru-

tally rid himself of that which was undesired. The girl's peace and happiness only must count in all this chaos he had himself created—his own he deserved to lose.

Once the idea of self began to eliminate itself from Schuyler's mind, it seemed to him that a rift of softened light crept up, as at sunrise, over the black horizon of his soul. There was only one honorable thing to do, the simplest thing of all—drift with the current. He would neither swim with it, nor against it.

He had a year more of sea-service before he would be expected to consummate this engagement by marriage. As he started back towards Yokohama along the silent road, he thought to himself that however glibly a youth of twenty uses the words never and forever in his relations with women, a man of forty knows that emotions are as ductile, as elastic, as buoyant as the air itself. No! there was but one thing to do, act out his part as best he could and leave the rest to the law of change.

That it would be the supreme test of his character he knew distillingly well; knew, too, that it would prove easy to-day, difficult to-morrow, hell the next day. That he could control his acts—and would—he felt some confidence, but not the fluctuations of his own nerves and sensibilities, not always the ever-changing ebb and flow of the tide of his passions. That would be his punishment, for twelve years of mental disloyalty to his friend Guy Helmsby!

Schuyler walked rapidly along the serpentine windings of the bluff road. Past the silent bungalows on either side hidden in foliage behind the high walls, only the low tiled roofs rising like the corrugated backs of some great sleeping colony of prehistoric crustaceans. Past the European cemetery where lay buried many a tragedy, many a comedy, known only to the old residents. Past the American Naval Hospital, on the left, full likewise of its own sad histories; past the Public Hall with its gay traditions of balls, and formal receptions, weddings, theatrical performances, concerts, art exhibitions, lectures

—the only European rendezvous in town.

Then the abrupt turn in the road down Camp Hill brought Schuyler past The Sailor's Rest, and the calm of his mood was rippled by the thought of the sleepers under that roof; the mother, center of that small colony of souls; bluff, whole-hearted, clean-souled Guy, an ideal sailor with no small thing in his whole make up; the two boys, growing potencies for good or evil in the world; little Peggy about whose tiny person all this man's tenderness seemed to gather, who had come to represent to him the babies that should have been his own; and Rosamond! The man's heart stood still at thought of the sleeping girl behind that hedge, the wonder of whose life he held in his hands to make or mar.

"Heaven help me to do wisely and well!" he muttered, hot tears welling up in his tired eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

The following morning Rosamond received a hurried note from Schuyler saying that he should not be able to see her until late in the afternoon as the captain wanted Helmsby to go ashore with him on some official matter, after which they were to lunch at the consulate. He added that he had been thinking over his request for secrecy about their engagement, and if she thought best perhaps she had better speak about it at once to Lady Jane. He himself would tell Guy as soon as he had the opportunity. A word of endearment, easier to write than to say, at the end of his note permeated Rosamond's day like a subtle perfume.

She went about in a sort of dream; nothing seemed real, even Pelgram, when he came after tiffin to take her "down Homura way" on a hunt for a brass *hibachi*, which rumor told him had been seen somewhere in one of the native shops below "The Hundred Steps." She could not recall ever having expressed a wish for a brass *hibachi*, and he did not in the least believe the rumor, but neither fact detracted in

the least from the pleasure of the "curio hunt," which fills half of the foreigner's life in the East, and gives to it almost its only serious purpose.

From the first this cool-headed young man had a curious intuition about the girl with whom he was now deeply in love. Even in the moments of greatest excitement, beside her in a dance his breath against her hair, he had a strong, compelling, deterrent feeling that bade him be slow in his love-making. Something told him that all was to be lost by haste; that on the farthest horizon was burning his beacon-light, for which he must steer with uplifted eyes.

So, as one and another of the officers and civilians came and went in and out of the girl's life, Pelgram stood aside and watched and held his peace. He noticed that after each disappearance of a disappointed suitor she had a way of sending him a little note to come to her on one pretext or another. In one she had written:

I'm very depressed to-day. If you're not on duty will you go with me to Isezaki-cho, or somewhere, anywhere, you like? You're such a comfort. Jane calls you my "bread-poulter"! If you will pardon the vulgar association, come and take the sting out of life—as you always do.

After the golden mustachioed globe-trotter had had his day, and gone on his way, Pelgram had had his hour; so, too, after little Bobby Robins had taken his rejection in a flood of childish tears, promptly followed by a three days manly spree. After each and all of these disasters, Pelgram strolled up to 101 Bluff and diverted and quieted Rosamond. Not that they spoke to each other of any of these events, there was no need of it, for somehow a ship soon learns its own secrets much as a family does, however individually reserved.

On the day after Schuyler's proposal of marriage, Rosamond felt strongly impelled to tell Pelgram her secret; he alone among all the others asked nothing for himself; he was really that rare treasure, a woman's friend.

It was all she could do to withhold the great news from him, as they sat under the pines after they returned to

The Sailor's Rest, waiting for Cho to bring tea.

Surely Mr. Pelgram would be more enthusiastic, more sympathetic, than Jane had been when she told her that morning immediately after receiving Schuyler's note! All Jane had showed at first was blank amazement. And when taxed with it, she had accounted for it by saying hastily:

"I knew, of course, that he was in love with you. I've known that for months, anybody with one eye could see that—but somehow I never dreamed that *you* cared—never! Not but what I'm delighted, perfectly delighted, my dear child," she hastened to add in the most perfunctory tone, which for the moment she seemed too startled to inspire with any genuine fervor.

"To tell you the truth, Rose, I thought it was Mr. Pelgram all along."

"Mr. Pelgram!" cried Rosamond. "Do leave me one friend! He's my only real friend. All the others are—well, they're different." Jane looked at the girl keenly for a moment, and then the talk reverted to Schuyler; but strive as she might Mrs. Helmsby could not forget that score of years between her little Rose and the "*takai danna-san*."

So Rosamond was in sore need of tender sympathy that afternoon, and the chances are that she would have poured out her heart to Lieutenant Pelgram as they sat waiting for Cho, if two officers had not at that moment walked through the gate and gone directly to the front door of the bungalow.

"It's the paymaster and—why, it's Bobby Robins," cried Rosamond, flushing. "Oh, I'm so glad!" Pelgram knew, as if she had told him, all that exclamation of relief stood for. Bobby had not been to The Sailor's Rest for a whole week.

"Let's keep quiet and see what they'll do," suggested Pelgram.

"But I must see—"

"Why, of course, only let's fool them for fun, if only to witness their ecstasy when they discover you."

Creeping more closely behind a clump of miniature maples, they peeped

smilingly out watching the two men. Cho had evidently told them that the ladies "no have got," for the two officers turned and walked down the steps, starting for the gate. Bobby whipped savagely at the purple-and-white aster bed with his "swagger" stick, and Pelgram made a fair guess at the situation. The boy ugly and sullen after his spree; the effort of his loyal chums to pull him through his despair by taking turns in coming ashore with him; the paymaster's experiment in bringing Bobby up to the scene of his disappointment, trusting to Lady Jane's fun, the children's company, or Miss Atlee's tact to allay a little of the youngster's misery.

Not to find any one at home was one of those things for which the longest life of petty disappointments seems to leave one somehow totally unprepared. Rosamond started to leave her hiding-place, but Pelgram clung to her skirt, whispering: "Wait, they're coming!"

After a moment's hesitation the two officers had evidently decided to go over and rest and wait in the chairs always left under the pines on the lawn, a wicker table near by upon which was to be found the latest home magazines—albeit often a month old—a box of matches, and an ash-tray. Lady Jane felt all a mother's responsibility toward the officers of her husband's ship, and knew if they found a welcome at her home and Guy's that it might keep them from much that was as well undone, unseen, when they came ashore. The mothers, and sisters, wives, daughters, sweethearts, who could not come with them, must find a staunch ally in her who could come. Fanny St. Barre would have smiled with curling lips if she had known that "The Madonna of the Tea-table" considered it no less than her duty to make her home attractive to the officers of the whole fleet. Guy so completely understood it that sometimes he kissed his wife's hand, and would not tell her why.

As the paymaster and Bobby neared the lair where crouched the other two, speechless with suppressed laughter, Bobby growled huskily:

"What the devil's the matter with Schuyler? Looks as if he'd been spending the night in purgatory?"

"Needs sleep, that's all. Hasn't had much for three or four days."

"Gad! I know what that means," and Bobby's sigh fairly fluttered the leaves of the maples. Rosamond was standing erect, her smile gone. Pelgram looked at her and felt sure that the secret of Schuyler's insomnia was also her secret.

"How d'y do?" cried Rosamond, in her soft voice, advancing and holding out her hand. Trust any woman of any age for that sort of thing! thought Pelgram, following slowly. Somehow what she had overheard had hurt her deeply, and yet it was already buried in smiles and light words.

Until Bobby saw his rival he had his first second of joy since he had last touched Rosamond's hand. Seeing Pelgram, the old anguish instantly gripped him, for, after all, is not affection one of the lesser ingredients of human love? Jealousy, vanity and impersonal passion often being of far higher percentage.

Rosamond took possession in her gentle way of the situation, frankly devoting herself to Bobby, now white and rigid with this sudden re-dip into "the injur'd lover's hell."

She did not read in his smooth young face what Pelgram saw, that first sad look of brutalities just ended; she only knew that she had hurt him and that he was too young to hide it as the older men did.

Leaving the other two officers to chat and smoke together, she took Bobby off to inspect the row of sunflowers, each one of which Lady Jane had fantastically named after some officer of the American cruiser, from some fancied resemblance.

By the time that they had reached the end of the line of sunflowers and stood before the tall, lean, big-headed "Captain," Bobby was glad he came, and anxious to try and be worthy of Miss Atlee's friendship, if not her love, and he soundly hated all the evil in the world, as only a repentant sinner ever really hates it.

Just as they turned to go back to the others, who should open the door of The Sailor's Rest and start for the gate, her head well up in the air, but Lady Jane herself!

"Well, that's the only cool thing I've seen since May!" shouted the paymaster, who was a father of boys of his own, a great favorite with Jane's children, and a privileged character generally.

Mrs. Helmsby never swerved from her course, but the toss of her head showed that she had heard, and brought a shout of protest even from Bobby.

"Not at home!" Oh, Lady Jane! Lady Jane!" reproached Pelgram at the top of his lungs.

She turned like a flash, and came toward them scolding in an apparent fury:

"I have a perfect right to keep a few minutes, about once a year, to myself! As if I had nothing else on earth to do but sit 'round and listen to—to cold-storage jokes! I may not look it, but I'm in society! I have calls to make once in a while, gentlemen, philanthropic meetings to attend—how else would all the derelicts be sent back to the countries that bred them? I'm a mother of possible derelicts myself!"

"Optime!" cried Pelgram, who knew Pell and Mell as no one else did.

Lady Jane stood drawing on her white silk gloves vigorously, refusing to lift her eyes.

"Then you're not going to have tea this afternoon, madam?" Bobby was stimulated to inquire with almost his usual sauciness.

"Oh, yes, I am! I'm asked out to tea occasionally, fortunately for my grocery bill!"

It was the old controversy between them, the fiction that they all had to fight for a few crumbs from her notoriously hospitable table.

Then Cho came bearing the tray upon which reposed two cups and saucers, the significance of which they commented upon in tragic whispers. Pelgram calmly reached out and took prompt possession of his cup, and sat

with it upon his knees in an attitude irritatingly triumphant.

Before the laugh had died away the tall figure of Schuyler appeared at the gate. He stopped short and looked up as the familiar sound greeted him. Then, with his head well up, he strode forward. Pelgram glanced swiftly at Rosamond and was startled at the restrained excitement in her flushed face, at sight of which he felt his own grow white.

"Want any help there, fellows?" cried Schuyler.

"We do!" shouted three male voices as one.

"Same old scrap about tea?"

"Sir-r?" demanded Lady Jane fiercely. "I happen not to be at home today, that's all, and these exacting beings have dared to dispute it."

She gave Schuyler's hand a little squeeze as she greeted him, and managed to whisper:

"I'm so excited about the news!"

"So am I!" he replied gaily.

A thankfulness came to him then, as it had several times before in his experience, that life is fed to us in mouthfuls, a bite at a time. Sometimes the years seen stretching out ahead in a long vista seem altogether unlivable; dealt out to us in minutes, they can be borne.

"Well, good-by, everybody, I'm sorry I was out when you called." And away sailed Lady Jane over the lawn.

Schuyler clasped Rosamond's hand in silence, and she tried to look up at him but could not.

At the gate Mrs. Helmsby came face to face with chief engineer and Mrs. Bean, and all the others on the lawn chuckled to hear Lady Jane saying in her company voice:

"Oh, how delightful! I'm so glad you caught me in time. Oh, not at all, not at all! I was just going to watch the tennis, one has to get rid of the time somehow."

"I wouldn't have believed it of her!" muttered Pelgram sadly, as the other three advanced toward the pines.

"Now, she's got to give us tea!" roared Bobby, forgetting his rôle.

Sitting in a row, with hands piously

folded, their hostess found the three tea-less officers, for Schuyler was always quick to fall in with Lady Jane's nonsense.

"Well, don't *look* so greedy, whatever you may feel, as I have occasion to say to my boys!" she hissed as she passed them, drawing off her gloves and going to the tea-table.

Mrs. Bean was bewildered by all the laughter and absurd chaffing, the obvious childish enjoyment of these grown men, who so very seldom called at the hotel to see her, and Pussie's tiny mouth was soon wreathed by a little radiating nimbus of peevish wrinkles.

Lady Jane seized the padded gongstick, the three men gave an explosive sigh of relief; she put it down again and they all gave a long, low moan. Even the "Chief" began to laugh, now that he had grasped the situation. He was called "Chief" by his shipmates, "Mister" Bean in society at large, but in his own home in Missouri he was called "Admiral," and he suffered the supererogation to pass unrebuked.

"Excuse them, Mrs. Bean, they would act better if they only knew how, poor things!" explained Lady Jane, indicating the speechless trio before her.

Bang went the Japanese temple gong, but before the sweet reverberations had died away, the paymaster had an inspiration, and, springing up, he led the file of three officers—Pelgram still clinging to his chair and his ravished cup—to the house, into which they disappeared through the veranda. Soon they reappeared, each bearing his own cup, saucer and spoon, and the procession came gravely back to their seats. Lady Jane laughed till she cried.

"I should think they'd drive you crazy," murmured Pussie Bean, aside, to her hostess, "they would me. A lot of men on such familiar terms. I couldn't stand it—I'm too sensitive."

"Oh, they do, they do!" moaned Lady Jane, wiping her eyes, and giving her attention to Cho, who was at her elbow, a little sullen at being caught in his cotton kimono.

Even as Schuyler lent himself to all these pranks he thought with wonder of

that other self which had fought and won a battle the night before out under the stars; that other self which crouched ready to spring out at him the instant he was alone.

It was all made very easy for him that first day of his engagement, and out of his thankfulness came a reaction which seemed almost happiness.

Rosamond sat a little apart eagerly scanning Schuyler's face to see what Bobby had meant by his remark which she had inadvertently overheard. Surely there was no "purgatory" in his face now, his eyes dancing, his face flushed with laughter! "By and by we shall be alone—he and I—and then I'll ask him!" she thought, and then her joy somehow stifled her, and she arose from her chair to help her sister with the tea.

Mrs. Bean was there that afternoon with a purpose. She had come to disprove or corroborate—it was all one to her—something that Mrs. St. Barre had suggested that morning. She had insinuated an affair of long standing between "The Madonna of the Tea-table" and Jack Schuyler.

"My dear," Fanny had remarked, manicuring her nails vigorously—it was in the days before respectable women took it up—"I wasn't born last week, nor even the week before, and —"

"No, of course not," purred Pussie sweetly.

"And there's just one thing I understand in this world—men. I knew Jack Schuyler in Venice years ago, and I know he is no tract on connubial fidelity. He doesn't go up at least four times a week to the Helmsby bungalow to play with the children!"

A shudder of delight ran through Pussie's little frame. She was one of those women who feel strongly the fascination of *déclassé* women who are kind to them. If Mrs. St. Barre had ignored Pussie or been rude to her, her claws would have very quickly come out of their soft sheath. Every woman, good or bad, or the average mixture, likes to have another woman to talk clothes to, and Mrs. St. Barre was no exception

to the rule; and so a sort of insincere friendship had come to be established between the two women that summer at the hotel on the Bund.

Mrs. Bean soon learned not to call upon the other after two o'clock in the afternoon, and expect a welcome. Once mastering that simple proscription, all went merrily.

So when the "Chief" came ashore that afternoon, his wife had inveigled him into making a call with her upon the Helmsbys—he to do the talking, she to spy out the land.

As Schuyler watched Mrs. Bean's hard little eyes darting between himself and Lady Jane, he felt positive that the poison of Fanny St. Barre's tongue was at work in her veins; and for the first time since his unstrung nerves had precipitated him into an engagement with Rosamond, he felt impelled to announce it at once. Lady Jane's name should remain unsullied by even another whisper of suspicion, if the rest of his life's peace paid for it.

In old times a knight was made to prove his right to wear a lady's guerdon by deeds fantastic, the more irrational the better the proof. A survival of this was unconsciously at the root of Schuyler's acts and words that day. He was as obsessed, as exalted, as mad for self-immolation as if dressed in smalls and silken hose, slashed doublet, and plumed velvet cap, instead of the plain white duck undress uniform of twenty years ago.

Under cover of the laughing Babel about the tea-table, Schuyler went over to Rosamond:

"Walk over as far as the summer-house with me, will you? I want to say something." Turning his broad back to the others, he then said to her:

"Rosamond, may I announce our engagement now, before them all?"

"Oh, Mr. Schuyler! Why, only yesterday you begged me to keep our secret!"

"Now, my dear little girl, the sooner we begin not to remind each other of yesterday, the sooner we'll attain happiness"—he was laughing to hide his own determination—"there's only to-day in

the world of love—no yesterday, no tomorrow—and to-day, dear, I wish to announce it; may I?"

Rosamond did not speak at once, her eyes upon Peggy as she crossed the lawn, followed by her amah carrying the child's rocking-chair, to be placed beside her mother's tea-table.

Those prying eyes of Mrs. St. Barre's had seen part of the truth, her slandering tongue had spoken part of the truth. Schuyler's conscience was still fearful, and girded him on. He repeated his request, but as he watched Rosamond's face, pale as usual under any excitement, he felt once more an awe of this girl's personality, a perceptible lessening of his confidence to rule her and their common lives.

"You are sure, very sure, that you really wish to announce it?" she asked suddenly.

"What a question!"

"Some one said to-day, within my hearing, that there was purgatory in your face this morning."

Was the whole town bent on spying and tattling on him? Was not even his face his own to wear scowling or smiling as he chose? For an instant several elements clashed within him, and then he said gently:

"Are *you* sure, Rosamond?"

She smiled and nodded, her head bowed low before him, as she nervously fingered a bit of white ribbon at her waist.

"Then drive the purgatory out of my poor old ugly face, and put heaven there instead—the sooner the better. Come!"

Suddenly Mr. Bean's strident voice filled the garden:

"Has Miss Atlee accepted you, Schuyler?"

It is safe to say that the old Chief had never felt such complete surprise as was his, when Schuyler took Rosamond's hand, and drawing her shrinking figure toward the group about Lady Jane's tea-table, announced:

"Yes, Chief, she has done me that very great honor. And I have her permission to tell you all that I am engaged to be married to the prettiest

flower in the garden of the world—Rose Atlee!"

Mrs. Bean's eyes went as direct as light to Lady Jane's face, and remained there searching for news wherewith to regale Fanny St. Barre at eleven the next morning.

"Aren't you surprised?" she could not forbear asking.

"Oh, no! of course I knew before," said Mrs. Helmsby, smilingly ignorant of all of this petty criss-cross of purposes going on about her.

Fanny St. Barre's scandal received its deathblow in those few words. Her husband apologized to Schuyler the next day, and the peace of expediency was patched up between them.

In the meanwhile the officers about Lady Jane's tea-table had done the right thing as officers do. Such was Bobby's relief to find that Pelgram was not the favored one, that it was less difficult to congratulate the other man than he would yesterday have believed possible. If any girl preferred marrying her grandfather it was no affair of his—bound to be unhappy, anyhow. The whole institution of marriage, once a fellow stands back from it and really looks at it fairly, is dead against nature, against common sense! Thoughts like these sustained Bobby at this trying moment, and then he turned to see how Pelgram was taking it.

After the first shock of the spoken word, which, after all, only gave expression to what Pelgram already feared, a sense of the unreality of the whole scene before him took possession of this self-contained young man. It was a play, in a very pretty setting, but it wasn't real life. That would come later on, after the curtain fell.

And then something happened which relaxed the nervous tension and ended the afternoon unexpectedly. Peggy, her little face distorted and purple with rising excitement, suddenly flew with a loud wail to her mother's arms:

"Muzzer, muzzer, Mr. Skylov pwomised to marry me—over and over he pwomised to marry me!"

The others began to laugh, but the mother checked them with a gesture;

the child was now in a perfect passion of tears, and Lady Jane held her close with one arm, and beckoned to the amah kneeling near with the other.

"Ah, ha! All is not as it should be, Schuyler, it seems," chuckled the Chief. But Schuyler's face was entirely serious as he went directly to Peggy, and, lifting her up in his arms, he walked quickly away with her to the far end of the garden, holding her closely to him. For a moment she struggled furiously, and then became quiet, as she heard him say:

"My baby, my dear little sweetheart—please, please don't cry any more—it hurts me so. Put your arms around my neck and kiss me, and I'll tell you all about it."

It was a long time, however, before she accorded any of these privileges, and her breath came in long indrawn sobs, as she fingered the top hook and eye of his blouse, but refused to look into his face.

"Peggy, don't you care for me any more?"

"I—I used-ed to," she whimpered.

"You see, it's this way, pet: there's a great discrepancy in our years."

"Oh!" said Peggy, already slightly mollified by the sound of the big word. She unhooked the top eye of his blouse, but still denied his pleading eyes.

"Yes, and so you see I had time while I was waiting for you——"

"Yes?" she smiled faintly, hooking the eye once more.

"To sort of smuggle in another wife, just to fill in the time, you understand, while you grow up and go to school and turn into a young lady."

"And then you'll tell Aunt Yose to go to the dickens? And then you'll just come and marry me and we'll live together in a nice little bungalow of our very own? Just Bella and you and I? And amah, too, 'cause I can't button my shoes?"

"Amah, and Bella, and you and I," he vowed readily, as men will to the end.

But Peggy, as women will to the end, begged for love's reassurances.

"Then we are engaged, after all?"

"Oh, yes, but it's what is called a long engagement."

"Aunt Yose is engaged to be your first wife, and I'm engaged to be your last wife?"

"Yes, that's it—now you've got it."

"Is that the way it always is? Is muzzer the first or last wife of farzer? And where's farzer's other one? Or did muzzer have a——"

"Oh, no, no!" he cried hastily. "It's not always that way—only sometimes. It's considered rather rare—more what kings and queens do than just ordinary people. And now, Peggy, will you love me just a wee bit?"

Her little arms went about his weather-beaten neck, and her smooth, white cheek pressed his rough, ruddy one, and peace brooded over the land.

CHAPTER VIII.

There were days when the burden of his ill-contrived engagement to Rosamond rested lightly upon Jack Schuyler's shoulders; when all the world seemed to combine to lessen the strain of it by the mere popularity of *The Sailor's Rest*; when to be alone with Rosamond was as difficult to achieve, he often thought sardonically, as if he really wished it.

Even the announcement of her engagement kept only a few of the younger men away. To be sure, Pelgram came at first less often than he had done, but the habit of dropping in at 101 Bluff when he came ashore had been formed. And he could count upon a laugh with Lady Jane, a romp with the boys, some hours of music with Rosamond herself, when the "*takai dannasan*" was not there. His relations with her were very little changed, after all. Sometimes he quite forgot it, as they sat together before the coal fire in the drawing-room during the late September days, the girl always busy with her dainty needlework; or when his jinrikisha flew after hers across the town to the foot of Noge-yama, up which they walked side by side. At such times they talked freely of everything under the sun except her engage-

ment. They both avoided that. She had asked Schuyler one night if he objected to Will Pelgram's friendship, and he had smiled down into her great, loving eyes and shaken his head slowly, and with a curious tenderness she did not understand, had replied:

"Little girl, I just want you to be happy, that's all!"

"Yes, but you?" she insisted, her hand touching his hair so gently that it felt like a moth's wing.

"I'm a great brute of a man, dear; trust me for looking very keenly after my own happiness."

And so she was satisfied, and held to the quiet pleasure of Pelgram's companionship.

But there had come an evening, before the September heat and humidity had passed, when Schuyler did not find life in the least a simple thing to face.

There had been an evening hop on the Russian flagship. Rosamond had been very radiant, very beautiful, that night. Her command of French had surrounded her by those always intense, superficially sympathetic, bearded hosts, whose devotion had been open, bold, exaggerated. The wild music and the wilder dancing, the waving lines of many colored lanterns, the billowing flags which draped the deck, the sudden precipitation now and then into dark corners lighted only by the stars, the burning words of hyperbole breathed into her ears—a sailor's *façon de parler* added to a Russian's love of refulgence—all combined to arouse the sleeping depths of Rosamond's nature.

Only twenty, convent-bred, Lady Jane's sister, soft-voiced, with drooping eyes; and yet there was something in her that responded to the Cossack in them—however much she looked, dressed in one of Mrs. Helmsby's inspirations, like a *cinquecento* angel; all dull greens and gold which caught the light, exactly as Lady Jane in her heart knew that it would.

Fanny St. Barre, who was there and held a little court of her own down in the wardroom, instantly recognized the art of the Helmsby gowns, and it was gall and wormwood to her. Virtue and

clever dressing had no business to be associated in Fanny's theory of the cosmos. It was but one more of Mrs. Helmsby's infringements on other people's rights.

When the good nights came and the boats pushed away from the Russian flagship, headed for the far-distant Bund, Rosamond had seized Schuyler's hand, under cover of the dark, and clung to it, the fever of her own reaching his even through her glove.

"Little princess!" he whispered, as one might to a pretty child; his heart heavy with regret that he could not love her, try as he would. There was a woman's head, small, shapely, gray, on the other side of the boat—and there was no other woman living in the whole wide world. The men and women near that gray head were laughing, as usual; the incense ever burned before Lady Jane's shrine. It was what Schuyler wanted—to laugh. The exigencies of love, the flame of youth, had long ago been burned out of him. He wanted companionship, he wanted children, he wanted the peaceful warmth of the banked fires of love—above all, he wanted to laugh! And the little, hot, restless hand in his wanted—something else, and he did not have it to give. And then it was that the complexity of life closed in about him.

The Russian officers were singing their national hymn, the band had caught up with them; the simple melody, heavy with tragedy, became fainter and fainter as the *Omaha's* gig carried the Helmsby party landward.

"Sometimes life, real life, suddenly turns into a sort of gorgeous ensemble as it does at the opera—and one forgets all about underdone eggs and overdone toast," Lady Jane was saying, and Schuyler laughed; Rosamond quickly withdrew her hand. The conventional association of love and laughter is not founded upon fact; at least that part of love which was uppermost in the girl's unsatisfied heart that night. Somehow in all serious love-making there is the unconscious recognition of nature's deep-hidden purpose in it all. Schuyler had only fallen in love with

a woman who made him laugh, after the solemnities of his first passions had faded out of sight. And he knew, too, that Lady Jane's nonsense was but a light glittering armor that she wore over a very loving heart. Guy's happy eyes told the story.

At the landing in the canal Rosamond had again clung to Schuyler's arm, and so he had drifted up the hill, with the others on ahead of them. He followed them through the Helmsby gate, and stood there to say good night. But Lady Jane had bustled into the house, dragging Guy after her. He was protesting aloud that he wanted to have a smoke and talk with Schuyler, but Jane shut the door upon his sentence, and once inside, scolded him well for his fathomless want of tact where engaged couples were concerned.

"Lord, Jane! he's been dangling round Rose since five this afternoon. It stands to reason that by this time he must want to smoke and talk to another man. I remember how it was myself—how——" But he never finished that sentence, either.

And so it came to pass that Schuyler yielded to the pressure on his arm, and wandered across the lawn beside her to the summer-house.

Guy was not far from the truth. The man in the summer-house would have given much to escape that good night which followed the dance on the Russian flagship.

His sensibilities told him that her silence covered a mood strange to him. She was no longer gentle and shy, talking what he chose to give. She stood close beside him as he sank into one of the wicker seats. Then, with a sudden movement, she slipped behind him and drew his head close to her breast and held it there. He could feel the wild, irregular beating of her heart as she whispered:

"I love you, I love you, I love you!"

She kissed him softly and quickly upon his hair, and brow, and cheek, bending low over him.

He knew women, and he knew only too well that they never did insistent things like this when they are satisfied.

It was the mad protest of an unfed heart, hungry for a little of love's delirium.

She was no longer a child accepting unquestioningly his lukewarm caresses.

She was a woman, loving as her nature demanded.

"It has come to me, Jack," Rosamond was whispering, her face close to his own, "that I am like the nun who broke her vows, like that 'Uncrowned Queen' of England, like the Léspinasse woman, and I shall always love you more than you do me."

"We have none of the men's letters, remember," he replied, and hated himself that that should have been his answer to her yearning heart. One act of deceit was slowly corroding his whole character, fast making him over into a hypocrite, a prig, a cad.

Then she was silent, and then again whispered brokenly of her love.

What was the right path to pursue? What the truest best for her? And it seemed suddenly to him that the wickedest thing of all would be to disappoint that child who had so strangely cared only for him among all that world of men about her.

He made a move to arise and take her into his arms and quiet her, when suddenly she started back from him, and, standing erect, she cried passionately:

"Oh, you think you know me! Jane thinks she knows me! None of you do—not one! Because I do not talk much and laugh much and play boys' games as the other girls do, I am but a little sleepy child. Here in my heart, here is something that gives all, that wants all in return! I do not know how other men than you may love, when they are given the right to love; but one thing I do know, it is not like this in the poetry I have read, in the music that I sing! Even my wee pet bird at the convent sang to his mate—not she to him—he sang his very heart out. She? She sat quietly, her head on one side, and listened—but I could see that her little heart was beating fast. It was not like this!"

Then he went to her and took her

into his arms and showed her, for the first time, a little of what a man's love is like; and the night, and her almost phosphorescent face, and his own blood and the devil whispering through the dancing vines, all helped him.

And she became happy and smiling, with her head on his broad breast. Then she said good night very softly and lifted up her face once more to his, and then slipped out of his arms and flew across the lawn into the house, happy as she never before had been in all her life.

And sad as never before in all of his life, he walked down the hill to the landing.

CHAPTER IX.

Autumn had come and the *Omaha* still lingered at her anchorage.

And so it came to pass that the little naval colony connected with the ship came to be looked upon as residents.

Even Mrs. St. Barre, ignored by bourgeois Yokohama, was taken up by the "legation people" in Tokio, grateful for a little unphilistine flavoring in their rather tasteless social fare. That Mrs. St. Barre was the wife of an official gave her the admission card, after the first meeting at the Imperial Cherry Blossom Viewing in the spring. And the fact that she was very handsome in her daring evening gowns, and told irresistible stories in her comical, slangy French, kept her within the diplomatic gates.

That one of the foreign attachés ended by coming down from Tokio three times a week to see her only enhanced her charms among his friends, nor did it detract from the laughing admiration of the Tokio women—all but the attaché's wife, and, of course, she was not aware of it. Even if she had been, it would not in the least have ruffled her luxurious peace, for was not a certain military attaché of another legation making an almost daily suggestion of reprisals?

So Fanny St. Barre found the atmosphere in which her soul expanded, and before long she had come to believe that she had spurned the com-

mercial attentions of middle-class Yokohama.

About once a month she coaxed her husband to go to Tokio with her and make a round of calls, or to attend an especially imposing diplomatic dinner, at which he was tempted to drink more wine than his nervous system seemed able to assimilate. But surely that was no fault of hers, and appearances must be kept up, even before not too censorious eyes. It was all in a cruise, anyhow, bound soon to be over. Then a navy-yard somewhere, and the same old stupid American round. The foreign cruises of Fanny St. Barre's married life were as flowering, fragrant oases in her memory.

Mrs. Bean was less fortunate. Somehow she did not fit in socially either in Yokohama or in Tokio. But she was used to clinging rather pathetically to the fringe of other people's lives, and her attitude of nervous gratitude toward the few Englishwomen who called upon her strangled outright Lady Jane's last gasp of patience.

Jane had been in her room sewing ever since tiffin; the boys were out on the *Omaha*, Ah Yok in stern attendance; Peggy and her amah were in the nursery across the broad hall; Rosamond and Schuyler were in the drawing-room, whence sounds came of singing alternating with the harplike chords of the zither. Lucy Postlethwaite had cards out for a musicale, and Jane had begged the lovers for their flag's sake to do their best.

The day had been very oppressive, hazy, with occasional puffs of warm wind.

In the pantry after tiffin the amah had ventured to say to Cho-san, while he allowed her to handle the coarser bits of china:

"Excuse me, honorable Cho, the *momban* said to-day when I passed the gate on an errand, that the wind whispered 'earthquake, earthquake' many times to-day. Thinkest thou there is aught in it?"

Cho-san grunted non-committally. He did not encourage the kittenlike familiarities of Tsuru.

But the prophetic mutterings of her old gate-keeper did not reach Lady Jane's ears that day, and so lightning seemed forevermore less sudden than that terrible power which comes from nowhere and puts to scorn the stability of the earth itself, and the little homes of men built thereon.

At the first shock which seemed to come from directly under the house, Lady Jane sprang to her feet and started for the door. The sudden change to a long, swaying motion, as if of a ship in a trough of the sea, sent her to her knees unable to stand, nauseated and faint.

The creaking of the joists—tied, to admit of swaying—the strange roar from unknown causes, the crying out of physical laws set at naught, the ever changing motion of the vibrations running through the helpless little house—Jane's senses registered it all even amidst her sickening terror, lying flat upon the floor. Like all strong-willed people, she felt most overwhelmed by her own helplessness to combat this thing, impotent to help those she loved.

After what seemed the last shock had gone, receding in jiggling steps, as if some seventeenth-century dame were balancing affectedly "to corners," Jane crawled dizzily to her feet and reached her door, to find it jammed.

As she clung there jerking at the handle the final vibration of the earthquake, which lasted in all three minutes, took the form of three tremendous thumps from above down, as if a punished child were plumped violently on a chair with the words: "Now, then!"

Jane always swore that she heard those very words, after her sense of humor had returned to her. Again she sank to the floor. As she fell there was a great crash, the sound of falling things, the insistent crash of glass, a woman's scream, a man's shout and with a faint cry of: "My baby!" Lady Jane knew no more, lying huddled just inside her door. When her senses returned she found Rosamond kneeling beside her, her face very white, Schuyler standing over her, his face still whiter, but trying to laugh. The door

was wrenched from its hinges, the transom above broken.

"My baby?" whispered Jane again.

"All right. Everything's all right, no one's hurt, unless you are? Tell me, are you? I'm sending off a chit to Helmsby." Schuyler spoke in a short, breathless sort of way, trying to speak lightly.

"The crash? What was it?" murmured Jane, turning her head toward her sister, who held a restorative to the swooning woman's nostrils before she replied. The girl was quiet, her eyes distended as if she had seen something terrible. Finally she said:

"The chimney fell through the roof, Jane."

"Which room?"

"As soon as you recover, Mrs. Helmsby, I'll show you, but——"

"Which room?" Jane reiterated imperiously.

"The nursery; but Jane, listen——"

Before they could stop her, the mother was on her feet, and staggered out into the hall. Then, seeing the little white form of Peggy flying toward her with open arms, Lady Jane sank to the floor and opened hers, and fell to crying hysterically, holding the child close and rocking her back and forth, murmuring words of love and thankfulness, her hands running hungrily over the sturdy little figure in her arms. Rosamond and Schuyler had followed her and stood silently watching her. The man was trying to laugh, and tugged at his mustache with a pitiful attempt at unconcern, but the hand shook and his eyes were full of tears.

Presently Jane looked up, and, seeing the silent couple, arose, saying, with a laugh:

"What's happened to us all? Come, let us be sane and sit down together comfortably, and then you're to tell me all about it."

And then each of the three, amah, too, edging near and soon joining in, told his own story, Rosamond's the briefest of all. Out of all—the questions, affirmations and denials—came the one important fact that Schuyler's quick, quiet command of the situation

after the chimney fell had in all probability saved Peggy's life, because of her love for him. The corner in which she happened to be playing with Bella, when the earthquake began, was the farthest from the fireplace. When the chimney fell through the roof the floor of the nursery sank with it, leaving a sharp incline up to the corner where the frantic child was fortunately hedged in behind a swivel chair fastened to the floor, against which a pile of other heavy furniture had shifted, making a little island of safety for the baby penned in behind it. Each fresh shock brought about new combinations in the chaotic room, the broken ceiling sagging so perilously near the tiny prisoner, who was bent on making her escape from safety into danger.

It was Schuyler's control over the terrified child which kept her still until he could reach her through a window. He talked to her all of the time, making a sort of adventurous game of the rescue, which held her breathless with interest, now laughing and happy, until he finally reached her on his hands and knees, tied to a rope held through the open window by all the men servants on the compound. A moment later the last three violent shocks had brought down a pile of bricks and heavy tiles which completely covered the old swivel chair where had crouched the frightened child. But she was safe in Schuyler's arms out on the lawn.

After hearing the story, interrupted very often by his laughing protests, Jane was still for an instant, and then said suddenly:

"But my door! Who—what happened?"

Rosamond became silent, and it was Schuyler who cried hastily:

"We were so alarmed, your sister and I! It wouldn't open, and you wouldn't answer, and so I—I got excited. I'll settle with Helmsby when the carpenter's bill comes in." Still Rosamond did not speak.

Then Jane began suddenly to laugh excitedly over the whole thing, and all the others joined in, Schuyler, and Peggy, and Tsuru—all but Rosamond,

who stood apart, a sort of blank amazement written on her white face.

Stern, quiet, dignified as usual, Cho passed through the hall with the teatray, and Jane laughingly arose and followed him into the drawing-room. No convulsion of nature could make Cho forget when it was five o'clock.

As she passed Schuyler she suddenly stooped and touched his hair with her lips, resting her hands for a moment on his shoulders, and shook him a little, saying lightly:

"I'm going to call you 'Jack' from to-day, for Peggy's sake. Come and have some tea—Jack—before another earthquake comes!"

She had never touched him before. He was not prepared for it. A look swept swiftly over his face, settling in the mouth, which was open, showing set teeth, through which he breathed quickly. Fanny St. Barre knew that look in men's faces, Rosamond did not, and yet the girl reached in that instant a conclusion worthy of the former's expertness.

As she stood there, alone for an instant with the man she was to marry, she was conscious of a great emotional convulsion, beside which all objective phenomena seemed trifling.

Rosamond stood frozen, erect, white as the flannel dress she wore—a Vivien sprang from Merlin's knee after his first gentle sneer.

"Come, dear," exclaimed Schuyler, springing to his feet and taking her arm. "Lady Jane is right, let's bolster up our wobbly nerves before another whack comes, as it's bound to before long. We'll have twenty before morning before giddy old Mother Earth settles down and stops getting gay." He was urging her gently along the hall as he spoke.

"Let go of my arm," she said very quietly.

"Rosamond!" He faced her swiftly, trying to read her expression. Still in the same soft, level voice, but her eyes now ablaze and fearless, she said slowly and distinctly:

"You—have—lied—to—me!"

She broke from him, releasing his clasp upon her arm with strong, cold hands, then she turned and walked directly to her own door and opened and closed and locked it quietly after her.

Schuyler went slowly on to the drawing-room, a great fear enveloping him like a black cloud, leaving him sure of nothing but the one step ahead that momentum makes easy.

CHAPTER X.

The thread that held together the moments of that long evening was a whisper of Lady Jane's to him, as he stooped to have his cup replenished, Peggy holding his plate of toast meanwhile.

"What shall we do, we can't find Bella? Amah says she must have blown like a leaf along the floor when the crash came. Peggy hasn't missed her yet, there has been so much excitement, but when she does—"

"If I could have her clothes and some water-color paints and paper and things I believe I could get up another Bella. I'll try if I can have a corner to myself."

"Heaven bless you! No family is complete without such a man! I'll take Peggy out with me on a round of five-minute calls to talk over the earthquake with my friends, so you can work in the library." By this resounding name was known Guy's smoking-den, the only outward sign of literature being the aforementioned home magazines brought in from the lawn at night and on rainy days, which always lay conspicuously, beside the navy register, upon the center-table surrounded by a wreath of pipes, tobacco-pouches and ash-trays of monstrous shapes.

Before Mrs. Helmsby had finished her two cups of tea, notes rained in upon her from all over the Bluff and settlement asking invariably first about her curios and then about her children, including a very wild one from Guy brought by the twins sent back from the *Omaha*. In the midst of such excitements she had not thought to inquire for Rosamond.

As soon as Lady Jane and Peggy had

gone, Schuyler went directly to Mrs. Helmsby's davenport in a corner of the drawing-room and sitting down, wrote:

We have the house to ourselves, dear, please come at once to me, and let us reach an understanding. The musicale is off for to-night, and I shall return immediately to the ship to let Helmsby come ashore. There is much for him to see to. Please come to me. I am very, very unhappy.

He rang for Cho and told him to give the note to Miss Atlee.

While awaiting an answer Schuyler paced, sailor-fashion, rapidly up and down the room, trying to martial his bewildered forces to meet whatever was ahead. That he had no mere girl's whim to contend with, he knew absolutely. There had scarcely been a ruffle upon the quiet surface of their engagement. Since that exigent moment in the summer-house after the Russian dance, she had exacted nothing, shown no petty jealousies, teased him in fact good-naturedly about Mrs. Postlethwaite's obvious disappointment. Rosamond had always given far more than she had received, generously, as women do further along in life—very unlike an untried girl. That she would not be petty in her quarrels any more than in her love-giving, Schuyler was also sure—and a great, indefinable dread of this young girl's coming words possessed him.

But when she entered, slipping into the room before he heard her, he went to her at once with a murmur of gratitude. He had the tact not to touch her, but he moved a chair toward her, and silent and rigid she sat down.

She still wore her white woolen morning-gown over which she had thrown one of the long white crêpe draperies she so much affected, for she was very cold through and through. She sat wrapped in it, her hands rolled within its many folds, which fell into taut conventional lines like a cerement, from the strain of rigid arms. Her brown eyes were black and dilated, they and the heavy eyebrows were all that relieved the even pallor of her young face which bore upon it the dignity of many years—until he spoke; and then

a quiver ran over it as if a breeze had ruffled the surface of a stagnant pond.

He sat down, leaning toward her.

"Tell me, my dear. You are unhappy—so am I. Tell me." She tried to speak, moistened her dry lips, and then her mouth fell once more into stiff lines.

"Rosamond, try to speak to me, child. Quick, before the boys or some one else comes to interrupt us!" Her eyes glanced about with a haunted look; she began to breathe rapidly, her bosom rising and falling more and more tumultuously as the moments passed.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, spreading out her arms till the crêpe about her looked like moving wings, and in a loud, agonized voice, she cried:

"You love my sister—not me—you love Jane!"

"Hush, hush, child! You do not know what you are saying," Schuyler managed to say as his whole inner world fell about him and lay in ruins at his feet. He sprang up, looking about and listening intently, lest other ears than his should hear the terrible words. She was now beyond any control of his. Over and over again she said in that same loud, monotonous voice:

"You have never loved me—never from the first. You loved her. You asked me to marry you that day, that you might be near to her! I suspected you long ago, and then I forgot it!"

"Ah, no, no—not that," he groaned, turning away from her.

"The reverend mother often told me that there was much wickedness in this world, to be *toujours en garde*, so she would say. Ah, but she said, too, 'you will find peace, perhaps, *chérie*, in some good man's love,'" the girl went on, speaking with more and more accent as her excitement grew. The silence once broken ended in a flood beyond even her control. Then she laughed—terribly—so that he hid his eyes and groaned—helpless before her.

"I found the good man's love, for example! And for a time I am happy as if in heaven. And then came—to-day!"

"To-day?" he asked, wondering, staring once more at her.

"Yes, to-day! You did not see your own face when the earthquake came—no! but I did! You did not realize your words, the look in your eyes, your manner of frenzy when Jane's door refused to open—for you went there direct, not to the baby! You were mad, mad with rage and terror, when you were compelled to go to save Peggy first, before you returned and broke down Jane's door. You do not dream what you said—no, but—*témoin auriculaire*! You could not see the—the hell and yet the heaven in your face when she—when she touched you—she, the woman that you love, passionately love—but—*témoin oculaire*! That look came not to your face when I touched you—no! Not for one little minute all summer long have I so moved you. Why? I do not have to ask—I now know absolutely! You love her, only her, and you——"

He interrupted roughly:

"You must be quiet! There are other lives than ours involved in such an accusation. Other people's happiness. You shall not say it. I will not remain unless you let me speak."

Again she laughed. "I was quiet, you asked me to speak. I speak, you ask me to remain silent. I cannot please you, it seems."

She was now walking rapidly back and forth, her light drapery billowing after her, making great white concave shells behind her at each abrupt turn. Suddenly she stopped and said, looking full into his miserable eyes, struck by a sinister thought:

"So—I can hurt you that way! By speaking so that she can hear. Of that alone you are afraid. That she should learn your secret and despise you and banish you from your paradise!" She walked on, nodding her head, her eyes upon the floor.

He was not meant for a villain, this man, although perhaps clever enough to make a successful one. He knew exactly what he had to do to bring her panting and repentant to his breast, physically his at least, blind to all but

her own love. He had, through all those weeks, come to a slow but fairly complete understanding of her nature. He knew that she was of the type best managed by silence, strong arms, kisses that confessed nothing but the dominion of the flesh. He knew as he watched her, that he had but to laugh, to tell a few lies, to hold her close, smothering her mad words, and the impending disaster would be averted—at least for the present. And he could not do it!

He was now once more seated, his face buried in his hands, leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees. The one clear thought which arose out of his inner tumult was: "This time I will be true to myself; only so can I be true to others! Whatever comes, whatever goes out of my life, I have done with lies. If others suffer, God knows so have I suffered!"

Back even of that thought, he knew, as a man of forty must know, that a suspicion like that now full-grown in Rosamond's mind never will be quite downed while life was in her. It would eat corrosively like a malignant acid through any wrapping of happiness with which he might seek to surround her; through all of his efforts at self-control, self-elimination; defacing, at the same time, the poor child's own soul. It would remain a hook in his wife's wardrobe upon which her jealous imaginings would, to the end, be draped. For there was no putting Jane entirely out of their lives—except by an open quarrel. If that was to come, let it be now, at once, and leave him an honest man and the girl with some hope of future peace.

If in Rosamond's eyes at least he had, in his dire excitement and terror, forgotten himself and let his hidden love show in his face and words, too—she had said *words!*—then it would be sure to happen again, and his subconsciousness gain the mastery over his conscious acts.

Upon one point only he was determined to disabuse her mind: of the motive she had imputed to his proposal of marriage. But as he pondered, it became so paltry, so astoundingly, crass-

ly, insultingly stupid, that to even refer to it would be but to outrage her the more.

As he sat there his whole life passed in review, and he knew himself for a failure; with now not even the right to call himself honorable left him.

Nothing he could have said would have insulted her as did his silence, and she stood and looked down at him in sudden amazement. He had denied nothing, save by a protesting groan, now and then. It was all true, then! Every one of her accusing words!

There are very few things so overwhelming as the complete verification of words spoken in fury. Some small part of our accusations we always expect to have denied, disproved, at least belittled; somewhere in the background is a door at least ajar, waiting for a happy escape.

That man crouched there before her denied, belittled nothing! She drew farther back from him with a sudden movement of horror. He was then her sister's lover—she had read of such things—he denied nothing!

How deeply was her sister involved in all this? He belittled nothing!

Her memory darted back over the past and found a thousand corroborations of his indifference to her; found what jealousy always finds—proof.

Then he raised his head and said, in a slow, colorless voice:

"Take or leave my life, it is still yours to do with what you will. We are both excited to-day. I will go and come to-morrow morning, and perhaps we can come to an understanding a little more worthy of us both. I have always tried to show you the best that is in me. I always meant to make you happy. I will now, if you will have me. I am sorry that you have misunderstood me—"

"You dare say that to me!" broke from her furiously, turning abruptly away from him.

"Misunderstood my motive in asking you to marry me," he added quickly, recognizing once more the impossibility of ever being entirely honest with her. "That charge was unworthy of you,

yes, and of even me." And yet as he spoke he recalled the whispers of the Evil One, that night out on the race-track when his ideals had retreated to the farthest horizon.

This torture must be put an end to at all costs; for Rosamond's sake as much as his own.

He arose, went to her, and although she shrank from him, he took firm hold of her arms, and said almost violently:

"One thing in all this we must both remember. Think what you will of me, learn even to despise me. One thing I beg of you, do not disturb by one whisper your sister's peace, or your brother's, by this suspicion of yours. They know nothing of it now, I beg you to withhold it from them. Let all your punishment fall upon me. I am as unworthy of you to-day as I have always been—no more so, Rosamond, I swear to you. I have been hoping happiness would come to us both, you and me, and stay with us always."

"If Jane cares nothing for you, as you imply, her peace will remain undisturbed," replied the girl quickly, "even if all this were to be shouted from the house-top—and also Guy's peace. I will make it my affair to discover the truth. Good-by. You are free—to love whom you wish. At least, you have not again lied to me. I will credit you with that. It is all over—forever—good-by." And before he realized it, she had slipped from his grasp and left the room, leaving in his hands the long scarf of white crêpe.

He stood a moment looking down at it helplessly, and then he laid it very gently down, and presently crept out of the house.

CHAPTER XI.

"I report myself on board, sir," said Schuyler, a half-hour later, to the officer of the deck on the *Omaha*. It happened to be Pelgram, who silently returned the navigator's salute.

"Is the captain on board, Mr. Pelgram?"

"Yes, but he has guests this evening.

Some Japanese officials and their wives."

Six bells sounded as Schuyler ran down the ladder to the wardroom.

In reply to a battery of questions from the wardroom table about the fate of the household at 101 Bluff, Schuyler laughed, as men are happily able to do even when their hearts are breaking, and said:

"The earthquake smashed the southwest corner of the nursery and buried poor Bella alive. I guess you all know who she is by this time. I'm under solemn promise to Lady Jane to create a second Bella before morning, before little Peggy misses her, and shall get to work upon the reincarnation of Isabella as soon as the table is cleared. Perhaps we'll succeed in fooling little Peggy, and perhaps not—a mother's eyes, you know!"

So, after dinner, Schuyler spent that evening bending over bits of paper under the wardroom lamps, his great shoulders huddled down close, and the well-shaped gray head bent low over his task. The officers laughed and chaffed with him as they passed and re-passed, but he never stopped, never looked up from the table, until a sudden shout from him brought all of them about him.

"How's that for 'Bella Rediviva'?" And he held up the denuded ghost of Peggy's well-known paper doll, almost as well known on the station as Lady Jane herself.

The likeness was declared perfect, all but the mouth; something was lacking of that all too perfect, well-remembered smile. But Bobby had an inspiration, and suggested a broken tooth as being about the least of mishaps likely to have befallen her after so terrific a disaster.

So Schuyler painted a folded handkerchief across the lower part of the lady's face, which when removed would account for disparities between her mouth and the old-remembered Bella's of ante-earthquake days.

And then, when all the nonsense was over and "Bella the Second" put to bed in an official envelope, Schuyler went on deck, almost groaning aloud as

his misery and fear rushed once more back upon him in full force.

Every light that twinkled in the darkness below the Naval Hospital sent an arrow into his heart. Were the two sisters together in the room where that lamp was burning so brightly? What was Rosamond saying to the other? Had she spoken at all yet? If so, what was the other thinking? Ah, God help him, after all these years, what was she thinking? If he could only see the captain! If his guests would only go! There was time yet that night to write Rosamond something that might induce her not to carry out her threat to speak to Lady Jane.

But it was very late before the captain's dinner finally broke up. When his guests, in merry mood, came on deck, Schuyler and the officer of the deck went at once forward to offer their assistance in placing the timid little ladies in the bobbing steam-launch.

The doctor and the paymaster had been the guests in the cabin that night, and as they drew apart and compared their boredom, Schuyler made haste to follow the retreating captain.

"Captain Rosse, is it too late to ask you to give me five minutes, sir?"

"Well, by thunder, Schuyler, is a commanding officer not entitled to two hours to himself out of the twenty-four?"

Schuyler happily bethought himself to laugh, and so the easily mollified captain growled good-naturedly:

"Come down to the cabin and let me get off these togs."

Once in the cabin, the commanding officer disappeared within his stateroom, talking all the time, leaving Schuyler in the official apartment adjoining.

When Captain Rosse reappeared he was wearing his usual blue undress blouse. The navigator stood until the captain was seated.

"Well, Mr. Schuyler, what can I do for you?" he asked, falling into his official manner after one look at the other's grave face.

"I would be very grateful to you, sir, if you would allow me to exchange with Tompkins, on the *Monocacy*; he's anx-

ious to get on a cruising ship, I'm willing to take the old *Jinrikisha*."

The captain made an angry movement, and Schuyler hastened to add:

"I have never in my whole sea-going career been so happy, captain, as I have been on your ship. It is not an— an official matter."

"Social, then? A woman, perhaps, Mr. Schuyler?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see no reason why I should upset my roster at the end of my cruise for an *affaire d'amour* of yours, sir!"

"I would not dream of bringing such a thing as that to you, captain," cried Schuyler indignantly.

"Ah, a good woman, then?"

"One of the very best, sir."

"Well, if she's that, what the deuce is the difference where you are? Here, or in Shanghai?"

"No difference whatever to her, sir."

"So-o! To you? To others?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain got up and went to his desk, took out a folded paper, tapped it with his forefinger, returned it to its pigeonhole, and then, resuming his seat, said abruptly, after studying the navigator's face intently for a moment:

"I can see that you are in some serious trouble, Mr. Schuyler, and so I'm going to tell you something, to be held in strictest confidence. Not even the first lieutenant knows it yet. The orders came this morning for home, via Suez!"

Schuyler was on his feet before he was aware of what he was doing, and he stood staring at his commanding officer who sat smiling, sure of his effect.

No one but a sailor knows the complete mental revolution brought about by that simple announcement. The hitherto considered important things, the engagements, the friendships, the flirtations, the sore grievances, the petty trials, the irksome discipline, the ship's quarrels—the whole foreground of living—suddenly sink in one minute back to the dim horizon. He's a sailor again, and he's going home!

"Is the situation eased up a bit by that piece of news, Mr. Schuyler?" grinned the captain, always greatly pleased with the rôle beneficent.

"You know without my telling you, sir," smiled the other. "But may I ask when the orders will be given out, sir?"

"As soon as I can get a reply from the admiral to my cable. The engines need a little doctoring, the chief says; it may delay us. I shall not give out the orders till that matter is settled."

"I want to thank you, captain. I fully appreciate your great kindness and confidence in me, and I hope I shall use it worthily. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Schuyler."

Before the latter slept that night two notes were snapped securely in the big wardroom chit-book to be sent off the first thing in the morning; one to Mrs. Helmsby inclosing "Bella the Second" with his card and compliments; the other to Rosamond:

Something has occurred of importance since I saw you this afternoon, which will send me away from Yokohama almost at once. Please remain silent about this, and about our talk of to-day until I see you to-morrow at eleven. I beg you earnestly to see me once more.

CHAPTER XII.

But when the lean, brown coolie—all bows and panting breath—reached the bungalow early the next morning and handed the *Omaha's* chit-book to Cho, at the back door, it was already too late. Rosamond had spoken to Jane.

The older sister had gone to the girl's door late the night before, and begged to know if the headache which had kept her from dinner had abated. The door was locked, and only after some persuasion had Lady Jane gained admission. After one glance, even in the dim light of a hastily lighted candle, Jane knew that something more serious than an aching head was troubling Rosamond. Her flushed, distorted face, her disheveled hair, her tumbled morning-gown told very clearly of those long tragic hours of complete abandon to an overwhelming grief, however much the girl sought to deceive her by stretch-

ing of arms, and yawns, and surmises as to how long she must have been asleep. Rosamond had evidently thought better of that tragic scene of denunciation she had first planned.

Her determination to be silent, however, was wrecked by that automatic action of the sensibilities which is at the bottom of so many feminine tragedies.

Jane had sat watching Rosamond's restless, inconsequent movements about the room, then she arose and went to her and laid a very gentle, loving hand upon the girl's shoulder—it was the small precipitate needed.

"Don't touch me!" cried Rosamond roughly, flinging off the other's hand. "Don't you dare to touch me! There's only one thing left that you can do for me—just one thing—send me back to the convent, back to the dear reverend mother who alone understands me, back to Sister Marie Hélène who alone loves me!" Rosamond had thrown herself full-length upon the bed and lay there panting, once more overwhelmed by her agony.

Jane stood listening in stupefied amazement; then she said very quietly:

"You and Mr. Schuyler have had some misunderstanding. Can you tell me? Perhaps I can help you, dear!"

"We have, on the contrary, had our first complete understanding," laughed Rosamond pitifully, and then she broke into passionate sobs.

Jane went and locked the door and sat down by one of the windows and waited.

As Rosamond presently became more quiet she began to perceive the difficulties ahead of her, and regretted her own wild words. She had not meant to taunt her sister with the facts—not then, at any rate, not in this way, at a disadvantage.

But neither she nor Schuyler had counted upon Lady Jane's quick wit, her strong will, her whole forceful personality when once aroused.

"Guy and I, between us, broke our engagement three times before we were married," she volunteered in a highly

rational tone; "it's not at all an uncommon thing, Rose. It's the salt of antenuptial days and the cayenne pepper of post-nuptial quarrels, I mean."

Sometimes people suddenly walk out of a tragic rage, if the bars are let down low enough, thought the crafty Jane, and waited. Then, with a sigh, she renewed the attack from another point.

"Surely, Rose, I can help you!"

"You!" moaned the girl, with an emphasis that made Jane's heart stand still with a sudden dread. When she next spoke it was as much in argument with her own suspicions as with her sister's.

"You mean that I am least fitted to sympathize with you when the shadows come? Do you so little know me, dear? Do you really believe that Sister Marie Hélène alone loves you? Then I have indeed failed ignominiously in my desire to take a mother's place."

"No, no, no!" burst from the form lying on the bed. There was a long pause broken only by the girl's sobbing inhalations. But for one strong element in Jane's character, she would have left the other to herself until time and the relief of tears should bring back reason. But Mrs. Helmsby was so constituted that it was impossible for her to pass by any cry of pain, from that of a beggar boy with a splinter in his foot to a robin hypnotized with terror of his ancient enemy. How much less, then, a girl's first irrational quarrel with her lover?

She herself so loved happiness! Clung so desperately to it, forcing herself—whatever might be her inner mood—to meet each day bravely, brightly, gaily; her applause being the laughter which always followed her footsteps. To enter boldly into another's grief was as imperative as breathing; she would lend a hand while she had one to offer, as long as she lived. And so burrowing away incessantly at the foot of the avalanche, it was at length precipitated upon her.

"It's Lucy Postlethwaite!" suddenly cried Jane irrelevantly. "Why, child, Lucy's a dear, but she has about as much charm as a three-fold clothes-horse!

And then you'll have to get used, just as I did, to that little navy manner of his with women. You know what I mean; they all have it, from an admiral down to a coxswain, once let a petticoat appear in the offing—I haven't the remotest idea what an offing is, whether it's inside the ship or outside, but I've always adored the sound of that word. But, bless your heart, girly, one survives such a multiple of jealous imaginings! To this day Guy has to be very careful—Clytemnestra's nothing to me when I'm roused! There's no strong love between a man and woman without jealousy—only mincing, mealy-mouthed indifference. I was beginning to be suspicious about you and your beloved Jack, truly I was, because you sailed along together entirely too serenely."

"You're right, indifference was at the root of it!" suddenly exclaimed Rosamond, sitting up and tossing back her tumbled hair. As she presented at that moment so perfect a picture of the antithesis of indifference, Jane was left to draw her own inferences.

"Your imagination is running away with you, Rose, I am positive."

"I am dealing with facts, undenied facts—and Lucy does not happen to be the heroine of my story." Rosamond had arisen, and was loosening her clothes with trembling hands, her face averted.

"Never mind names, dear heart, confess just between ourselves that there's another woman at the fancied bottom of your trouble? And that it's all your fault anyhow," urged Jane. "It was always mine."

"It is not my fault. that my engagement to Mr. Schuyler is broken!" challenged Rosamond, trembling more and more.

"Ah, my child—has it gone as far as that?" exclaimed Jane, the more distressed because silence gave an affirmative to her first question. Then there was another woman! As long as she lived she was ashamed of the fact that her suspicions rushed in a direct line to Fanny St. Barre's door—she hardly knew why.

"Tell me, Rose, have you given him a chance to deny your accusations?"

"I have, and he was silent, absolutely silent! Oh, go away from me! Why do you come and torture me? I will not stay in the house with you, to be at the mercy of your questions. I must and will go home, at once, at once, do you hear?"

She was once more frantic after one of those recurrent lulls that come in the wildest grief. In a sort of fury, she tore off her dress and threw about herself a kimono, and began to walk restlessly again about the room, until she came to the north window which looked down, over the hedge, upon Kanagawa Bay.

The *Omaha* had swung on the tide into full sight, unmistakable to loving eyes that had watched her all through the summer. As the girl saw that forward white light twinkling just as it had on all those other blissful nights, the whole long enchanting summer returned to her. The days and the happy greetings, the nights and the happier partings; the touch of his big warm hands; the gentle kisses on her hair and cheek, those rarer ones placed so tenderly upon her lips; the clean salty odor of his hair; the nearness, the dearness of it all—gone forever! The thought drove her mad—for only a moment, but long enough for her to turn and cry out in anguish:

"Do you want to know whom he loves? Well, then, I will tell you. He loves you, you, you—do you hear? And he has for a long, long time. It was for that he wished to be one of us, for that he played the hypocrite, for that he——"

"Be silent!" ordered Lady Jane, now on her feet. "Not one word more! You have lost your reason." And she turned and left the room, white with a rage which she could not trust.

Jane went to the nursery and sat beside the sleeping children, watching their innocent faces, turned up in sweet helplessness; and presently sufficient quiet returned to her to seek her own couch.

Guy must not know what Rose had

said so wildly, he must never know. He must remain his dear, happy, unsuspecting self, whatsoever horror whirled about her.

Happily Guy was sleeping heavily, his ruddy honest face as free from guile as Peggy's own.

And so the night wore on at The Sailor's Rest, and the two sisters never closed their eyes.

At the early breakfast the next morning, through which Guy was hurrying to catch the eight o'clock boat, Cho brought in to Lady Jane the chit-book of the *Omaha*, containing Schuyler's two notes.

"Hello! seems to me your swains are rushing things rather lively to-day, Jane! Might have the decency to wait till I get out of the house," teased Guy, looking at her admiringly over his coffee-cup. The color flew to her face, and for the first time in their married life she did not greet his sally with a smile.

Giving Cho the note for Rosamond, she opened the one to herself, and "Bella the Second's" advent served to tide over the few moments before Guy kissed her and hastened away.

A sense of life's sharp contrasts came to Mrs. Helmsby as she smuggled Bella's slightly damaged likeness into the amah's pretty little hands, telling her to manage the resurrection to the best of her ability.

An hour later Mrs. Helmsby knocked upon her sister's door. There was no response for an instant, and Jane's heart sank; then a voice inside made inquiry.

"It's only Jane, dear; open the door."

Mrs. Helmsby had nerved herself for all sorts of conversational climaxes, but one glance at Rosamond upon opening her door proved to Jane that her younger sister had the same proud blood in her veins, the same stout nerve once the temperamental storm of emotion had passed. Jane felt like crying: "Brava!" but she did not dare.

Rosamond was completely and carefully dressed in the quaintest of Greenaway effects, a dull blue gown and short cape of the same cloth, a big black hat upon her head. Jane instantly caught her cue.

"Well, it makes me feel very lazy to see you up and trussed so early, Rose. Are you going in a 'ricksha, or do you want the trap?"

"Neither, I'm going to walk. And Jane, if Mr. Pelgram calls within an hour tell him, please, that I've gone on ahead to see the *botan*. He'll understand where. We arranged it the other day. Tell him I wanted the walk, and so started on ahead."

That Schuyler would come directly after quarters Rosamond felt convinced. The exigency of his note brooked no delay. See him she would not. Her engagement with Pelgram to go to one of the native gardens beyond the Jizo-Zaka sufficed to cover her retreat. She had herself now well in hand, her habit of reserve once more wrapped her closely. For the moment a reaction into dull insensibility had come to her succor.

The only thing that told aught of the scene of the night before was the girl's avoidance of Jane's eyes.

She wanted to walk alone in the fresh sweet morning air, and if Will Pelgram cared to follow she never minded him, he never asked questions. He was her friend, and somehow knew how to remain so.

It had been a night of torture in that room of hers, she must get away from it that calm and strength might come to her to do what she had determined—go home on the next steamer. That Schuyler had written that he was soon going was no longer of importance to her; it was from Jane herself that she wished to be separated. She would go back to the sweet quiet behind those high convent walls which kept away all evil things; behind which no disillusion came, nor love, nor hate, nor any of their brutal train. The mother superior would raise her head and look long into her eyes, and then would whisper: "I understand, my daughter;" and the little sister would kiss her once, twice, thrice, and cry: "Ah, how I love you, my dove; how I have missed you!"

With a quiet *au revoir* to Jane, Rosamond went out of the little compound and up along the Bluff; and Jane

watched her from a window with tears in her eyes.

When Pelgram came to The Sailor's Rest Jane gave him her sister's message, whereupon he made a man's futile attempt to appear to be in no haste, and he sat and chatted with Lady Jane nonchalantly of many things.

Presently Pelgram arose and took his leave, strolled leisurely to the gate, chatting a moment with the old *mom-ban*—known as "Sesostris Third" throughout the squadron—gave him a little "pipe money;" and then, when once out on the Bluff road, Pelgram tore along as if pursued by seven devils, and in an incredible time was by Rosamond's side, deeply engrossed in the study of peonies; their size and shapes and endless variety of color the one aim of his intellectual being.

Meanwhile Lady Jane had equipped herself for the day, and was just settling herself in her little trap at her own door, the native groom still holding the pony's tossing head, when Schuyler walked rapidly through the gate, his heart in his eyes, a sort of pale terror stamped upon his face. He greeted her and then stood absolutely still by the bed of faded asters, afraid to speak further or make another move until he gathered the truth from Lady Jane's face and manner.

But so anxious was she to conserve her sister's happiness, that her own objection to seeing this man on this particular morning passed for nothing; especially as she was absolutely convinced that Rose's jealousy had rendered her temporarily mad. Mrs. Helmsby felt sure that she could make all right again between the lovers.

"Hold the pony for a while. I come back," said Lady Jane glibly, whipping the reins around the whip-stock and springing from the low phaeton. Turning to Schuyler, she said gravely:

"Come in, I want to speak to you for a moment."

He followed as might a criminal awaiting only the sentence of death. And yet, strangely enough, there was no animosity toward him in her bearing—perhaps, after all, Rosamond had not

yet told her! But her first sentence, once in the so-called "library," dispelled all hope.

"There's no use fingering gingerly about a thistle, is there? Rose told me last night of your quarrel. I'm afraid the child has a rather jealous nature, Mr. Schuyler, and we must be very, very gentle with her—patient and gentle."

"It has always been my wish," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, yes, of course, of course," conciliated Jane, "it's the same old curse of feminine unreasonableness, I fear." There was no reply.

"She—she gave me," hesitated Lady Jane, poking the open coal-fire in the grate, before which they were both standing, "she offered only the most fantastic of reasons for her—for her misunderstanding with you." She was not finding it quite so easy to manage other peoples' love-affairs as she had fancied.

"Oh, did she?" fenced the man. Surely never would Lady Jane have talked afterward to him like this if Rosamond had told her the cause of their quarrel! He did not feel sure what she would have done or said, but it would not have been like this.

Jane saw that there was nothing to be gleaned from him in his present frozen mood, so she added warmly:

"Yes, the most ridiculous nonsense about you and myself! Now, can you imagine anything more utterly idiotic? But of course no jealous woman is quite sane. And I feel sure we can, between us, disabuse her mind of whatever crazy notion she has got into her poor little head. Why, Mr. Schuyler, I remember perfectly a silly fit of jealousy I had the first year Guy and I were married. I'm almost ashamed to tell you! A very pretty young aunt of his held his hand and patted it! She was one of those fresh plump women who smell deliciously of orris-root, and who dress exquisitely. You know the type?" Jane turned suddenly and looked at the silent man beside her whom she was bent upon putting into a good humor. He replied quickly:

"Oh, yes, perfectly—capital description!"

"Now, mark you, that was his maternal aunt with a huge family of children, but nevertheless I led poor Guy a dog's life for one whole awful week! So you see, that's the way we women are made—at least we Atlee women. Anything more hopelessly silly, anything more deliriously imbecile, anything more scatter-brained——"

"Well, I should say so!" laughed poor Schuyler dizzily, plunging in his turn at the tongs and jabbing wildly and destructively at one of Cho's most perfect grate fires.

"You ought to ask me what Guy did to bring me around," came quizzically from Lady Jane, her troubled expression melting into a smile, for the first time since the night before.

"Of course—what did he do?"

"Laughed. Loud, long, continuously; he chuckled, he gurgled, he exploded, every time he caught my glaring eye. At the end of the sixth day, all of a sudden I began to giggle and then—well, of course, everything was all right. I sat down and wrote, asking Aunt Nannette to spend a fortnight with us—so there you are!"

Schuyler recalled Rosamond's white face, her agonized voice, the air of quiet finality with which she had dismissed him; recalled, too, his own convicting silence, and he slowly shook his head.

"I fear other measures will have to be taken with your sister."

"True, Rose never did have my sense of humor. There's something a wee bit *exigeante* about that dear little sister of mine," sighed Lady Jane. "But we can surely convince her in some other way! Let's both go to her together and just make her see the absurdity of it. Make her tell her side, and then we'll tell ours!"

He was evidently less enamored of the prospect than she. Finally she mused, eyes upon the fire:

"All I can think of, after racking my mind, is that—do pardon my referring to so trivial a thing—yesterday after the earthquake I called you Jack and rumpled up your hair, or some such

thing. Probably you don't even remember it. I was so excited and so everlastingly grateful about Peggy. Surely, surely it couldn't have been just that?"

What to say to her? What not to say? went like a shuttle back and forth in the machinery of Schuyler's mind. At a venture he replied slowly:

"I'm afraid that it did enter into it."

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, and then she began to laugh softly. "And yet that's precisely the way I used to be, precisely!"

For a moment she seemed lost in a smiling reverie, and then she stood erect and looked up, saying briskly:

"But all this doesn't help my poor suffering Rose! You must wait and see her, and say somehow just the right thing. There always is the one right thing to be said to a woman, you know, if a man only happens upon it. A lie stings itself to death after a while. It's only the truth that is difficult to kill."

As she said these unfortunate words, he felt the blood mount to his head, and a sudden mad impulse took possession of him to tell this woman just once—the truth! Words are the fingers that touch the level silent keys of our secret emotions. They start the vibrations that will not then be stilled.

The craving to tell her, come what would, became instantly a strong animal desire—insensate, brutal, destructive—and set his heart beating furiously, parched his mouth, made him wish to hurt her, to hurt himself, to turn the world upside down. And after that? There would be no after!

His heart-beats pulsed through his voice as he said in a low tone:

"I shall wait and see her, of course. I came for that, but—your sister has broken the engagement, and I fear that it will never be renewed, whatever I do or say."

"But why? Why?" came impatiently from Jane. To her amazement, he did not answer, walking away to the other end of the room, struggling to command his demoniacal mood.

She turned swiftly and watched him, then said coldly:

"I beg your pardon, I did not mean to be intrusive. You have a right, of course, to your own secrets. If it is both your wish and my sister's to put an end to this engagement I have nothing more to say. I only wished to help. I see I am not succeeding. I am going to ask you to excuse me, my pony will tear the drive to pieces. Rose, I trust, will return before long. Good morning."

She had never before in all those years looked at him like that, never so spoken to him. Better her rage than that frigid coldness. If all was to be at an end between him and The Sailor's Rest, it should be upon his own terms!

Her hand was upon the door-knob when he cried:

"Lady Jane!"

"Well?"

"You have yourself solved all this mystery—the truth is hard to kill!"

She stood puzzling with furrowed brow, then slowly enlightenment came to her, her eyes dilated and then narrowed upon him, and turning fully, she faced him, the color gone out of her very lips.

"What!" she whispered.

The man was aroused now, reckless of all consequences.

"Just exactly that. Rosamond has learned the truth. I've told all the lies I'm going to in this matter! Her intuition is right." A great glow possessed him, he felt at the moment full of an almost overpowering ecstasy.

With a low cry she turned and flung open the door, but he sprang toward her and barred the way, laughing down at her.

"No, you shall not go just yet. I have something more to say."

Her innate refinement held her absolutely still, her head erect, her nostrils dilating. Then she said quietly:

"We are not savages. Close the door lest the children hear my voice, and come. I could not touch them now that I am contaminated."

He started as if she had struck him across the face. His ecstasy was fast

leaving him, and great waves of trouble rose higher and higher about him, through which he must somehow plow his way.

"I'm not quite such a cad as to hold you prisoner that I may pour out my life's love-story to you—although perhaps ten years or so of silence entitles a man to some slight salvage. No, what I am bent on saying to you, is this: If Rosamond told you that I asked her to marry me, to be near you, I want to say that it is not true—she is mistaken. It is cruelly unjust to me. The reverse of that is the truth. I never dreamed for one instant that the poor child could possibly care for an old man like me, twice her age. Through some wild rigmarole, which I'll spare you, I wished first above all things to find an excuse to slip logically out of the dear life here. It was as well that I should not come so often. If Miss Atlee refused me I could stay away and no questions would be asked by—Helmsby, among others. She did me the honor of not refusing me."

"And your other motive? If there's a first tabulated, it implies a second."

"To stop people's tongues!"

"Then there has been talk?"

"Yes—a few irresponsibles."

"Coupling your name and mine?"

"Yes, and I did not want your name touched, your peace disturbed. And yet look how it has all turned out!"

She flung up her head and smiled.

"My peace! You need not have troubled yourself, Mr. Schuyler. The whole world crying in one loud voice could not come between Guy and myself! He would not believe his senses if they bore witness against me. My peace, indeed! It lies here"—she touched her breast—"buried so deep that neither you nor any one living can disturb it."

And as she spoke he but loved her the more. That was the woman, gold all through, who had held him all those years! If she had scorned him any the less, he would have been disappointed.

There was a slight pause during which she stood thinking intently, her head raised, her eyes on the swaying

bamboo outside. He watched her with eyes in which his misery was fast gathering. Then he spoke in rapid entreaty:

"Do not tell your—do not tell Helmsby! It's all I ask. I have tried to be true to his trust in me. I could not stand to lose his friendship; to lose yours is enough, God knows! I have tried, you do not know what it has been. No woman can know. Listen, Lady Jane, I have committed no crime, only loved because I had to, the best woman I have ever known. Nothing but good came from that love until—Rosamond came. And I would have done my best to make her happy; but yesterday something happened. The earthquake—I do not quite understand even yet—but she says that I spoke words that—I must have lost my control when your door refused to open and that crash came and at first I thought you might have been killed behind that door. It was all a white light, and the world came to an end till I saw you safe. I don't remember, I did not know—but *Rosamond* knew. I never meant to tell you, of course. You must know that. I was very lonely, you were kind, you make a home wherever you go. We have been on other cruises together—I—I have always managed to go on Guy's ships. *That* I am guilty of! And then the children—I love children. And so I came and came up the hill, and could not get by your gate, try as I would. And the love grew. Evil seems so far away from you, Lady Jane, I never thought of it in connection with you, until that first ugly whisper against you came and drove me sheer out of my senses; and then all the rest followed. That is all. I will do whatever you wish, whatever you think best after this."

He sank slowly into the nearest chair by the center-table, the excitement all gone out of him. His head fell upon his arms, and rested among the pipes and ash-trays. He could not have done a thing more calculated to touch her pity.

So this then was his life history of which she had been so sure!

Lady Jane was preeminently sane, and saw no reason whatever for the stereotyped histrionics irrevocably associated with the woman's rôle in such a scene as this. That might be necessary to cover a guilty consciousness, never an innocent one! A woman is above all, first and last a mother, and some Indian philosopher has said that "it is this patience of woman that makes civilizations." So mused Lady Jane, her frank fearless eyes upon that gray head bowed upon the table.

She started to speak, but there came a sudden rattle at the door-handle, and before Schuyler could move Peggy darted in. She stood staring first at her mother's serious face and then at Schuyler who had quickly lifted his head, then the child went straight to him and put her arms about him, and from that vantage challenged her mother:

"Muzzer, what have you been scolding my Uncle Jack for? He's awful sorry, and I do think you might be nice to him now. Did she slap your hands?" added Peggy in a whisper, turning to her beloved.

He shook his head, he could not speak, nor did he put his arm about the baby, remembering those scorching words of her mother's.

He held the child from him, pride and entreaty in his heart as he searched Lady Jane's eyes. Peggy's face fell, her lips began to quiver, heartbroken at the stern, strong arm that for the first time in her life repelled her.

Mrs. Helmsby flushed and murmured quickly: "I did not mean it. Take her to you."

He gathered the child closely to him with a sudden hungry movement that went to Jane's heart.

Then she turned to leave the room, and Schuyler sprang to open the door for her. He followed her across the hall, and as he held the front door open for her in complete silence and with bowed head, she said in a low tone:

"There can be no change. Come once in a while. It is best. I am sorry about—everything. About the way I spoke just now. I think even if Guy

knew, which he never shall, he would wish me to say that. Some one of the world's big men has said, that 'we may make the ideal a reason for contempt, but it is more beautiful to make it a reason for tenderness.'"

"God bless you!" he whispered brokenly.

CHAPTER XIII.

It seemed to Schuyler impossibly ignominious to speak at once to Rosamond after what had passed; but he wrote at length to her, consigning to Cho's care the missive before he left The Sailor's Rest. His heart ached over the girl, he longed to make some amends, and he was entirely sincere in his proffer to devote the rest of his life to her happiness if she would renew the engagement. He asked her to send for him when she thought she could see him, swearing that there were many things that she still misunderstood and which he would be glad of an opportunity to explain to her before the pending separation came.

Then Schuyler tore himself away from Peggy's clinging arms.

From the gate he turned to the right and started off at a rapid pace, his head down, bent upon the infinite relief of physical fatigue. The air was clear, dry, cold, and a wind was blowing. It was not at all a day for morbid introspection, and he had it to himself ashore, as Captain Rosse had requested his executive officer to remain on board.

"Hullo, there! Gangway!" suddenly cried a man's gay voice, and looking up, Schuyler found himself face to face with Pelgram and Rosamond.

"Why, how do you do!" all three cried in that comical tone of surprise which has become a convention even if people meet three times a day. In it perhaps lies the germ of humanity's readiness to baptize coincidence with esoteric names.

Pelgram stood with his long legs far apart, swinging a stick behind him, the picture of lazy contentment. Rosamond's head whirled and she turned very white.

"I—I have just been to the house," stammered Schuyler, "and not finding you there, left a note."

"When did you come ashore?" asked Pelgram, idly enough.

"Immediately after quarters," replied the other.

"Won't you return with us?" Rosamond forced herself to say, very sure of his answer.

"No, thanks, not now. Later, may I come? This afternoon?"

"That depends upon what I find in the note," said she, her voice trembling in spite of herself.

As Schuyler watched the girl, it came over him that she had turned into a woman overnight. Her demure manner was replaced by something cold, hard, worldly, and his heart ached anew. Her youth was dead.

"Well, how shall I learn whether you'll see me?" asked Schuyler, bewildered by the hidden criss-cross of emotion.

"What a question to ask a woman!" drawled Pelgram. "Call on her like a little man, and get turned down if her ladyship so pleases."

He had unconsciously hit so near the truth that the other two were stricken with silence for a moment. Then Rosamond asked quickly, making a move to pass on:

"See anybody at the house?"

"Oh, yes, Peggy and I were flirting for an hour."

"No one else?" Rosamond breathed softly, her back half-turned.

"Yes, I saw Mrs. Helmsby before she went out in the trap."

There was a slight pause. Pelgram became more conscious than ever that the air was full of electricity. He had felt it dimly at once, now he was sure of it. But he remained silent, watching through half-shut eyes.

Rosamond's face looked as if a white veil had been drawn down over it as she said coldly, thinking of the hours Schuyler must have spent alone that morning with her sister:

"I think, after all, if you'll excuse me, I'll not be in this afternoon. I real-

ly ought to make some calls. Good morning."

"Good morning," replied Schuyler, lifting his hat and passing on.

Pelgram strolled along beside Rosamond, whistling softly to himself.

"Jane doesn't allow her boys to whistle when walking with ladies," commented the girl, hastening on to gain her own room to recover from the shock of this cruel meeting. She had been terribly moved at seeing him. As long as she lived she thought that perhaps it might have ended differently but for that meeting with a third pair of eyes and ears to guard against.

But the day came when she was glad that they had met and parted just as they had done, on the bluff road between the high hedges.

"Well, I was whistling to keep from doing something heaps worse, Miss Atlee," said Pelgram in his slow way.

"For example?"

"Talking!"

"This must be a very new resolution," she teased mechanically.

"Born about three minutes ago."

A resolution, with which Rosamond had been playing the entire morning, suddenly crystallized.

"Mr. Pelgram, my engagement to Mr. Schuyler is at an end," she said abruptly.

"May I whistle now?" he cried; then glancing at her stricken face, he added hastily: "I beg your pardon! Of course I'm awfully sorry—that is, I'm sorry if you—if he—if any one else is sorry. There's no use lying about it, pretending I'm personally sorry. I'm not—by a long shot!"

"I want you to help me about something, will you?" she next said.

"It is done—and time to spare!"

"I am going home on the next steamer. I want you to—"

He stopped stock still, crying out: "It is *not* done! I refuse utterly, whatever it is you want. The idea! You beat a retreat! For what? How can you account for such an act? Just as the cruise is almost over. Orders home may come any day. There's a rumor on the ship now, that the skipper got

a cable the other day that he's kept mum about. Looks like business—that does. Lord knows, Miss Rosamond, all this is nearing its end fast enough without further pushing!"

"I have got to go," she repeated dully.

When he again spoke, it was in quite a different tone.

"I will do whatever you wish, Miss Atlee. There is no steamer, however, to San Francisco for eight days. You needn't pack before tiffin."

"Eight days!" she moaned.

There was a long silence, then he said in his old drawing voice just as they turned down Camp Hill:

"Couldn't we get up a party to go to — Oh, any old place! Nikko, Ikao, Hakone, Miyanoshta? Just a few of us, you make out the list, and we'll bundle along a chaperon and off we go—to-morrow if you like; and the eight days will pass like a summer's night. What do you say? I'll go as coolie, boy, cook, amah—anything so long as you'll take me. I haven't had any leave all summer"—she best knew why—"so I feel pretty sure of getting off. Maybe we can coax Lady Jane to go as the chaperon."

Rosamond said quickly:

"She would not leave the children. But Mrs. Bean might take us." She grasped at anything which would take her away from 101 Bluff for the ensuing week.

"Pussie's the word! Leave it to me. She really is a good enough sort if she'd only stop trying to please people. Then we'll ask Lucy Postlethwaite and Bobby."

At the gate of The Sailor's Rest he took off his soft felt hat and held out his hand, wisely declining her invitation to enter and stay to tiffin. As she put her cold hand in his, he said with the slow gentleness which she so liked in him:

"Now, you keep up a stout heart, little girl, I'll see to everything, from wheedling 'Pussie' to strapping your trunk, if at the end of a week you are still bent upon your cruel course."

"You are so kind—so good to me!"

she murmured in a choked voice, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"Good to myself! Don't you lose any sleep about me, dear lady. I never knew a Pelgram who didn't look out for number one first, last, and always; who didn't win at horse-races; who didn't marry the women they set out to marry—you just watch me!"

She smiled quiveringly and turned hastily away. He went down the hill as straight as an arrow to the hotel and sent up his card to Mrs. Bean.

Pelgram had his way; and the following night his party of five stood on the edge of the world, watching in silence the sun set behind Fujiyama. He was close beside Rosamond.

Suddenly he became aware that she was crying silently. He led her apart from the others. She broke out passionately:

"I'm so tired of feeling! I can't find peace! It's either gloom or ecstasy. Shall I ever find rest in the levels of life? Ever, as long as I live?"

"Yes, it's sure to come some day," he said, with great tenderness. "Some day I'll find a meadow full of just the clover and buttercups of living, and then if I call you to me, will you come and walk beside me in the warm sunlight? Will you come, dear—some day?"

She gave a little inarticulate moan.

"I'll wait," he said.

CHAPTER XIV.

Louis St. Barre came off duty after dinner the next evening and going to the hotel, found in his box the key of his wife's room, likewise a characteristic note from her:

Gone to Tokio with a handsomer man! Be back to-night—sure. Don't bother. Get gay yourself. After two hours of Pussie Bean I had to break at least one of the commandments. I'm going to Dango-Saka to see the chrysanthemum racket with a crowd.

Then dinner at the Maple Leaf Club, and a geisha jamboree—comes high, but we must have it! Sorry I couldn't get word out to you in time to come along. Ta-ta. Your Fan-tan.

Louis St. Barre was fully aware that

some of all this was true, and some was not. He knew perfectly well that she was far from fulfilling his old ideal of what his wife was to be, but her hold upon him—the hold of her type on all men—even their husbands—was so strong, that as long as he had found that she could not tiptoe up to his standard, he had lowered it to her level. And by some miracle he still believed in her integrity after many years. It takes a certain high order of intellect to succeed even in wickedness. Eternal vigilance is the price of many a good name; and if, as some cheap philosophers hold, the crime consists in being found out, Fanny would in all probability remain on the saints' calendar, for she never entered an ethical labyrinth without carefully preparing for an exit therefrom.

St. Barre wandered to the billiard-room, after reading his wife's note. He had no special resentment—the situation was a very old one. He just felt lonely, that's all. When she was at home, which had been known to happen, she always amused him, and she looked so stunning, so alluring, he liked the sensation she made when they went into the great dining-room together. No other woman ever interested him for a moment; after ten years of Fanny his palate demanded highly seasoned food. And Fanny had to have her little fling and no blame to her.

"For," he was wont to growl, "of all the dull holes I ever got into, Yokohama ranks an easy first! No theaters, no vaudeville, no cafés, no music, no drives—don't say Mississippi Bay to me! What in God's name is a man or woman to do when he strikes this beach? The one genuine soul-thriller seems to be curio hunting, but I never have more than a *yen* fifty *sen* left over on the second day of the month—my family is a spender, from way back!"

Even the slight, dull soreness at her absence that evening wore away after several games of billiards with the chancellor of a certain consulate, and two or three drinks of Dewar and Tansan. It was not at all a strong vice with him, it was rather an anodyne that

he took when he was lonely, or time hung heavily on his hands.

At half-past ten the chancellor left, tired of beating the American officer who set up such a rotten game. Then St. Barre ordered another drink and watched some globe-trotters play for a while. There was no other place to go, nothing else to do. Fanny had made no friends among the residents; he none at the Y. U. Club, for his constant abuse of the town—combined with a personality quite as flashy as Fanny's own—would have tabooed him in even a less self-congratulatory community. Then, too, the feeling had for a long time been growing that some day Fanny would end in a social cataclysm of her own making; the St. Barres were people it were wise to avoid, if only for peace's sake with one's own wife and daughters! So Louis St. Barre's lonely evening ashore wore on slowly, and he applied very often to his dangerous anodyne.

Some youngsters from the *Omaha*, seeing St. Barre's brilliant eyes and hearing his peevish garrulity, laughingly urged him to come off to the ship with them. He refused with a certain heat—somehow it all told against Fanny, and he did not like their cursed interference. After one more drink he would go to his room and keep out of sight for the rest of the evening—then they would all think that his wife had come home.

He went up to the room that looked out on the canal, and he wandered over to the window. His heavy eyes looked up toward the hospital lights, then dropping lower down the bluff, they fell upon the lights at the Helmsby bungalow. He should have liked that—a home, children, and a wife always waiting for him. But old Fan-tan wasn't built that way, that's all! He turned back into the room, which was full of signs of his wife's hasty departure. A pink crêpe tea-gown, embroidered in huge pink and white lotus, was lying over a chair; her tiny gray suede mules on the floor beside it. Within the curtained alcove her toilet-table was covered with a pretty litter of things which

had always remained a mystery to him. A handkerchief lay upon the floor, he stooped with a little lunge and picked it up, raising it to his face. *Chyfre!* He smiled, the odor was part of her personality. It was as if she had given him one of her careless kisses. He held it a moment looking at it, and then he put it into his vest pocket.

He had reached that point in his tippling when the past was all blotted out, all but the first two years of their married life. She had been wildly happy over their boy, and to see her sit and nurse him, touching tenderly with her pretty finger-tips the golden down on the wee head upon her breast, realized to Louis St. Barre the highest notch of human ecstasy. He used to feel great waves of emotion rolling over him at such moments which found their only outlet in a bit of laughing slang—for the two knew no other language.

His loneliness grew upon him—something surely must be the matter with his nerves! Perhaps, after all, it would be better to go back to the ship. Fanny would return anyhow dead tired and cross as the devil—always did after that beastly trip down from Tokio. She would be sure to miss that only night express, and those local trains always drove her wild.

What time did she say she'd return? He sat down, pulled her note out of his pocket and reread it. His fingers fumbled at the envelope a moment, it disgorged its contents begrudgingly this time. He took out his penknife, and with hands that trembled from years of tippling, he slit down the envelope's length. Out tumbled two pieces of paper, instead of one! Surprised in a dull sort of way, and then remembering with a smile the likelihood of a post-script which he had evidently missed at the former reading of her note, he opened first the second sheet of paper. It was a single sheet with writing on one side only. It was in French, with no preface, no signature, but in Fanny's handwriting, so he read it at one flash, from top to bottom; rising from his chair slowly to his full height as he did so. Then he looked up and said aloud

to the one gas jet burning over Fanny's toilet-table:

"I've been drinking all the evening—drinking pretty hard!"

He left the alcove and went to a table in the other room, pouring out a glass of water which he tried to drink, but he put it down with a sound of disgust. Then he deliberately lighted two more gas jets. It took some time, and it was only by using all of his will that he brought the burning match and the gas-nozzle into conjunction. Then standing beneath the lights, he reread the paper that was still in his clenched left hand, and his coarse flushed face turned gray.

Fanny for once had been careless, after eight years of successful intrigue all over the earth; forgetful in her haste that two letters to two men cannot with safety occupy the same envelope.

At ten o'clock that evening—when she and her companion happened not to be at the Maple Leaf Club—the possibility of some such terrible error had suddenly rushed over her. She remembered perfectly writing the note to the Russian, but she could not recall having sent it to him! At that moment she was tearing back by express from Tokio, frozen with the terror only known to erring women. She was alone, sitting erect in a first-class carriage, straining breathlessly forward on the edge of the seat, as a coxswain does toward the end of a race. Her face was chalky white, except where the paint still blushed for her. If she could only remember! If she could only be absolutely sure! She recalled scribbling the note to the Russian officer who had just arrived from Vladivostock, whose isolation at that port had led to a discomforting attack of constancy. He had gone to the hotel at Yokohama direct from his ship, and had written to her at once from the hotel office, evidently assuming that their quondam friendship was to be resumed on the old basis. His note had arrived while she was dressing.

To force upon him as briefly and completely as possible the full convic-

tion that he was mistaken, she had used in her note the strongest language of which she was capable, in a tongue not her own. If she had had more time she would have had recourse to her customary equivocal phraseology, of which she was past mistress; but the hotel amah, for whom she had sent, had come into the room just as Fanny was finishing it. She remembered putting the note in an envelope and laying it on her desk to be addressed after the amah left.

After that everything had gone with a rush. The amah had hooked her bodice; two men had called, separately, whom she refused to see; voyage companions of hers, one when they were going through the Inland Sea to the west, the other to the east. How they had both turned up in Yokohama at once, she had not time to think. She threw on her hat and wraps—knowing she had time on the train for further elaboration; looked at her watch with a little cry of dismay at the flying time; sat down at the desk and scribbled off a few lines to Louis, jammed it into the first envelope at hand, and then rushed out of the room, locked the door, leaving the key and the note to her husband at the desk—and caught her train to Tokio by a hair's breath.

And so, for the first time in her turbulent life, she was not absolutely sure about those two notes. If she could only remember about those envelopes! If she could only get back in time!

When the train dashed into the station at Yokohama, Fanny's face was dripping with the sweat of terror, and she wiped it off impatiently with her handkerchief. She sprang from her carriage as soon as the train stopped, gathered her long fur cloak closely about her, turning up the great collar so that no one should recognize her. She jumped into the first jinrikisha at hand, calling loudly for the bearers. Out of the blackness across the broad plaza sprang two dark forms cowering with cold, and they at once fell behind Fanny's jinrikisha and pushed, while the coolie ahead in the shafts flew off like the wind. And yet the woman

cried entreatingly to them again and again to hurry. Through the night they sped, the man ahead giving the shrill cry of warning at every turn.

The lights of the hotel were at last in sight. Again the wretched woman wiped her face, her eyes staring ahead, fixed upon the two lamps at the hotel entrance. She fumbled for her purse and took out some silver blindly. There must be no wrangling at the hotel door.

Down along the silent Bund she flew, past the luxurious homes of the women who had not called upon her; past two other hotels from the open doors of which long shafts of light ran out over the bay, pointing with quivering red fingers to where the American war-ship lay.

When the coolies prepared to stop at the front entrance of the hotel, Mrs. St. Barre sharply ordered them around the corner to the side entrance. No possible emergency ever made her oblivious of the necessity for both small and great precautions. They were the veins and arteries of her life.

Giving the handful of silver to the panting head coolie, whose painful asthmatic breathing remained in her ears all the rest of her days, she ran to the side door and softly opened it with a key which no one but a native locksmith down on the Benten-dori knew that she possessed; then she slipped up-stairs.

Her room was on the second floor, but that one flight left her so faint and breathless that she had to stand a moment to recover herself. Pulling up her fur collar still higher, she fled across the hall to her room. The door was open, the room was full of light. She entered and quickly turned the key in the lock.

"Louis, are you there!" she called out; and her perfect control of her voice stood for years of subterfuge.

There was no reply. She went to the curtained alcove and threw back the heavy draperies. The bed was untouched, but he had evidently been there as she had already seen his uniform overcoat and his gloves lying on a chair by the door.

He would return in a moment; and she must make the most of the brief solitude so luckily vouchsafed her.

Throwing off her cloak, she ran to the desk and searched frantically but in vain for the unaddressed note to the Russian. Then she sat back in her chair and ran her eyes carefully over the entire room, and so discovered her own note to her husband lying crumpled on the floor.

She had just time to reread that when she remembered the locked door, and she swiftly unlocked it, and then took off her gloves and tiny black astrakhan Hussar cap, for once not looking in the mirror. She had done all that could then be done, a more careful search should be made later. The task now ahead of her was—Louis! She was absolutely sure that he had but just gone; people leave behind them in a room a certain atmospheric vibration for some minutes after leaving it. The fact was, that if she had come in the front way they would have met.

All the cat element was now aroused in her, her eyes softened, the old lazy grace returned to her movements; she was waiting for her prey. For once it happened to be her husband who should be made to feel her charm, who should be dominated by her power. She could not sit still, and presently wandered instinctively over to her mirror. After one glance she started back in horror. Was that her face? It was that of an old woman, the bistre eyebrows and eyelashes smeared, the rouge in stripes, her mouth a hard line of painted determination. She had forgotten when the beads of fear were rolling down her face on the train, and had used her handkerchief recklessly as other women do, with no ravages to cover up.

Hastily she washed her face—Louis knew how she looked without her mask. Nothing mattered with him—that was one comfort about a husband.

But why did he not return? Where had he gone? Not to the ship, for his overcoat was still there, and the door had not even been closed when she had returned. Perhaps he had gone down to the bar, or for some cigarettes, and

met some one he knew and got talking—Louis generally had a lot to say between eleven and midnight.

A worthy woman is apt to lose her nerve when her husband is not prompt, and it behooves the liege lords of such wives to keep their engagements, lest they find themselves the object of quiet detective searchings if not of general police alarm. But Fanny was not worthy; to have asked the hotel clerk questions about her husband's movements could not but reflect upon her own. And then the matrimonial reins had always lain as loosely upon his neck as upon hers. She had her reasons, to-night especially, for remaining as quiet, as unobserved, as possible.

At midnight she began to undress. Again and again as she did so, she went to the desk and sought among the papers for that unaddressed envelope in which lay her note to the Russian.

It was only two sentences long, but it covered the ground. Of all the emotions in the calendar, constancy was the one for which Fanny St. Barre had the least use. Being entirely absorbed in another affair, the Russian's note had produced the effect upon her of strong repulsion—quite as if Fanny had been saint instead of sinner.

It would matter little into whose hands it fell, for there were no names upon it; the only eyes she feared were Louis' own—the handwriting was a multiple signature!

Fanny was made of the sanguine stuff of which gamblers are fashioned. She was game to the full length of the play; superstitious, supersensitive, and yet with a will like wrought iron, under all her emotional padding. She was going through life at her own pace, that was all; she didn't hurt any one but herself—that was her rag of a creed. It was largely that which had brought her flying back that night from Tokio—to save Louis from suffering; to get back in time to preserve the one illusion he had left.

She could not sleep until he came in and she had given that one look into his face which would tell her all she wanted to know.

She put on a Japanese red silk wadded wrapper, for the room was very cold. She had left all the lights burning, the door unlocked, and at length she seated herself by the desk, relief being her strongest feeling at first, that she had this time to herself to search unwatched for the lost note, and to get back her nerve.

At half-past twelve another feeling came stealing into the room—fear! At first it only came like a chilly breath, which made her reach for her fur cloak and throw it over her scarlet wrapper.

By one o'clock she arose and went over to a cabinet in the corner by the window, and poured out some whisky—a man's drink. Then as she started to fill the glass from a siphon, she said aloud: "No, I need all my wits!" She turned abruptly away and went back to her chair.

She sat crouched, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, her eyes staring unwinkingly at the handle of the door.

At two o'clock a new thought darted zigzag through her mind like a bolt of lightning against a jet-black sky. If Louis had found and read that note of hers, the first thing he would do would be to drown all sensation in drink. If he drank in that mood, might he not enter at any moment in a drunken man's fury and—and do her harm? She looked quickly about, thinking rapidly how she could defend herself against him. Then she sprang up with a cry of relief. There was his dress-sword, brought ashore for a semi-official occasion in Tokio the other day, and which he had not yet taken back to the ship. She found it lying along the top of his chiffonier. She lifted it and brought it back to where she had been sitting.

In so doing she had brushed against his heavy uniform overcoat. She stopped, laid her hand on the worn collar, and then she began to laugh in a strange breathless way and whispered: "Poor old boy! He would never hurt me, never! And if he comes and wants a round or two, I'll meet him with the bare knuckles—man to man!"

She took back the sword and laid it where it had been. And afterward she was glad that she had done so. Before resuming her watch, she left the room and slipped like a shadow down the hall and awoke the native night-watchman and questioned him as to her husband's movements that evening, gleaned only that the "honorable master" had come ashore and been seen about the hotel early in the evening; and then he had gone out and walked away rapidly into the night. Since then he had not returned.

Fanny went back to her vigil, her dry dilated eyes fastened once more upon the door, her teeth closed down over her lower lip, her bleached hair pushed back so that all the darker roots showed, every vestige of youth gone out of her colorless face.

All sense of fatigue, nervousness, even fear was now gone. Her whole being was merged into one desire—to see that door-handle turn and Louis enter. Whether drunk or sober, furious, murderous even, she no longer cared. Let him beat her if he would—she deserved it—she would not raise a finger. Anything, anything but the one dreadful thing which for the last hour had taken possession of her! It was still little more than a formless horror, but every moment it grew and became clearer.

Three o'clock, four, five, the night was passed, daylight came, and she never moved, the gas still flaring over her head. She was rigid with cold and prolonged immobility.

In those hours she drank her apporportioned draft of a hell of her own making.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Are you suffering from the first preliminary strictures of lockjaw, Schuyler?" inquired Lieutenant Commander Helmsby of his right-hand neighbor at the early breakfast the second morning after St. Barre's disappearance.

"I am not," was the curt reply.

"Well, then, you've gone and got religion on the quiet without any warning to them as trusted you!"

"Just why do you think so?" demanded Schuyler, scratching noisily at a burnt corner of his toast.

"You've been for days like a bear after an unsuccessful apiary raid—that's why! Here you've been fetching and carrying to and from The Sailor's Rest—just too sweet for words, as the ladies say—for almost a year; and now all of a sudden you're too busy. A navigator, at anchor! After your chronometers are wound at eight o'clock, kindly tell me what else a pilot has to do but draw his money? Why, you and the 'pay' are the only real gentlemen we have aboard. The rest of us earn our wage, you fellows look pretty and hustle about when the ladies come off to see us."

"Much of which I've heard before," commented Schuyler grimly.

The junior surgeon across the table laughed. Helmsby lowered his voice:

"I can't see why in thunder, Jack, you can't get time to run up to the house and tell Mrs. Helmsby the news—it seems to me she had better hear it by word of mouth. The captain says he doesn't wish me to leave the ship till St. Barre turns up."

A marine entered and delivered a message to the "little" doctor, who hurriedly left the wardroom. The executive officer and the navigator sat alone at their end of the long table.

"Mrs. Helmsby will have, of course, three hundred and forty questions to ask, and I'd rather you'd answer them than any one else, Jack. We must keep this thing as quiet as possible, make her understand that. We've never had a scandal on the old ship, and now just at the end of our cruise—it's been a very happy one, too, hasn't it, Jack?"

"Very," said the other.

"At the very tail end of it St. Barre takes it into his head to go off on a bat. Never knew him to do such a thing in all the years I've known him. You tell Jane—I say, old chap, you will run up and see her for me?"

Schuyler replied with a sudden roughness, hating himself as he spoke:

"Hasn't it struck you, Helmsby, that since your sister-in-law has broken our

engagement, it may not be particularly pleasant for me to go up to Number 101?"

"I swear, old fellow, I never once thought of that! My wife told me you and Rose had had some sort of love-scrap, but I supposed it was just to vary the monotony of a long engagement. We don't take sides in the row—Jane and I. 'She speaks so nicely about you, really she does. And as to Peggy, she's been whining all over the place for 'my Mr. Skylow!' Rose has gone off to the hills, anyhow. I don't see for the life of me—"

"All right, all right, Helmsby. What's your message?" cried Schuyler irritably.

"Just about poor St. Barre. That he's disappeared, and hasn't been seen since about ten-thirty Thursday evening at the hotel. Mrs. St. Barre refuses to see any one, even the doctor. She has replied to Captain Rosse's note, saying that she last saw her husband early Thursday morning as he rushed off to quarters. She was dining in Tokio that night, and returned to find him gone, although his overcoat was in their room, showing that he had been there. Tell Mrs. Helmsby that we've had three searching parties ashore, but so far have failed to run him down. That's about all there is to say, but I'd rather she'd hear the truth from the ship than some garbled yarn from the beach, and you know how I hate writing letters—What is it?" he asked the marine who stood at salute in the door.

"The captain's compliments, sir, and he would like to see you in the cabin as soon as possible."

Helmsby tossed down his napkin and rising hastily, said in a lowered tone to his companion:

"I fancy the Japanese detectives have come off. I suppose that's why the doctor was sent for; he was the last of us to speak to him, in the billiard-room that night at the hotel."

An hour later Schuyler went ashore, going directly to the hotel. He wrote upon his card: "If I can be of any use to you, please call upon me," and sent it up to Mrs. St. Barre. The "boy" re-

turned at once and said that there was "no answer."

Then Schuyler went over the canal bridge and on up Camp Hill to 101 Bluff.

As he turned in at the gate he heard the shrill voices of Pell and Mell shouting somewhere about the compound. He went to the door and asked Cho for the honorable mistress.

When she came into the drawing-room there was a certain reserve in her manner, a look of unmistakable surprise on her face, both of which completely disappeared as soon as Schuyler delivered her husband's message. He had to smile as the shower of questions Guy had predicted began to patter about his ears.

Outside in the fresh autumn sunshine the Helmsby boys were playing hide and seek with Ah Yok, the Chinese amah, at their heels. There was a very narrow path, hardly more than a slit, that led from the *momban's* tiny lodge to the slope below the American Naval Hospital, between it and the Helmsbys' bungalow.

There was only room for one person to pass, and its shadowed twistings made an altogether fascinating place to play in, much affected by all three of the children. Pell was hiding, Ah Yok's stocky dark-blue person was a convenient movable base, Mell was "it." A distant smothered yodel sent Mell, whose rosy face was hidden against the Chinese amah, flying on ahead, Ah Yok waddling after him. There followed a moment of mysterious silence, both boys out of sight in the little tangle of trees below the hospital grounds. Then to Ah Yok's amazement the two children, stringing along hand in hand behind each other, came silently tearing back toward her, fear written on their faces. They fell bodily upon her, both whispering at once:

"Ah Yok, there's a drunken man sleeping right under the trees back in there! He's all scrouged up, sound asleep. Looks like a marine. Come on back and look-see!"

"No, no wantcher look-see!" said Ah Yok, taking a firm hold upon a hand

of each of her charges, by a quick movement she had recently learned.

Ah Yok retained her clutch, and notwithstanding struggles, abuse, and wheedlings, tried in quick succession, she took them to the house. As they passed through the front hall, Mrs. Helmsby caught sight of the struggling human frieze, and recognizing the probable situation, called out, with a laugh:

"Bring them in, Ah Yok. What have they been doing now?"

"No wantcher makee bobbery, missy; this time two piecee good boy. One piecee sailor-man outside too muchee *sake*, all same sleep behind-side Melican Hospital. My jes' now tell *momban* look-see."

A flash passed between Lady Jane's eyes and Schuyler's, but neither spoke till the boys had told their story. When they had finished, their mother's face was very white. Schuyler went to her and said in a low tone: "Perhaps it would be as well to get the boys off the compound," and then he slipped out of the room.

It took Mrs. Helmsby only an instant to get back her nerve.

Five minutes later the amah and her charges were in two jinrikishas flying down the hill toward Theater Street, in her possession two whole *yen* to spend in that place of inexhaustible joys.

Before they had gone over the canal bridge, Schuyler was on his knees beside the "drunken man" asleep in the little clump of bamboo, the old *momban* beside him.

It was, as Schuyler had instinctively feared, St. Barre, dead, lying on his side, his blue uniform cap on the ground where it had rolled, as his head sought its last pillow. The arteries of his left wrist had been severed by his pen-knife, which was lying beneath his relaxed right hand. In his left hand was a letter, from which Schuyler released the stiffened fingers, and of which he took possession while the *momban's* back was turned. The man's life had ebbed away Thursday night; hiding himself with his misery locked in his broken heart, seeking like a wounded

animal the first clump of underbrush his eyes had caught outlined against the sky as he staggered up the hill.

Schuyler threw off his own overcoat and laid it gently over his old mess-mate, whose last accounts had gone in and were beyond all human reprieve or reckoning.

Leaving the shivering old *momban* on watch, Schuyler tore his way through the small opening in the hedge to the hospital, and the rest of the tragedy was in the hands of the naval authorities. Then he went back to Lady Jane.

As soon as she saw his face, she knew that he had been in the presence of death, and knew also that what she, too, had instantly feared was the truth. He told her as briefly as possible, sparing her the ugliest details.

"Something ought to have told me of an agony like that, almost beneath my window! It is too cruel, too terrible. Within reach of our voices, our hands—and he made no sound! Poor, poor fellow!" She was frankly weeping now, her head down upon the mantelpiece beside which she was standing.

Suddenly she swayed forward and Schuyler caught her and made her sit down upon the lounge, and her head sank back upon the pillows. Then he brought her a glass of water and forced her to drink a little of it, standing before her with his eyes looking out of the window.

In all the twelve years of their friendship he had never once seen beneath her glittering armor of gaiety. As she sat there, bowed and broken by the shock of this tragedy brought to its finish almost at her very door, her helpless womanliness appealed to him to the limit of his endurance.

He went abruptly across the room, and stood with his back to her looking down at the fire.

"Ah, this dear little home of mine," Jane was murmuring with closed eyes, "where we have had two such happy years! The summer is over, and only the wind and the rain and bitter cold are ahead. The birds have flown away, my flowers and the grass on the lawn are dead or dying. Unhappiness, disillu-

sion, death even has found my little bungalow, hidden away in this far corner of the world!"

Then a sudden thought darted through her mind, and quickly dashing the tears out of her eyes, she sprang up crying:

"I sit here thinking of myself, and down there is his wife alone in that hotel! What must it be to *her*—this horror? I must go to her at once!"

Schuyler turned and looked at her, all his love and humblest worship in his eyes, and once more he murmured: "God bless you!"

He left the house, and Jane flew to her room.

As Schuyler walked down the hill he realized that the *Omaha* would not sail for home until after the inquest and the burial of St. Barre; and he determined to ask the captain to prolong the leave given to Pelgram and Robins, so that Rosamond might be spared the horror of it all, finding on her return from the hills only a grave covered with a mantle of silence. Every thought that he had of Rosamond ended in a brooding anguish, half shame, half an aching tenderness to make amends for what could never be amended.

But the one imperative duty was to again try and see Mrs. St. Barre, and give into her hands at once that envelope he had twisted out of her husband's death-grip.

Again a quixotic feeling of chivalry deflected Schuyler's sense of duty from the beaten track. He knew that he was probably the only man on the *Omaha* who would not have carried that paper directly to Captain Rosse. But he had his own code where a woman was concerned, irrespective of whether he loved, or was indifferent to her. A man throws off his coat and risks his life for a drowning woman, whether she be princess royal or street wanton; to risk for Fanny St. Barre a conventionality or two was simply in line with the greater act.

It was no time for any dry question of etiquette, and there was no use in sending his card up to Mrs. St. Barre,

so he entered the hotel and went straight up to her door.

He knocked, but there was no response. Looking about to see that he was unobserved, he put his face close to her door and said:

"Mrs. St. Barre, I have news for you."

"Who is there?" came from within in a voice he did not recognize. It had lost all quality of sex. It might have belonged to a lost soul which had been whirling through space and darkness, since evil first entered the world.

"Schuyler. I must speak to you."

"Can't you write what you have to say?"

"I cannot and will not. It's impossible to tell you like this. I come as a friend to protect you." He felt intuitively that that envelope contained the cause of St. Barre's suicide, and that the chances were that his widow would not care to take the world into her confidence.

The key turned, the door opened slowly, and he entered. She had walked quickly away and stood across the room by a table, her back turned. She still wore the scarlet wadded wrapper she had put on Thursday night in which to watch for Louis' return. The long cloak hung from her shoulders. On a chair was St. Barre's uniform overcoat, just as he had left it. On the table was a litter of cups and saucers and crumpled bread. Nothing but black coffee had passed her lips since she had eaten in Tokio. Her usual stimulant upon which she had been dependent for years to make up the loss to her nerves by her fast life, she had been afraid to touch lest her wits should betray her secret in some way and the world at last know what it had for so long only guessed.

"Is he living?" she asked suddenly in that same hoarse voice.

"No," said Schuyler as gently as he could.

"Who found him? Where?"

"I first touched him, just below the hospital."

"Did you find—have you——" She

stopped. "Was anything found on his—in his pockets?" Her voice had fallen to a whisper.

"Yes, that is why I came."

She turned swiftly and sprang toward him, her vanity before the eyes of men dead at last!

"Give it to me—quick!" And Schuyler knew her guilty secret as if she had told him.

He handed her the envelope. The terror in her face relaxed as she saw her own handwriting. It was only the envelope of the note she had written to her husband before going to Tokio. But what was that written in pencil above the address? Surely her own name: "Mrs. St. Barre, Grand Hotel!" Louis' handwriting, but sprawling, irregular, out of line—written in the dark! Her own envelope read-dressed back to her, but apparently empty. She shook the envelope and a tiny piece of paper fluttered to the floor. Schuyler started to pick it up for her, but she screamed: "Don't touch that!" and darting forward, gained possession of it.

Then she put her hand over her eyes and said brokenly, making a pitiful effort to cover her excitement:

"Pardon me—I have not slept—I am very tired—I——"

"Oh, that's all right! That's all right!" said Schuyler, turning away, a man's bluntness in the words, a man's gentleness in the tone.

Mrs. St. Barre twisted the small bit of paper about with trembling hands, and then she started back with a smothered cry. Schuyler turned quickly, to find her standing facing him defiantly, the hand holding the paper behind her, her head up. The proof of her guilt was in her hand, no one had seen it, she could face the world once more and fight on!

The little slip was in French, torn from her note to the Russian! Barely half a dozen words. Louis then had found it, read it, destroyed it, and then himself! He had sent this back to her that she alone should know why he had gone out of the world. With his last breath he had hidden her guilt,

sheltered her name; he whom she had dishonored!

"Tell me all," she said slowly.

"Sit down, Mrs. St. Barre, sit down, please," Schuyler urged.

"I cannot! Let me alone. Tell your story."

She felt that in the mere relaxation of sitting, she would lose something of her self-mastery. And so he told her, the manner of Louis' death—everything, knowing that she was not a woman who would brook the false sympathy of lies. She took it standing, like a man. As she listened, her eyes now raised to his, the sense came to him of the woman's whole big scale; her passions, her will-power, her physical and mental vitality, the courage to lead her own life in her own way—there was nothing small about her, even her lying was that of an expert. Evil she had always stood for brazenly in the world of men, as if she were a queen ruling in Hades.

"You will say nothing of this—this piece of paper before the inquest! I suppose there will be one?" she asked, and the ravaged beauty of her face, her coarsened voice, the hardness of her manner were terrible things to see and hear.

"You may trust me absolutely," he replied.

"Thank you."

"What can I do for you, Mrs. St. Barre? Can I send—some woman to you?"

She broke out into a hideous laugh.

"To see how Fanny St. Barre looks after a century or two in hell? No, thanks! I have always got on without women very well, and shall now. Men keep their mouths shut. I can trust them. They're not saints, nobody knows that any better than I do! But they're square, every time, and down somewhere in them there's something kinder and bigger than in any woman I've ever met—even the best of them when they begin to get old and charitable. God! I ought to know!" she ended, thinking of her husband's last act.

Schuyler remembered with a shudder that this was the woman to whom Lady Jane was even then hastening.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mrs. Helmsby's visiting-card, torn in two pieces, was gravely handed back to her by the Japanese hall-boy at the hotel, she quietly picked up the fragments from the small salver extended toward her, put them into her card-case and left the hotel; and to his dying day the "boy" considered the incident simply as one of many strange points of foreign etiquette hitherto unknown to him. Every hour developed something incomprehensible, one had not time to ask questions.

Somehow the very impudence of the act stirred Jane to further effort, and as she walked slowly back up the hill an inspiration came to her, to be put into execution after tiffin.

Once inside of the bungalow, she called Peggy's amah, and Tsuru's shrill "hei-i-i!" sounded down the hall before Cho could stop her. She had worked two years in a tea-house and there was no breaking her of her deplorable habits.

"Amah, I want you to dress baby-san *jiki-ni* after tiffin. We are to make a call at the hotel and she must look very nice."

"Well, so my baby is ready before I am!" cried Jane as the brilliant little face peeped in at the door. The tiny figure was clad from head to foot in white velvet corduroy, the scrap of a muff, the tippet, cap, and trimming to the long coat being of the fur of baby-otter.

"Ah, there's amah! Now, are we ready? Tsuru, you and baby-san can go in a jinrikisha because I want you to take a chit to the American consul's house afterward. I'll walk. Here, Peggy, are a few pink roses from our dinner last night, you might give them to the lady at the hotel. Let amah carry them, my pet, till we get there."

The hooded amah and her pretty little mistress in white had the following of all eyes, foreign and native, as their jinrikisha went slowly down the hill, Mrs. Helmsby walking beside it.

At the hotel Mrs. Helmsby wrote on her card:

Will you see my little baby; she has brought you some flowers? She will be so disappointed if you refuse. I have other calls to make; may I leave her with you?

This with one of Peggy's, proudly extracted from her little white brocade card-case, was sent up to Mrs. St. Barre. Jane waited breathlessly until, after a long delay, the answer came back:

Please let the baby come up.

"Now, Peggy, do you mind if mother lets you go up alone and make this call by yourself, while I make another? I'll come in later."

"'Course not!" cried Peggy, on her mettle, too young and too accustomed to meeting strangers to be shy. "But, muzzer, what's my lady's name?"

"Mrs. St. Barre."

"Oh, I know Mr. S-S-parre on the ship!"

Mrs. Helmsby hurried up-stairs and watched till Peggy, armed with her roses and holding Tsuru's hand, was admitted at Mrs. St. Barre's door, and then Jane turned away with a prayer in her heart.

The white-faced woman who greeted Peggy might well have passed for Louis St. Barre's mother, she had so aged within three days. The child, who had often seen her at a distance, rouged, powdered, and always behind dotted veils, did not recognize her. They sat down opposite each other.

Something of the tenseness had gone out of Fanny's eyes and mouth since she had learned the worst that there was to learn: She had bathed, slept, and eaten, and wore a white cashmere tea-gown with no touch of mourning about it. Her hair was still drawn back from her face, upon which was no paint. Her dark-blue eyes smilelessly devoured the pretty picture before her. The Helmsby baby whom she had watched from her window so often during all those months! Whom she had so often longed to touch and speak to! She had heard how quaint she was, the officers were always talking about her. She was here alone with her—it was a miracle!

"Good afternoon, Mrs. S—S—— I'm

'fraid I can't say it! It's got such a norful lot of sizz, hasn't it?" giggled Peggy nervously, beginning to be a little frightened at the other's silence, especially as Tsuru had wandered to the window.

"Did you bring me those beautiful flowers?" said Fanny to divert the child. She had not spoken to children for a long, long time—she had forgotten how!

"Oh, yes, I 'most forgot! Muzzer fought you might like 'em."

"Then you didn't think of bringing them yourself," said the deep resentful voice, as she took them from the extended hand.

Peggy looked startled. This lady wasn't very easy to talk to. The child was accustomed to the tribute of caresses and smiles wherever she went, but this lady had not touched her, and sat watching her with such fierce angry eyes! However, Peggy made haste to mitigate her apparent offense.

"Well, you see, I fink I'd have fought of 'em all by myself, truly, I *fink* I would! But amah and I were so busy getting d'essed to come and see you, and it's so exciting to wear Sunday clothes on other days, isn't it?"

The woman smiled at last. She sat leaning forward in her chair, the flowers in her clasped hands. And still she did not speak, did not ask the question Peggy had expected.

"This is my bes' d'ess!" finally ventured the child, desperate to have the topic introduced somehow and after waiting what she considered a decent time for the other to refer to it.

"I think it is so very pretty," Fanny St. Barre said gently, watching with hungry eyes the prim little figure seated opposite.

"I'm estremely fond of d'ess—so's Bella," responded Peggy, who had her mother's gift for light conversation. "Would you like to see my card-case? Mr. Skylow gave it to me. Farzer says it's too 'loud'! But I've listened and listened and can't hear it at all! And neither can Mr. Skylow hear it! P'raps you can if I hold it close."

"Dear little baby!" suddenly burst.

from the woman's white lips. Never in all of Peggy's singularly successful social career had she met with such difficulties in "playing lady!" She put her unappreciated card-case back into her muff. Mrs. St. Barre saw the retrenching movement and hurt eyes of the baby, and roused herself out of her dream at this wonder which had befallen her. She hastily asked to see Mr. Schuyler's little gold and white gift again, and to listen for the "loudness" thereof.

Peggy had a quick, responsive nature and she clambered down off the high chair at once and went to Mrs. St. Barre, and very soon the child was chattering away to her heart's content.

The amah stood by the window watching the native children playing along the high walls of the canal, obliterating herself sympathetically as Japanese servants have the art of doing.

"I wanted to bring Bella in her new blue d'ess, but muzzer said not on a first call. If you asked me to come again, fen I could bring her."

"Who is Bella?" said Fanny St. Barre, looking away from the child now so temptingly near to her.

"Don't you know Bella?" The child's astonishment ended in a gasp. And forthwith related the paper doll's biography down to the earthquake and the broken tooth.

"Where do you fink she was losted for days after the earthquake? Where do you fink amah found her, Mrs.—s-Sparre?" Peggy struggled with the sibilants, wrinkling up her nose in the effort.

"I wonder where?"

"Muzzer said not to tell ev'ybody—only ladies like Aunt Yose, and her, and Ah Yok, and you and me. Amah found Bella in my own bureau jes' under a pair of—"

Peggy hesitated, and then she went close to Fanny St. Barre and put her face up and whispered in her ear, adding aloud: "And there was naughty Bella hiding, scared most to death!"

As the baby leaned against her and

the sweet face was lifted to whisper her secret, Mrs. St. Barre's eyes closed and a sort of spasm ran through her in her effort not to touch the little one entrusted to her. She was on her honor, and even Fanny had a little left to spend upon a child.

She knew that she had forfeited all right to touch even by one hand that little body whose contact against her thrilled her from head to foot.

But Miss Peggy Helmsby was used to caresses even from strangers, and so she leaned trustfully against the wretched woman's shoulder and said softly:

"I fink you're such a pretty lady when you smile! Your eyes look like two great big vi'lets!"

"Ah, God help me!" broke from the woman's lips in a whisper, keeping her hands tightly clasped.

"She's saying her prayers!" thought Peggy, staring in curiosity but preserving a respectful silence for an instant. And Fanny was thinking of the men who had said that same thing to her in many languages all over the world. Across little tables at cafés, with hot lustrous eyes, leaning toward her!

"I guess you ain't a very happy sort of a lady. I'm so sorry," said Peggy gravely, rubbing her muff over the woman's clenched hands.

"No, I'm not very happy. You see, dear, I lost a little child of my own, years and years ago, and you make me think of him," groaned Fanny St. Barre, the tension of several days beginning to slacken within her.

"P'raps amah had better take me away," suggested sensitive little Peggy.

"Ah, don't go! Please don't go!"

suddenly cried Fanny, throwing one arm about the child and pressing her passionately to her breast. Peggy could hear the tortured heart beat beneath her head, feel the tumultuous rise and fall of the woman's bosom, and the baby began to wish that her mother would come. Presently something which she had inherited from that mother began to stir in her affectionate soul, and she remembered that this woman was unhappy, and Peggy forgot herself. One

tiny hand stole up and around Fanny's neck:

"And you never, never found the little child again? Did you look ev'ywhere?" asked the baby tenderly.

"Everywhere!" gasped Mrs. St. Barre, struggling for self-command.

The ice about Fanny's heart began to break up, and what no one else in the world could have done was accomplished by this child's hand stealing about her neck in innocent pity.

A great cry burst from the woman, she clung to the child frantically. Her dishonored bleached head was down on the sturdy little shoulder braced to bear the burden, and she began to sob hysterically. Like a small soldier stood Peggy, her face quivering, her eyes full of tears, but managing to say again and again: "There! there! it'll soon be over!" as she had heard her mother say so often even in her own short life.

Then the door opened softly and Jane slipped in. She had been outside waiting for that cry that somehow she knew would come.

Lady Jane took Peggy by the hand, and hurried her and the amah out of the room.

"She busted right out crying 'cause I'm erzactly like her lost little boy!" narrated Miss Peggy, once outside the door.

"Burst, Peggy, bur-r-st!"

"Well, hofe of my brozzers say 'busted!'" argued Peggy obstinately.

"Your brothers say a great many other extraordinary things, miss, that young ladies with muffs and card-cases should not say," said the mother, glad of a chance to divert the little one from the scene she had just been through.

"Oh, I didn't know," replied Peggy sedately, as she and her amah walked away.

Mrs. Helmsby returned to Mrs. St. Barre's room, and took off her hat, cloak and gloves. She went quietly about, straightening the littered tables, drawing down the shades, renewing the open fire, and then she sat down beside it.

The silent figure huddled in her chair

had neither moved nor spoken, but from beneath her arm Fanny had been watching the other in amazement; and she now saw the beautiful outline of Jane's head, the simply arranged gray hair, the strong quiet profile, full of the repose of a good woman who slept without drugs, lived without stimulants, controlled all the mechanism of her physical and mental being, and yet was not a mere negation, not a weak-minded sentimentalist, blind to one-half of life's potencies. Her whole personality radiated force, intelligence, and a big balanced capacity for emotion. Fanny had always been scorched by the contrast between herself and this woman, today the irrevocableness of it swept over her soul like a sheet of flame.

"I am lost! I am lost!" she groaned monotonously. "I am not a good woman! Go away from me!"

Before Jane could find the right words the other sprang up, her power of self-control at last at an end. She was frantic with remorse and despair; wild with the sudden reaction from an unnatural restraint; a complete realization of her life, and Louis' death, had come to her in all its pitiless hopelessness; her own misshapen soul cowered before her, brutally stripped; and for a moment she stood and raved, seeking the relief, as have others, of self-flagellation.

Then Jane was glad that she had come, although she turned away her eyes from the wretched woman, and her face became very white; as she sat and waited till her hour of usefulness should arrive.

Fanny, who had always given free rein to all of her passions, was now beside herself with suffering. She sank with her head first upon the seat of her chair, and then lower still to the floor, and lay there beating it with her clenched fist, mad with agony. Poor Fanny St. Barre whose highest aim had been to appear *grande dame*, as she sardonically called it!

Jane knew that there was no use in speaking until the storm was over, and that any attempt at conventional consolation would be not only resented, but

probably insulted. So she held her peace until the first lull came, as she knew that it always would, to adults and children alike; then she said very gently, in the cool, low voice all who loved her knew so well:

"I should have come to you long ago, and I beg your pardon. Some one says that 'we are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right.' I should have come to you long ago. I have not done right, I see it now. I am ashamed of myself. Who am I that I should judge the many causes which have brought you to this? It has come about slowly, of course, it always does."

Fanny was listening, startled into attention at the very first word.

"Perhaps," she sobbed, "perhaps if my boy had lived, perhaps——"

"Yes, I understand. Among life's mysteries a child's power to quench flame, itself conceived in flame, is perhaps the greatest of them all. The little things keep our hearts clean, our heads full of a thousand sweet persistent duties; we haven't time for—anything else, have we?"

"Yes, that's it," whispered the woman on the floor.

"You know, I have a theory, Mrs. St. Barre," went on the other's pleasant voice, her eyes still upon the fire, "that the vitality needed to go through child-bearing and child-birth made it necessary to surcharge us women with an uncomfortable nervous energy, far beyond our daily needs. We are perfect galvanic batteries of restless energy in the world, aren't we? For both good or evil; I mean," Jane added hastily, "a woman's evil, which so seldom hurts any one but herself."

"But when it does!" groaned Fanny, and Mrs. Helmsby hurried on:

"If your little one had lived, it would, I feel sure, have been different. A boy, Peggy said. Can you tell me a little about him?"

Fanny remembered her sneer to Schuyler that morning and it but added its quota to her humiliation—after all, there were women in the world who were "square," only she had forgotten them.

Presently she began to speak in short, disjointed sentences of her little Louis; for Peggy had started vibrations in her soul that would not be stilled, and it was a relief, for that good woman over there by the fire understood, as no man on earth ever could, what it is to live close to an unseen life for almost a year, to love it before it needs love, to plan out that tiny spark of life even unto its full manhood; and then in a little while see it flicker out forever! Leaving that sense of burning injustice, which is very slow to die out in a bereft young mother's heart.

Back of Fanny's short, slangy sentences lay these thoughts; and Jane understood.

Mrs. St. Barre was sitting up now, her head leaning against the seat of the chair, and she, too, was looking at the fire with tired eyes, swollen with weeping. She did not know how it had come about, but she felt as if she had known Mrs. Helmsby for ten years.

"Mrs. Helmsby," she said abruptly, "do you know what I mean when I tell you that I am not a good woman?"

"I understand, yes," said Jane gravely.

"And still you remain with me?"

"As long as you will allow me, and have need of me."

"Then why didn't you come before?" broke out the other, rising, a little of her old vulgar self reasserting itself.

"Because, before you had no need of me—and you know it!" returned Lady Jane quickly.

After dinner, which was brought to the room, a great weariness took possession of the nearly exhausted woman, her head fell forward several times as she sat where her companion had placed her. Presently Ah Yok came in response to a message, and helped Mrs. St. Barre to her bedroom behind the portière, and undressed her, and put her to bed as if she were a child.

There Mrs. Helmsby presently joined her, and sat beside her for a little while, the light turned low. Ah Yok was to remain all night, and left the room to make the necessary arrangements with the hotel amah.

Just before Fanny fell to sleep, she started up wildly on her pillows, crying:

"I killed him—Louis! Did you know that? I broke his heart. He loved me to the last—he cared for me to the end. Go away from me! I tell you I am a lost woman."

"Hush, hush, hush! You must not say that! You can't make me believe it, but you might succeed in making yourself believe it, which is far more important. It's about the wickedest——"

"Oh, please don't talk religion to me!" cried Fanny. "Say something to quiet me, say something to help me, if you can!"

"Don't be afraid—I'm not going to talk religion to you." And Jane laughed gently. "I was only going to say that it's about the wickedest thought ever put into a human mind—that idea that any one of us can be lost! Nature is too economical for that—it's against her laws. Your baby lived only two years, but will go on living in your heart as long as the breath is in you. That life is not lost, is it? And you can carry on the good if you will, and so make your child's life tell in the world, as if he had lived out his full time—you can give it immortality. A woman once wrote a beautiful thing about that; I'll get it and bring it to you. Would you care to read it?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to read it."

"May I say one more thing, my poor child?"

"Say whatever you choose. I'm afraid of the silence and the dark—Louis' face is everywhere!"

The woman lay staring on her pillows, listening greedily to words purposely simple enough in themselves, but falling gently upon her stricken mood like "rain on the cut grass."

"Mrs. St. Barre, if you'll take up the fight against your own nature, I'll fight beside you. You can— Oh, yes, you can! We'll find work for your hands and your head, and food for your heart. Work among the little children of the world who need a mother's love as badly as you need a child's love. And your work will be a beautiful mon-

ument to your little son. I want you to go home, to go to a very wise and loving woman whom I know. She has suffered as you have, fought the same battles, and won—won, gloriously! Oh, I have a dozen plans for you! I'll tell you to-morrow. Will you do as I ask you?"

"Oh, I have so many moods you do not know—I can't see anything clearly yet—I only see your little Peggy sitting in that chair over there, and, oh, Mrs. Helmsby, I just want her to come again, and I'll keep myself worthy of that, if you will only let me see her again!"

"I will trust you, and I will bring her to you every day for an hour," replied Jane quickly, beginning to see light ahead.

"I will be true to that trust; I promise you I will be true," came from the pale quivering lips; and for the first time Jane put out her hand and laid it softly upon the other woman's, who trembled and then lay still.

"Now, I want you to go to sleep. Even if you have no more religious faith than most children have in Santa Claus, we can at least do as they do: shut our eyes and wait through the night, and hope—and a hope is, after all, a prayer—that we have been good enough for some little gift to come to us in the morning."

As the gentle, whimsical words reached the exhausted woman's hearing she smiled a little, her eyelids closed, and she fell into a deep quiet sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two days later, an hour after quarters, a silent little procession of officers, marines, and sailors from the U. S. S. *Omaha* marched up Camp Hill to the American Naval Hospital, and thence it filed very slowly over to the foreign cemetery; and Louis St. Barre, Captain of Marines, was laid to rest. In that world of men, side by side, stood the only two women in black, both veiled so heavily that all individuality was blotted out.

"Who's the other one?" whispered

the paymaster to Schuyler, and he answered proudly:

"Who but our Lady Jane, of course?"

The true value of the gift of life was what the wife brought away from Louis St. Barre's grave; that, and the great tenderness of his silence in his last hour, when it had been within his power to destroy her!

When Captain Rosse reached his cabin he found there the long waited for cablegram from Hong Kong signed by the commander-in-chief. The point of contention which had so long held up the *Omaha's* orders home had at last been decided. No self-respecting admiral could be expected to yield at once to the arguments of his inferiors.

Captain Rosse, backed by Chief Engineer Bean, had made an urgent request that the *Omaha*, instead of returning home via Suez, should go direct to San Francisco, owing to the state of affairs in the engine-room, which called for speedy docking.

The captain sent at once for his first lieutenant; and at the twelve o'clock breakfast Helmsby announced to the wardroom the orders for home, direct to the nearest port. There was a moment's respectful silence after Helmsby's official voice ceased, and he joined the others in the clamor for the wine-steward; and standing, some laughing, some with tears not far away, all with full hearts, they drank the stirrup-cup. They drank to "God's own country!" They drank to "Sweethearts and wives!" Another marine officer sat in St. Barre's seat, and that was all that marked his pitiful death among the bamboos—every other trace was already washed away by the flowing tides of life's ceaseless mutability.

Presently the captain strolled in to see the fun, and they toasted him standing, and then the "old *Omaha*." In the midst of it Pelgram and Bobby came clattering down the ladder, bringing with them the smell of the pines, one pair of sunburned faces, two pairs of very bright eyes. Somebody ordered another pint, and the two young officers were welcomed home as "our returned prodigals."

The captain's presence did not kill the harmless gaiety, for he was of the type whose ships are called "happy." He made them a little speech ending with: "All hands up anchor for home!" and they cried: "Hear! Hear!" and applauded him rapturously.

Then he went away, every man standing as long as he was in the wardroom, and then the mess sat down to finish their breakfast, with one voice inviting Bobby Robins to join them and tell his little *Odyssey*.

In the forecabin of the *Omaha* the orders home healed old ruptures, revived old friendships, and sent the men about with faces all aglow.

The chief quartermaster ordered the homebound pennant to be brought out and inspected. It was three hundred feet long and had been made months before, to be ready when the joyful moment should come for "breaking her from the main." They tried the effect of the inflated bladder painted gold with a huge O in black upon it, destined to float the long ribbonlike pennant and keep it clear of the water, as the *Omaha* should go on her triumphant way down the harbor between the other ships, giving back cheer for cheer.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Well, I wish to goodness life wasn't so full of pathos, and tragedy and—things. I'm all worn out!" scolded Lady Jane, dabbing impatiently at her eyes with her handkerchief, the day the orders home were issued.

"Well, why will you persist, my dear madam, in being the mother of the whole squadron?" Guy laughed gently. "I'm sure I don't know! And I'm going to put a stop to it from now on!" she stormed.

"Beginning to-day?" he queried, with dancing eyes.

"Well, no—to-morrow!" she replied, smiling at last.

The American Mail, upon which Rosamond had planned to return home, was due to sail from Yokohama the day before the *Omaha* left; and Jane

suddenly resolved—in face of the ship's orders home and the new responsibilities which she had taken upon her shoulders in regard to Mrs. St. Barre—that she and her party should take that very steamer; the next, in those days, being a fortnight away.

To get Mrs. St. Barre away from her present environment, Jane was willing to undergo the fatigue and confusion of so sudden a departure, realizing fully the danger that lay in the other woman's moods and reactions.

Number 101 Bluff had been rented furnished, the draperies and screens and curios alone were Jane's, but native packers soon disposed of that question; the Japanese amah took an entire, if tearful, charge of Peggy's belongings; the Chinese amah performed the same, though dry-eyed, duty for the boys. So really, when it came down to bare facts, Lady Jane and Rosamond had only to pack their own trunks, do a little farewell shopping, fly about in the trap and make a lot of calls in Yokohama, send cards to Tokio, write numberless notes, and they were ready to sail! Jane had been through it all so often—it was a little easier in Japan, that was all.

The real trial to Jane was the thought of leaving forever that little house, where she and hers had been so happy for two years; and the necessity for saying good-by to the kind, hospitable friends they had made among the residents, with whom she had formed ties that would last through life. And then the servants' grief at their going was fairly heart-breaking, from Cho's sepulchral silence to Tsuru's incessant snuffle. Ah Yok alone preserved a stolid countenance that may, after all, have covered fathomless depths of Chinese sensibility. The attenuated little *momban* looked more than ever like a disembodied spirit, as he tottered about in his fluttering gray kimono.

The quaint, luxurious, harmonious life—would it ever come again in their lives? Ever again, just like that? Jane knew in her heart that it would not, and she broke down many times and fled to her room. Many more years

of wandering were ahead of them; where next would be their fireside? Three years ashore, three at sea; it was Guy's life and must be hers.

The day before the Helmsby party sailed, Jane had sent word by Guy to the *Omaha* that she and Rosamond would be at home that afternoon between four and six o'clock. Their intimate friends in Yokohama had also been told to drop in for a last word, and a last cup of tea.

The two sisters received them in the bare drawing-room, stripped of all its pretty accessories, no longer The Sailor's Rest, but merely Number 101 Bluff, rented furnished. There were, however, bright fires burning in the grates, and yellow and white and dark maroon chrysanthemums were stuck about everywhere that they consented to lie or stand, as the vases were all gone.

Mrs. Postlethwaite was seated at the tea-table in one corner; Pussie Bean dispensed chocolate in another.

A group of officers from the *Omaha* were among the first to arrive that afternoon, and Lady Jane promptly greeted them at the door with:

"Now, when I said 'four to six—'" She got no further, for they knew what was coming, and all began to laugh.

"You didn't mean four to midnight, is that it, Mrs. Helmsby?" suggested Pelgram.

"Thank you, you have saved me from an uncomfortable moment," she replied in an audible aside, never relaxing from the grieved manner which they so reveled in. "It's my last request, gentlemen. To have one peaceful meal alone with my husband and family before I go home. Will you let me ask in vain? I said this morning to Guy: 'Throw your accent heavily on the word "six" in that invitation, and I'll leave the rest to their instincts as gentlemen and brother "officers!"' That's what I said to him," she challenged solemnly. "Yes, he threw the accent all right!" murmured Bobby very meekly.

"And we're all under oath to leave at five-forty-five," laughed the paymaster.

"Oh, I don't like to hurry you, I'm sure!" cried Lady Jane, pretending to a tardy contrition, and then suddenly joining in their laughter, her small merry eyes disappearing completely, leaving only two lines of eyelashes to mark their place in her face.

The little room was now full, but Jane and Rosamond, under cover of the loud chatter and laughter, managed to have a few quiet words of leave-taking with each; and through all the surface gaiety ran a thread of deep feeling, not so very far from tears. In the midst of it Guy came in, and Jane's eyes flew to him and gave him greeting. One of their many separations was impending, and they were naught but lovers once more albeit both heads were gray.

Pell and Mell, allowed for once drawing-room privileges, were leaning very affectionately against Pelgram, obligingly eating up his cake as fast as he replenished his plate. His attention was riveted elsewhere upon graver matters, and when it came to cook-sau's cream-cake, the Helmsby boys reached the limits of their conscience long before they reached the limits of their bodily capacity.

As Rosamond was cutting and passing the enormous cream-cake of American recipe, Pelgram made constant demands upon her attentions, little recking what became of them, once she had been near enough for him to look up into her face and smile into her tired eyes. For she was very weary from the stress and excitement of those last days.

She was tired, too, of hiding her emotion from Jane's restless eyes, tired of weighing her words. One or two men were there that afternoon, whom she had dismissed during the summer, and they, too, watched her with yearning eyes, in which hope had again dawned at news of her broken engagement.

The clashing of wills about her exhausted the girl, she longed to get away from it all and be alone—or perhaps with Will Pelgram beside her, he was so different somehow; so gentle, so thoughtful of her wishes, never of his own—Will Pelgram was different; and

he and her pride carried her through those last days.

"I'm coming back to-night at nine," said Pelgram, rising and standing beside Rosamond to the consternation of the two boys, and Mell one piece of cake ahead!

"May I say good-by then quietly, just you and I alone?" he added softly. "I want you to promise me to give up the convent idea."

"Oh, it was only to see Mother Veronica! Only for a visit. I am not a Catholic, you know," replied Rosamond, a little surprised.

"Thank God!" he whispered, his face rigid with suppressed feeling. "I had got it into my head— Oh, all sorts of crazy things. We'll speak of them later. May I run up for a moment to-night? I shall be on duty when you sail to-morrow. Please?"

The girl hesitated, her eyes wavered from his.

"Come at nine," she said gently.

The American consul-general's mother, who looked like an old miniature, stood shyly in the doorway, her delicate face flushing as all the men rose. Jane took possession of her at once, and asked her rapid questions in a breath:

"Did you go to Mrs. St. Barre? I have been so anxious! I simply could not get away! Have you seen her?"

"It's all right, my child. I was with her till her trunks left for the steamer. She is very quiet, and speaks constantly of our little Peggy and being with her on the voyage. I left her with the hotel amah, sewing."

The two women's hands were clasped in silence for a moment. Then Jane asked abruptly:

"Did you ever hear of Belle Bulner?"

"Good heavens, my dear, yes—but surely——" cried the other, amazed.

"Well, Mother Veronica, the superior at Rose's convent, and that woman are one! That's why I want Mrs. St. Barre to go there for a month's rest. The other will understand her, as neither of us possibly can. And somehow I have

a conviction that she will find the solution. I've already written her fully; she is prepared, and Mrs. St. Barre has promised me to go there with Rose—just for the rest. After that—work! Mother Veronica's tentacles run out in a dozen directions all over the land, for she was a lady before she became a—*an artiste!*"

"My prayers will follow you all!" said the older woman tenderly.

Before the fire in the library sat Schuyler, Peggy in his arms, her dark head lying against his breast, his eyes and hers both gazing into the blue, dancing flames of the recently replenished coal fire.

"Well, I'm jes' all unstrung!" sighed she.

"You don't look it," he said, smiling down at the child.

"Muzzer doesn't look it, either, and she's all unstrung, too, 'cause I heard her say it twict at tiffin. You can't always tell by jes' looking at people."

Then Peggy sat up suddenly to see what her beloved was laughing about, for she could feel the gentle upheaval of secret merriment. When she saw his solemn face, she made up her mind that it must have been a smothered sneeze. She put up one soft little dimpled hand and patted his face:

"I fink you're puffedekly beautiful!" she announced, and he began to laugh, this time openly.

"My poor old face! Peggy, I'm afraid I'm getting old, very, very fast, little sweetheart!"

"Are you?" she asked, with breathless anxiety, her whole face one mass

of wrinkles as she gazed at him open-eyed.

"Yes, dear, just look at my few gray hairs, and that open sea of baldness on top." He bowed his head and there was a moment's silence; then suddenly, with a low cry, her arms went about his neck, and she scrambled up and laid her cheek against his, and said with a little sob:

"Don't you fink you'll last till next year, Mr. Skylow? If you don't get hooking-cough and epidemic and—fings?"

Promising on his word of honor to take every precaution that he might live to see their wedding-day, he then introduced pleasanter subjects. Presently he asked, with sudden gravity, laying his cheek against her soft hair:

"Peggy, you'll always love me? Always be my little sweetheart?"

"I'll always love you, dear," she said.

"You see, Peggy, I have nobody else in all the world who cares," he murmured.

Through the doorway across the hall Lady Jane caught sight of the two heads close together, and it seemed to her that the big man never had looked so old, so broken. Her first impulse was to go to them, but after a moment's hesitation she called Cho and ordered him to take in to the "*takai dannasan*" and the baby, a little tray of tea and toast and—and then her voice broke and she turned hastily away.

But the honorable mistress had broken down so often during the past two days, that Cho only grit his teeth to keep back his own tears, and sped noiselessly down the long hall.

THE SECRET SAINT

ALTHOUGH no flowery chaplets twine

Around your gentle head;

Although you fill no famous shrine

Where pilgrim-prayers are said;

In every lover's tender heart,

There glows the fire divine,

Upon an altar set apart

For you, Saint Valentine.

TORRANCE BENJAMIN.

A THOUSAND DEATHS

By Jeannette I. Helm



S I crouched there in the dark closet, and through a crack watched him pull off his evening coat and divest himself of his watch and studs, I racked my brains to remember where I had seen him before. A good memory for faces is an important asset in our profession, and I prided myself on mine, so he puzzled and annoyed me. I was conscious, anyway, as I watched him, of an irritation quite apart from his baffling my memory; or could it be that the memory connected with him was an irritating one of itself? It was a nice psychological problem, anyway—perhaps you are wondering what I know of such things, but the answer isn't in this tale—and I was turning it over in my mind, when he called out roughly:

"Look here, Nell, are you ever coming? I've dropped one of these confounded studs under the table. Just hunt it up, will you?"

The door opened and a woman came in, tall, slender, and in some sort of long, shimmering, black evening dress. Her face would have been pretty if it had not been so faded white, and her eyes—well, the moment I saw those eyes I knew where I'd seen the man before. Curious, isn't it, that I should not have recognized his red, aggressive face with its heavy jaw and small, red-rimmed eyes; and yet have remembered so distinctly a small, whitely insignificant face like hers? But it was the eyes, and

if you had seen them I'll wager they would have haunted you, too.

I had seen the man and woman only the day before, when I had stepped aside smartly to avoid being run down by the machine he was driving. It was out in Harlem, and there being no bicycle cop in sight, he was tearing every bit of speed he could out of the machine, and risking every one else's life as well as his own. As they sprang past, I met the look in her eyes, and even in my wild jump for safety, it impressed itself on me like a room does seen in a lantern flash. I'd seen that same look twice before, you see; once on the face of a man with my pistol at his mouth, and once on a pal of mine when they started to put the black cap over his head; so I knew terror when I saw it in her eyes.

I suppose courage is a matter of nerve and action after all, and when we get the drop on us we all go under in some way, but there was something more than fear in this woman's eyes; a horror that reached beyond the immediate fear and saw something else coming.

At least, that is the way it impressed me at the time. Certainly he *was* speeding and liable to end up across an L pillar, or on a scrap heap, but he seemed to know his business, and it wouldn't have troubled *me* much until the smash came, if I'd been in her place—but as I say, courage is a matter of nerves and habit after all, and the brand of courage is different in each of us.

I swore a minute or two at him and

his machine that time, and then went on, feeling half-sorry for the woman with the frightened eyes; and now here I was watching the two of them again, and my irritation against the man justifying itself every minute that I saw that woman with the look still in her eyes. Understand that I'm no philanthropist. Some men smash their wives over the head with a jimmy in a drunken rage and get juggled for it; others torture them to death slowly, and keep their own names on society's and directors' lists. That last brand is only different in its way of showing it, that's all.

She came forward slowly and dropped down on her knees before the dressing-table to hunt for the studs, but she didn't say a word. He dove his hands down into his pockets and brought up two big handfuls of loose coin which he put somewhere on the dresser.

I couldn't see very well, and was leaning forward to try for a better view so as to be able to locate them quickly later on, when my flash-light dropped from my pocket to the floor with a sharp rap. I cursed my own clumsiness, and stiffened to silence, watching them intently through the crack the while. They had both heard it, for their heads turned toward the door in unison. I waited, my hand on my gun.

"Jim, there is some one there," the woman said faintly.

The man listened silently, his red, bloated face going a shade redder if possible, and his heavy jaw setting itself like a bulldog's. I measured him with my eye, mentally acknowledging him my superior in weight if not in agility. Meanwhile, I held myself ready, which is two-thirds of it. I always avoid mixups whenever I can, but when it's impossible I'm ready for what comes next. I was hoping the continued silence would reassure them when just then a confounded rat in the wall behind me gnawed loudly. I swore at it inwardly, though it turned out to my advantage after all.

The man relaxed his tense attitude and laughed loudly.

"Rats!" he said, and there was a cer-

tain relief in his tone. "Some of your pets, Nell."

I relaxed, too, thinking the danger was past, but I'd forgotten the nature of the brute in him. At his words the woman shivered and drew herself together while the look in her eyes deepened. That gave the bully his idea. He turned on her, his red eyes gleaming with the look I've seen on some street boys baiting a forlorn cur.

"Go and take a look at them," he said.

The woman shrank again as if he had struck her.

"No, no, Jim," she pleaded, and her voice was faint and full of fear. "I—I can't."

"Go and open that door," he growled again. "Do you hear, you——" And he swore foully.

I expected that she would refuse, but she had evidently had obedience drilled into her, for she got stiffly to her feet and moved toward the door. A closet is a stupid place to hide in, and it was the last I would have chosen, but they had come back earlier than I expected, there was not another hole or corner except a larger closet which I judged was used more often, and the window was a sheer drop of thirty feet below. Also, the only door was the one he had come through, so I had made for the smaller closet which chiefly held shoes and old clothes, and trusted that they wouldn't either of them come near it that night.

As she came nearer, dragging her feet as if each step cost her an effort, I began to wonder, quite apart from other events, what she would do when she met my pistol. I judged if she was frightened at the mere idea of a mouse that the sight of a gun would most probably send her crazy. I hoped it would be a fainting-fit and not hysterics, as the easier to handle. An hysterical woman and a burly ruffian of a man to manage at the same time spelled trouble, but I had decided on my course even before her figure darkened the crack, and her hand was laid on the knob of the door. She paused at that.

"Jim, please don't make me open it," I heard her gasp.

The man snarled something I couldn't hear, and she jerked the door open. I sprang out, shoved her to one side with a sweep of my arm, and was at the door of the room with my pistol pointed straight at the man's head before either could say anything.

"If either of you move or speak I'll kill you both," I said, feeling behind me with my other hand for the knob of the door and calculating with my eye the chances of the man making a leap at me before I could shoot.

I've seen many strange expressions on the faces of people I've run across at some time in the night when they were, so to speak, not expecting me; and I remember yet the look of almost pained surprise on the face of a man I once had to shoot in the stomach in order to get away; but I've never seen such a ludicrous show of terror as on the face of this man. His red face grew chalky, his eyes bulged, staring, and his great heavy jaw fairly quivered. He never moved, watching the muzzle of my pistol in a fascinated way. He reminded me so irresistibly of an old mask of tragedy which I'd seen once in a museum, that I stood staring at him myself until I suddenly remembered the woman and looked over at her. She had been thrown to the floor by my rush and push, and was getting up slowly, her eyes on her husband's face.

"Don't you make any noise," I admonished her, still trying unsuccessfully to get the door behind me open.

She dragged her gaze reluctantly from her husband.

"It is locked," she said quietly.

I cursed. There was no key in the lock, and though I had the tools with me to force it open, to do so I must turn away from them a moment, and dazed with terror as the man seemed, he might recover enough to rush me. Then I remembered that I had heard the sound of a key turning as she came in the room.

"Get the key and open the door," I commanded her, and moved away just enough to keep my gun trained on both of them.

She took the key from the dresser

where she had laid it on coming in, and walked over to the door quietly, her dress making shimmering lights as she moved. Then before I knew what she was about she had put her hand quickly on a push-button beside the door, which I had not noticed.

"This is connected with the burglar-alarm," she said calmly. "One push and the whole house will be awake. Now, will you put down that pistol at once?"

The woman had so changed, her whole face and figure had grown so suddenly full of purpose and power, and her voice held such unmistakable command, that for a half-minute I instinctively lowered my weapon. Then I shoved it up again.

"If you push, I'll pull," I said. "And he will go first." I nodded toward the husband who still stared immovable.

Somehow I felt intuitively that no threat would intimidate her now. I cannot well describe the change in her face, but it was somewhat like that of a person who seems to have suddenly found, or seen something priceless, or who has come through some ordeal unscathed. I imagine that was the way that Shadrach and Meshach looked when they came out of the fiery furnace. I couldn't understand it, but I felt it, and I've learned by experience to trust to my intuition.

The woman actually laughed.

"It's not much use killing one already dead," she said, looking toward her husband, and the scorn in her voice would have made me quicken if I'd been dead myself. The man *did* come to life, but not in that way.

"For God's sake, Nell," he cried, "don't push that thing! He's aiming at me, I tell you!"

"You would doubtless prefer to have him aim at me," the woman observed, still with that same lambent scorn.

I didn't like the situation, I tell you frankly. I'd prefer to deal with a man than a nervy woman any day. A man will go straight ahead, but a woman will lead you up a blind alley every time. I'd thought I'd sized the pair of them up all right, and here they were changing places, and the woman up to

some trick I didn't understand. However, I didn't want to shoot before I had to, and the situation seemed to demand a waiting game; so I stood there and waited.

"Open the door and let him out, Nell," the man pleaded, his voice crackling like an old man's. "He will go quick enough if you don't make a row."

"And suppose I want to make a row?" she asked, smiling in his agonized face.

"Do you want him to murder me?" the man fairly shrieked. "I believe that's what you're after, you——"

The woman moved at that and turned swiftly toward me.

"Will you go as he says if I take my hand off the button?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Very well," she said, removing her hand and stepping back. "Remember, I shall have to take your word for it."

I nodded again, and turned toward the door, still keeping an eye on the man while she fitted the key in the lock. Then as she stepped back again and I put my hand on the knob, she stretched out her hand.

"Just one moment," she said. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

I felt hastily for my pocket-flash and jimmy, but they were both there. She laughed in answer to my look of surprise.

"Those," she said, waving her hand toward the dressing-table and the heap of coins and jewelry. "You came for those, didn't you? It would be a pity not to take them."

I own that I was completely puzzled, and stared at her silently, prepared for some trap. The husband stared, too, but he found voice.

"Are you mad, Nell?" he asked angrily. "Let the man go without any more idiocy."

She paid no attention to him.

"You are too modest a burglar," she said, and the mockery in her voice stung me whiplike. "If you are afraid the jewels will betray you, at least take the coin."

She picked up two handfuls, and before I could stop her, had dropped them

into a loose pocket of my coat. I don't often lose my wits, but this was so totally unexpected that I could do nothing but follow the other man's lead and stare at her helplessly.

"Yes, I know you think I am crazy," she said, smiling into my astonished face, "or about to play you some trick. It is neither, I can assure you. I am only paying you a debt of gratitude."

"Of what?" I managed to stammer, feeling sure now that she had been driven mad by the shock of the night's happenings. The husband simply couldn't speak, although I saw his jaw moving.

"Yes, of gratitude," she went on quietly. "When a person has been walking under a hanging sword for years, the one who removes it is surely worthy of gratitude, is he not? If you don't understand, listen and I'll tell you. For five long years I've lived in the midst of fear with that man, and died each day the thousand deaths of the coward. I was a coward, and he knew it. He has never struck me nor ill-treated me as the world calls it, but he has known my fears and played upon them. He has done every kind of reckless sport there is, and forced me to do it with him because it pleased him to see my torments; put me in every dangerous situation possible because he enjoyed exposing my weakness; and I—I let him because I was a coward. I never was the same after my baby's death—thank God now that it did not live!—and that increased my natural timidity. I've been in hell all that time, and you are the one who has set me free."

"I?" I stammered again, as she paused for breath.

"Yes, you, and to-night," she answered fiercely. "For you have shown me the kind of a man my husband really is; that his courage is only ignorance, his bravery, foolhardiness, and the ascendancy he had over me not the result of his own strength but of my weakness. That was why I threatened to touch the burglar-alarm, and not because I really cared whether you got away or not. I wanted to test his courage and see for

myself if it would fail—as it *has* done.” She cast a look of scorn at the man, who shrank under it. “I have always feared because I am constitutionally timid, but when I looked to-night into the muzzle of your pistol I knew suddenly that it was not death I feared but the fear of it. Can you understand me? I had lived so long in fear of death, that the nearness of its realization proved to me how much worse the other had been. It is like some one who goes through a long tunnel dreading what he must meet beyond, and finds suddenly that it is glorious in comparison. So nothing can make me fear now with that knowledge, just as nothing he can do will ever convince me that to-night his craven soul has not tasted to the full more bitterness than he has ever forced on me.”

Her words came like flashes of fire, scorching the coward before her, who cringed under them.

“So, now you see,” she went on more

quietly, “what the debt of gratitude is that I owe you, and how glad I am to pay it. Take these, too, and these”—picking up the watch and studs that still lay on the dresser—“and these.” She tore off her rings and thrust them on me.

“I have enough,” I said gruffly, pushing them back. “I’ll take his, but keep yours. You deserve them.”

I pocketed my gun and turned to the door. At it I paused and looked back. The man was still standing, a shrunken image of his former bulk, with mottled cheeks and head dropped forward, staring at the floor; the woman stood beside him, tall and triumphant, watching him with the flamelike scorn still in her eyes.

“You are a plucky woman,” I said involuntarily.

“No,” she laughed. “Only a free one!”

I turned and went out quietly, leaving them alone.



THE AFTER WORD

HOW can I write, dear heart? What shall I say?

This is a pleasant place? The hours run fast?

I have forgotten that there was a past

Where you and I once held high holiday?

That love's an episode, and we recover?

That love's eternal, and we're hurt past death?

That life's the drawing of each separate breath

Alone, my more than friend and less than lover?

How can I prove the tempest of my tears?

Was more than to entreat my soul's desire—

A plea for words that would have set you higher

In the warm niche that's held you all these years?

You were so dearer than my pride to me,

I could not judge you with a heart too wise.

The glory of a vision filled my eyes

And I, was blind to what the end would be.

But now that I am patienter with pain—

For joy that once was mine—I see the worth

Of gifts is *giving*, and the kindly earth

Shows us no flower may bloom—and die—in vain.

MARY MANNERS.

IN MUSICLAND

By William F. Armstrong



SOME achieve domestic responsibility, more have it thrust upon them, and on the musical artist it sits sometimes with a fantastic lightness. But Amadeo Bassi is a born father; a rather extraordinary situation for a tenor.

When Caruso sings, the table in his dressing-room is invariably covered, quite impartially, with little pictures of saints and collections of horseshoes. When Bassi sings, the photographs of his three little children are always present as talismans, while Madame Bassi, with her burning, Italian eyes, stands, score in hand, in the wings to prompt him.

Madame Bassi does more. Being a pianist and Fellow of the Royal College of Music at Florence, she coaches him in all his rôles; a new one he never attempts without her.

For five seasons, three in South America and two in New York, the pair have followed the opera together, always with longings for the children for whose sake the art-exile is undertaken. But in summer, at Riccioni, near Rimini, where he has his villa on the seashore, Bassi fills only a paternal engagement, even taking, as some motherly hens have been known to do, strange broods under his wing. And there the children regard him, perhaps, as some

kind of dear phenomenon that blooms into sight once a year, like the yellow and red flowers on the campagna.

His yacht holds twenty-five, and it slips away on summer afternoons crowded with children, who sail off between blue sea and sky on a voyage, the charm of which only a Barrie could picture.

On the lawn of the villa Bassi teaches them games that he has learned in strange lands for these summer days, football among the rest. But, with football played by those born to a Latin enthusiasm, and on a day in July at Riccioni, even Barrie might shirk an acquaintance.

When *festas*, especially that of Christmas, come in foreign countries, it is natural that the Bassis suffer a heavy-heartedness all out of keeping with the season. Then it was that Madame Bassi, viewing the photographs of her three *bambinos*, exclaimed: "I should like to have a dozen just like them!"

In the midst of a conversation at the end of a performance in which he has sung, you will see Bassi furtively glancing at a picture post-card with a few words written in a child's scrawling hand across it. He has forgotten entirely that his audience has just shown how much it thinks of him, for he himself is thinking too much of home.

Looking up suddenly, he said once: "I am an Italian at heart; I shall always remain so; I love my own country."

The feeling that he put into the tone was never tenser in his "Pagliacci."

To one who has so often heard from foreign artists the trite, fishy phrase, "I adore America," as they run to catch the first boat for home, such frank, manly sentiment—and the best sentiment in any frank, manly heart, love of home—comes with a welcome ring of sterling veracity in it.

Bassi is a great favorite with his colleagues. To know it fully is to drop into his dressing-room when he is resting before the next rise of the curtain. Twenty people will likely be there before you; the little room is so filled with fat vowels and rolling consonants that its walls bid fair to burst. And that is one great charm at the Manhattan, the Continental opera-house air that breathes of one big, grand family. It is an air almost equal in its homely charm to the day of dear Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee, who on occasions dressed quietly in a dark corner, while Mrs. Barnabee, at her sewing, would entertain me until his impersonation was ready for the eye of the public.

Twenty years ago, and, from a photograph made at the time, of a boyish countenance on which the refinements of art and fatherhood had not yet written the great change that has come in his face, Bassi was doing his service as an Italian soldier.

He would sit in the barracks yard, in season and out of it, guitar in hand, and sing. A crowd of comrades would soon group about him. An officer passing by would inquire: "What are you doing here, loafing?"

"Bassi is singing," would be the answer.

"Put him under arrest," was the curt order.

After two days' confinement he would be out, and start it all over again.

"I enjoyed it so, I couldn't stop," he confessed, and the guard-house saw him in consequence often.

In eight months after he was through his military service, Bassi made his début as a tenor, and some of the officers who had cut short his earlier efforts were in the audience.

"What would mean perfect happiness to you?" I asked Dalmorés.

"To go to Cannes and play golf," came the quick answer, "when I am old and independent; just now I am neither."

The course of Dalmorés' life has been one to broaden him musically as few tenors are broadened, and this, together with his splendidly studious bent, will bring him far with his voice before Cannes and golf can be considered.

Always he longed to be a singer; at six he would be torn from the portrayal of some hero, at the top of his voice, and put to silence and books by his mother. At six, too, he sang in the boys' chorus in "Carmen" at the opera at Nancy, looking then on *Don José*, his own present-day assumption, as an extraordinary being, "almost like *le bon Dieu*," as he expressed it.

The years of study and orchestral playing of the 'cello and French horn at the opera were years of observing finished singers, and laying up thoughts to be developed for future usefulness.

Dalmorés' development was never really delayed, but reversed from the general order of things; he did his thinking first, and began to sing afterward.

This gradual development of musicianship, then of voice, made him ready for a fusing of these with the dramatic phase of his art, and this was wrought by Charpentier when he came to Brussels to direct the rehearsals at La Monnaie of his opera "Louise."

"Charpentier, who was so sympathetic, who could understand an artist, but never a rich man," as Dalmorés speaks of him, "he it was who first taught me to be really simple. A few grand gestures will do for a king or a prince, but to be a simple man, to act his life, his passions, and his purpose, as the hero of Charpentier's 'Louise,' who is really Charpentier himself, that is difficult.

"It was Charpentier, in those twenty rehearsals of that opera, who put the touch of reality into my acting."

Dalmorés' is the clean, healthy nature of the athlete—boxing, fencing,

motoring, breathing the outdoor breath of life in the months off duty.

"But when I am singing that is enough; you saw last night," he explained.

The opera had been "Cavalleria," and the *Turiddu*, of continuous, unrelaxed strain, had left him in a heap, in front of his dressing-table. His self-impatience then was that of the strong man at betrayal of any feeling.

Bassi, his good friend, was there, ready to go on as *Canio*. He understood it; his own tussle with "Pagliacci" would make him, too, a wreck presently. Up he came in his clown's dress, dragging a bath-robe, a present of his to Dalmorés, who, perspiration-soaked, put it on thankfully. Then Bassi put on his present to himself, the twin to it, exchanged his *Canio* hat for *Turiddu's*, and the two went out on the stage to raise hilarity behind the lowered drop-curtain.

His own experience had taught Bassi how best to get *Turiddu's* woes out of Dalmorés' system.

In one aspect, Dalmorés is a contradiction; to settle his nationality on a first meeting would be a difficult problem. Of mingled French and Spanish descent, he might be of either nationality, yet he appears in some respects genuinely an Italian, while his pronounced taste in music is German, and for Wagner.

"His music is more for my nature, I have sung it so much," is Dalmorés' idea in the matter, and he speaks with knowledge, for he has given *Lohengrin*, *Siegfried*, *Siegmond*, *Tristan*, and the list of them.

Next summer, when he sings at Bayreuth, he will dwell for four months in that deadly dull art-suburb.

"How will you stand it?" I asked, with the sympathy born of experience.

For a brief instant his eyes sought the ceiling, almost prayerfully, then he answered: "I take my bicycle and automobile with me."

When Madame Yvette Guilbert went to London in the early days of her struggles with English, she wanted a

raw egg. One after another was brought her, but cooked to varying degrees of hardness, for the important word "raw" was not yet in her vocabulary. An inspiration came. "Bring me the egg as he arrives," she ordered, and got it.

But Madame Guilbert is one of the very few French artists who have burdened their intelligence with English.

The Frenchman, with slight exception, spends the odd intermissions of a foreign sojourn in restaurants where his own tongue is spoken, and there forms his knowledge, and one must wonder what kind of knowledge it is, of the natives.

The Italian singer is quite the opposite; he picks up our speech, and his musical ear quickly catches a correct pronunciation.

Sammarco, the barytone, now entering the lists as an English conversationalist, finds, "Italian is the more adopted for the sing," which is perfectly true.

But he thinks enough of us to battle with the intricacies of the language, the best compliment any foreigner can pay us.

To talk with Sammarco on his art is to get a glimpse of the workings of a deeply earnest mind. The building of his characterizations he does from books, pictures, and life. "And from life I learn much because life is the best model of all," is his philosophy, a philosophy upheld by all wise men before him.

"Fälstaff," "Meistersinger," and the "Cristoforo Colombo" of Alberto Franchetti are favorite operas of his in which he has not been heard here; and in the Wagner work, in which he sings the *Hans Sachs*, it would be particularly interesting to see his conception of the part from an Italian point of view, the point of view of one with a long line of ancestors whose culture he has inherited, and the product of whose thought finds in him ultimate expression.

It was not until the age of seventeen that he began to sing, then he gave himself up to his art, uninterrupted by mili-

tary service, from which, as the eldest son, he was exempt.

Sammarco comes from Palermo, which, like all Sicily, breeds beautiful voices, in part due to the climate, in part the legacy of a people who have been singing for centuries.

His studies were made at Milan, where, though his voice was naturally small, its present apparently inexhaustible volume was gained through a sterling training. His life since has meant mainly music, with appearances in Italy, South America, for three seasons in London, and two in New York.

The other side of his life reads like a baptismal register; there are five little Sammarcos. The two eldest are in the National School. From their photographs, if the military spirit has skipped one generation, in them it is strongly developed. In trig uniforms, in precise attitudes, and in the very holding of their gloves, they appear manly, miniature generals.

"It is fine to have so many *bambinos*!" I said in enthusiasm, viewing the extended line of family portraits.

"Are you married?" asked Sammarco.

"No."

"Ah!" His tone expressed much.

No musical artist exerts a stronger magnetic influence on audiences than Madame Carreño, and certainly none presents a more interesting subject of study to those concerned with psychic phenomena.

She possesses that dimly-understood sixth sense with which many women and some men are gifted, call it what you will, an overtone of the mind or an ultra-sensitive receptivity that responds like a live wire to the complex currents of telepathy and the psychic forces about us.

At the moment of meeting a stranger, she feels at once either sympathy or antipathy; there is no middle ground in her sensations. If, later, reason succeeds in reversing opinion, eventually the outcome proves first impressions to have been the correct ones.

"As long as I follow first impres-

sions I am right," she confessed one afternoon, "but when I exercise my reason I am lost."

This phase, in itself, is one of experience with many, but Madame Carreño carries it further, extending it even to the selection of numbers that she will play, and the order of their arrangement in a program. The first glance at a composition, and she feels whether it is completely suited to her tastes and sense of interpretation; whether it fits her as an artist. Her experience is that if she goes against this first impression, and endeavors to prove by study that she may have erred, she never plays the number to her complete satisfaction, nor does its performance carry conviction to her audience.

"The two things that my friends claim I possess," she declares, "I get without credit; the gift of program-making and the name of being a diplomat. I make my programs instinctively; I feel, without thought, what I should play and the order of sequence. As to diplomacy, I say what I think, except the disagreeable things, and those I keep to myself."

Strangely sensitive to premonitions, Madame Carreño's dreams take on at times such realness that she is in an agony of anticipation, positive that she will be required to live through them later in actuality. And invariably she is justified.

If, on the other hand, the dream fails of that intense air of reality, it does not disturb her, but with the fatal element of realness she knows the inevitable.

Another phase of her psychic development concerns absent friends, people whom she may not have seen or heard of for years. Suddenly, they are vividly present with her; within a few days they come or write.

Yet Madame Carreño is not given to sudden changes of mood, which in a way would account for detached impressions; with her they are gradual, modulating, to use a musical term, in logical transition from one key to another. Her mind is too virile, and her mental poise too sure, to allow that sudden fly-

ing off the tangent to which emotionally controlled people are generously given. She feels absolutely what she says; her emotions, thoughts, and impressions are in the same key.

But Madame Carreño's is a very gay heart; long ago she seems to have lost the almanac of life, and now all seasons are spring with her.

"In Indianapolis," as she tells the apropos story, "a lady came bringing a picture of me made in 1872, when I was sixteen, nine, eleven, as you will. Many artists have a little feeling at the flight of time; I have none. If I were eighteen and looked ninety, what good would come of my being eighteen? Every day I feel younger."

"At Melbourne recently I arrived, not knowing a soul in Australia. The next morning, while I was out, there came a basket of violets, and a picture of myself made at the age of nine in Boston, where the lady who sent it had heard me as a débutante."

"Those things touch me more than the greatest triumphs, for in meeting these people, who show they have treasured my memory through years, I feel that I have old, dear friends before me. But," she added, and the charm of the woman was in it, "it is sad, this bringing of pictures."

One of these visitors, though, played on another set of emotions. It was at Old Music Hall in Boston, where Madame Carreño had just appeared, that she swept into the artist's room.

"Do you know how long ago I heard you play?" she asked. The pitch of voice was that which some ladies use when they wish the universe to stop and listen. "It was in 1842, when you were eighteen."

The assumption would have Madame Carreño seventy-two at the time.

"Are you quite sure?" asked the pianist, smiling, and who will deny that an angel might think twice before smiling at that. "You will excuse me, but I was not born then."

There is a story that Madame Carreño recalls—a gem it is—of Rubin-

stein. His great triumphs had just begun in London, after five seasons of uphill struggle to finally gain them. As he arrived at St. James' Hall, crowds were leaving, unable to get admission. An old lady approached him; of his identity she was ignorant.

"Oh, sir," she appealed, "can you get me a seat at the concert?"

"With pleasure, madam, take mine," he answered promptly.

If Sidney Smith had perpetrated a thing so delightful, he would likely have left the old lady and gone off to tell the story. Rubinstein did not. He had a chair placed for her on the stage, very near to the one in front of the piano, and which he had so politely offered to yield her.

With humor great enough to make even a rainy day at a Swiss hotel cheery, Madame Carreño catches vital points in portraiture, unerringly characteristic, of the people she meets; the paragraph in which she gives one is as life-size with truth as a statuette by Gutzon Borglum.

Two of these, a bouquet from Bayreuth, are of Madame Lilli Lehmann and Madame Materna, or rather of Madame Cosima Wagner.

Madame Lilli Lehmann, artistically and otherwise self-reliant, had just returned from her "positively farewell engagement" there. Meeting Madame Carreño, she said caustically, and with all the grand air of her *Brunnhilde*: "Cosima has now written the operas, and I can no longer sing them."

But Madame Materna arrived from the scene with the apotheosis, a fragment that deserves place in history.

Madame Wagner had insisted upon her ideas of interpretation in certain passages. Madame Materna, with a firmness worthy of her avoirdupois, had combatted them.

"But I learned these things from the master himself," she said finally, thinking the incident hermetically closed.

But it was not; quick as a flash Madame Wagner retorted: "Poor Richard didn't always know himself what he wanted."



The Road to Tomorrow

By Marie Van Vorst



JOHN TRELAWNY, American, of Providence, R. I., was a skeptic, a misbeliever; all very unfortunate and dreadful, only it happens that he was a skeptic in so far as bad people and mis-

erable motives go; he was an unbeliever in wretched intentions. His philosophy, therefore, did not militate against his generally agreeable character.

There was a woman in Trelawny's life, and their mutual history was unlike the sentimental histories of his bachelor friends. For the term of as many years as it had taken to turn the extreme edges of his hair gray, there had been but one woman for him in the world.

This is what men who knew said; this is what the women who knew said; only the different sexes had their different ways of putting the question, and the way the women looked at it and spoke of John Trelawny's friendship for Mrs. Robert Deering was perhaps the less understanding and the less kindly.

The woman who had held him faithfully for years had the misfortune—and in her case it was a real misfortune—to be married. There were times when Trelawny felt that he never could see her any more; there were more times when he felt that he would fol-

low her to the extreme end of the big, wide world, with its mismatings and its problems like discordant winds playing around him, just to see her once again, to watch her, to know that she was alive and beautiful and serene—for serene she was, as far as Trelawny could tell.

Such was his character and point of view. He had the extraordinary idea that he could not be happy over the misery of another man, over the dishonor of another man. It was extremely old-fashioned and unworldly of Trelawny, still that is the way he was constituted.

It was on one of the imperious occasions when he felt as if he must follow her to the ends of the earth, that he steered his craft toward a little town on the edge of the Norman coast, a very fashionable bit of France, Trouville. As soon as he understood that Mrs. Deering was to be there for the race week he packed his things and ran down and put up at the Hotel de Paris.

He had followed so fast that he overleapt his goal and arrived at the watering-place before Mrs. Deering and her party put in an appearance. He took his own rooms, and in response to a telegram from her, engaged the Deerings' apartments. He liked the way the little salon looked out toward the heavenly blue sea, and with a nice fancy to make it something more home-like for his friend to begin with he

filled it with flowers—ran what lengths he dared in putting a few rare vases and several pieces of old Italian damask here and there. "Deering," he consoled himself, "will be too taken up with his horses to notice the inside of anything but a stable, and I shall tell the others that the hotel proprietor is a collector; most of these Norman innkeepers are collectors."

And, as his idea grew, he went to greater lengths, with the curiosity shops on either side the Rue de Paris to tempt him. The result was that when Mrs. Deering came she found the hotel room wonderfully mellow and harmonious, and as a woman who loves beauty, she responded to its charm. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed. And her friend had a moment of high happiness as she looked at him and touched with her pretty hands the flowers he had himself arranged. It was a delightful moment, a moment that was much to him.

The Deerings arrived with the American millionaire's usual suite of servants and motors and, moreover, with a racing outfit, for Bob Deering had decided to enter his English filly Bon Jour for the August events. There were also with them a Miss Alice Devine and a young sprig of nobility, the Marquis de Forêt, to whom Trelawny was indulgent and a trifling paternal.

"He can't, at least, be after dear Alice's millions," he reflected; "he can't, at any rate, be a fortune-hunter, for the girl's face is the only fortune she has!"

On a bright and beautiful morning, the first of all the days for many weeks, for Trelawny counted his calendar in broken bits beginning every time he saw his lady again—on a bright and beautiful morning he walked out at the fashionable hour of noon and turned into the Rue de Paris.

The eyes of many women followed him. Being an early riser, he had already taken a long brisk walk over the cliffs. He had swum out beyond the buoys, and now in his flannels, his panama, a gay rose in the lapel of his coat, his eye-glass and his stick, amongst the

many *débonair* and pleasing people who filled the little fishing town, his was a distinguished figure.

Trelawny was near-sighted and saw little until it came close to him. He trusted to instinct to discover Mrs. Deering, and after a few moments he found her at the extreme end of the street which the papers of Paris tell you "is the most worldly and fashionable in any part of the continent, during race week at Trouville."

Mrs. Deering was of course dressed in the very height of the mode. She looked up and saw Trelawny before he saw her, but she could wait until he made his leisurely way down to her side. She waited for him a great deal. He did not know how much, but then her point of view and her feelings have never come into the history. Mrs. Deering sat on a little camp-stool at the end of the street.

She faced the ocean, or what was visible of it between the bathing tents, pagodas gay with children's shovels and bright pails, and the sea of muslins, ribbons and feathers and sunshades of the midsummer crowd. All the capitals of Europe had poured themselves into Trouville, and the resort overflowed with beauty and fashion.

"It's perfectly bewitching," Mr. Trelawny said to her, "perfectly bewitching, and it makes one feel as though there were nothing but pleasure in the world."

Eleanor Deering wore a white dress, and her hat was bright with flowers. She opened her rose-lined parasol over her head.

"John," she said abruptly, and brought his eyes to her like a flash, for he had been looking over the scene, "do you know I begin to see where the innkeeper found his rare treasures; there are a great many other things that suggest them in this little street."

"Well," Trelawny replied, "you don't want him to take them away, do you?"

She shook her head. "No," she said slowly, "they have been a great pleasure, but I don't want to buy them from him, either."

"I don't think he'd sell them," said

Trelawny; "they're extremely precious in his eyes."

"I'm a good judge of works of art, however," she said after a moment; "that is to say, I know a good thing when I see it. There was a little picture in one of the shops back of me that I would have given a lot to own."

Trelawny exclaimed: "Are you going to buy it? That is to say, will Deering buy it for you?"

"My dear friend! With his horse running to-morrow! It is already bought above my head. I went in yesterday to see what was the least they would take for it, and found the Prince Pollonna, the Englishman who buys for the Wallace Collection, and somebody who they tell me was the Rockefeller of St. Petersburg. Well, my little picture was what they all wanted and you can imagine that I retired from the running. But I only tell you this," she added, "to show you how very good my taste is, and that you may rely on my selections."

Trelawny smiled in a way that said he thought he might rely on her, but still he asked rather quizzically: "Well, what are you going to recommend to me now?"

She looked up whimsically and replied: "I'm going to recommend to you Alice and her marquis."

The two young people of whom she spoke were coming down the street toward Trelawny and Mrs. Deering. The grace of the girl, her freshness, the pleasure she exhaled with their happiness recommended themselves in a flash, and Trelawny exclaimed: "Oh, I'll grant you Alice, she's perfect!"

"And De Forêt?" asked Mrs. Deering.

"Well, he's very much in love," Trelawny conceded.

"My dear friend," said the lady, "I know my works of art; you can depend on me."

Trelawny looked him over and acceded: "Yes, as a work of art he will do very well."

"Nonsense!" said the American lady eagerly. "He is a man, every inch of

him; he is a man of the world, and he has a fine old name!"

Trelawny nodded. "Oh, the De Forêts are all right! Sound title, first crusade, Léonce de Forêt, *main droite* or *sur azur*—oh, it's a good old tradition."

Mrs. Deering scented his lack of sympathy. "I assure you I'll stand for that boy, and you must, at any rate, take him at my valuation."

Trelawny laughed. "I think Miss Devine has done the taking; and I don't know that we have much to say about it."

The two watched the young couple with mingled emotions. In spite of her common sense and cool reasonableness, Mrs. Deering was romantic; and as for Trelawny, his kindly sympathy was touched by the shade of jealousy at the sight before him of the perfect completeness of young love.

"It seems," she said, lowering her tone, "that they have been secretly engaged for a year. Nothing that an American girl can do would surprise me, but you can imagine that I was overwhelmed at his part in the matter. I've had a plain talk with him. He says he first met Alice at some dance or other in the American Colony, I don't know where; that he understood that American girls disposed of their own lives; that he loved her and wanted to marry her—he's an awful gambler; that is to say, he's been more than ever reckless since he came to Trouville, and the whole family is as poor as the roost where the famous Job's turkey hangs out. I'm awfully sorry for Alice," she said tenderly. "I love her, she's a perfect trump; and I know his family won't hear of it—won't hear of it. What on earth, my dear John"—Mrs. Deering looked at him appealingly—"are they to do?"

Trelawny smiled and said nothing. Mrs. Deering watched him keenly.

"Fortunes do fall from the clouds sometimes," she mused.

"I suppose it would shock every aristocratic prejudice in you, Eleanor," Trelawny said, "were I to suggest that he might work for the woman he loves."

Mrs. Deering made an impetuous,

rather scornful, exclamation. "Heavens!" she cried. "It would only go to show how little you know of French *noblesse oblige*."

For a few seconds, John Trelawny was silent. He had picked up her little camp-stool for her, folded it and hung it on his arm, and slowly the two started to join the young girl and her lover who, without coming quite up to them, signified that they were ready to go on down to the beach.

"I am extremely American," Trelawny said, "and I have a wholesome regard for honest labor——" He did not pursue the question with his friend, however, but mentally decided, when the occasion offered, to have a word or two with the impecunious suitor for the hand of Devine's pretty daughter.

II.

John Trelawny, although owning his share of horse-flesh and a proper number of automobiles and keeping for the best part of the time a yacht out of commission, was a sport only in a certain sense of the word. The people who liked him best and who were themselves able to judge said he was a "dead game sport," but he smiled at this, and knew that the human element interested him in life above all, and that he only cared for amusements as they helped others to enjoy. He was backing Deering's horse, although he felt certain the winnings would go to the Rothschild gelding.

On the afternoon, however, when De Forêt came up to him in the Casino and said: "On what are you going to put your money, monsieur?" Trelawny looked at him thoughtfully. He had stood by the young man the night before at baccarat and seen him lose enough to keep a little family of Trouville fisherfolk for a year.

"Are you going to play the races, marquis?"

"But naturally!"

De Forêt had an attractive frankness; and his smile—well, Trelawny understood what a girl would think about that smile!

"Of course I'm going to play," cried De Forêt. "One doesn't come to Trouville in the race week for anything else." He put his hand on Trelawny's arm. "Between you and me," he said, "Deering's horse hasn't got a chance against the favorite. How do you bet?"

"I shall back Bob's mare," John Trelawny replied.

The marquis played with his mustache. "*Diable!*" he exclaimed. "Deering's mare doesn't stand a show."

Trelawny was walking slowly down the grand staircase by his companion's side. "And you'll back Grimace?" he asked, ignoring the young man's prognostications.

De Forêt said ingenuously: "Heavens, I sha'n't be able to bet at all! I lost at baccarat last night; I haven't a sou!"

He looked boyish and regretful. Trelawny put his hand in his pocket and drew out his wallet. "Let me be your banker," he suggested pleasantly. The light, dry rustle of French bank-notes came agreeably from between his fingers.

For a second the Frenchman hesitated, then he put out his hand. "A thousand thanks," he said heartily. "You're really too good. I will take the money and back Rothschild's horse, and I'll pay you back directly after the race."

At the foot of the stairs Alice Devine and Mrs. Deering waited for the two men. At the sight of them Miss Devine blushed wonderfully, and Trelawny glanced quickly at Mrs. Deering as if he hoped that she would show the same interest in his appearance.

"This afternoon we went over to see Bob Deering's horse," said Miss Devine, "and she's a perfect beauty, as fit as possible! Oh, she's in splendid form. I know she'll win. I'm going to put twenty-five francs on her to-morrow."

Mrs. Deering smiled radiantly at Trelawny. "You of course are betting on the favorite, John, aren't you?"

"I think not, if you mean the Rothschild horse." Trelawny's tone was indifferent. "On the contrary, I'm going to back Bob's mare."

And now Mrs. Deering's color did change. "Oh, John!" she cried.

The young French marquis saw and heard, and he knew what women's voices mean; being a Latin, he understood what the delicious flush, the darkening eyes, the sharp note in the voice signified.

Miss Devine turned to the marquis. "Of course you're going to bet in the same way?" she asked.

Maurice de Forêt met his fiancée's clear eyes and hesitated, then looked over at Trelawny and laughed. He was equal to the occasion, and said, gallantly: "Why, of course, *ma chère*, I am. I'm going to back Bon Jour with all my heart, with all my heart." To himself he added under his breath: "And the odds are forty against her."

As the four walked along together Trelawny mused: "That young chap is a true sport; he's as game as he can be, and better than being a true sport, he is a true lover."

III.

The following day on the race-course Trelawny said to Mrs. Deering, by whose side he sat: "Do you remember, dear lady, that you have rather taken it upon yourself to protect De Forêt? I mean to say that you said you'd stand for him?"

Trelawny was holding her parasol, her fan, her gold purse full of louis, her handkerchief, and his own cane and field-glasses. Mrs. Deering herself had mounted on a chair so that she might see the race-track and she was applauding the first event with enthusiasm.

She replied smartly: "I'm *standing* uncertainly, John, and I'm afraid my high heels will tip me over. There, I've won, I knew I would! Won't you go, like an angel, and cash my bets? Give me my purse. You can stuff my winnings in your pocket; they aren't so enormous!"

During Trelawny's absence Mrs. Deering watched the scene around her with animation. There is nothing prettier than the Trouville race day, and the sky and the turf on an August af-

ternoon look as if the old world had been washed clean.

Back of Mrs. Deering the tribune was like a floral display. Here and there a corner red as roses, there a mass of lily-white dresses enlivened by pink and blue parasols. Between the spectators and the race stretched the green lawn in bands of emeralds, whilst across it promenaded or stood in groups the people interested in the horses.

Alice and the marquis were seated near, their attention fixed on the race-course where the winner of the event, flying his blue ribbon, cantered triumphantly around the track. Mr. Deering, the worse for many cocktails, was one of a little group down by the railing. He talked familiarly with his jockey whilst Bon Jour, blanketed to the eyes, was being led up and down the outside track, alongside of Rothschild's beautiful gelding.

As Trelawny returned he gave to Mrs. Deering a handful of gold which she stuffed into her purse, and he repeated:

"But you do remember, don't you, that you stood for De Forêt?"

"What a bother and a tease you are, John Trelawny!" she exclaimed. "Do you think the race-course is any place to take me to account for the silly things I say? But I do remember, and I do stand. What's the trouble, that he needs me?"

Trelawny was serious. "Well, it seems to me he needs a great many things to get him on the plane where he should be."

"What plane is that?"

"Why, on his feet, my dear friend."

"Well, he's head over heels in love," Mrs. Deering nodded, "but I think you'll find that when he finally lands, Maurice will be perfectly perpendicular."

"He won't," returned the other, "at all events, land in the bosom of his family."

And here Mrs. Deering looked away on the race-course and laughed.

"Has he heard from his people, then?"

"Oh, yes," said Trelawny easily.

"They seem to have all the firmness that he lacks."

Mrs. Deering relinquished the interest of the moment to that of a sentimental character.

"Poor Alice!" she exclaimed. "It's of course only a question of *dot*, otherwise there could be no possible objection. She is perfectly beautiful, the sweetest creature in the world; and she is a born marquise!"

Trelawny interrupted her impatiently:

"It would be more to the purpose if he were a born bread-winner and she were a dairymaid!"

"John, how vulgar you are!"

"Very!" He was wonderfully sarcastic for him. "Money is a very vulgar thing, my dear friend; it's as vulgar as air and bread and butter. It is like all other clean, decent vulgarity; it can be abused but it's necessary to life."

The two walked away a little from where the young couple chattered, indifferent to everything but each other.

"John," Mrs. Deering asked, "what do your rebellious phrases imply? Are you really going to make a home for —"

Trelawny said stubbornly: "No! I am going to show him how to make one for himself."

And Mr. Trelawny, who had never before thought out a plan or scheduled a scheme for the wise distribution of the good, continued:

"I have a ranch out West. I now need an overseer—a man of brains, good temper, and physical endurance. It's a good enough berth for any determined chap who has his way to make and an ideal to work for. I purpose to send this Frenchman out on a salary, and to see what stuff he's made of. After a year or two, he will be in a position to ask any girl to be his wife. I'll raise his salary, and if Alice is the girl I take her for, she will help him there."

"And his family?"

"Damn his family!" said the aroused Trelawny.

Mrs. Deering laughed.

"Really! That is casual of you! But you don't know them and can't! They

can quite spoil the whole thing as far as Alice is concerned. His tradition and race, his home and all it means to him—why you *can't* roughly run against all the old conventions like that, my dear man!"

"Well," said the ruthless gentleman, "then he can go and feed on their charity, can take to his fleshpots, and give up the girl. She is far too good for any foreign fortune-hunter anyway. You spoil a man, all of you. You'd prefer a disreputable roué to a cowboy with money in his pocket and a heart."

Mr. Deering, who had been observing from a distance, through the haze formed by countless cocktails, the figure of his wife in her white dress as well as the figure of Trelawny, here came swaggering up to them both. Bob Deering was never jealous, but sometimes Trelawny's constant attention to his neglected wife pricked the man to be decent to Mrs. Deering. As her husband drew near, Mrs. Deering asked Trelawny quickly: "And what do you think the marquis will say to your plan?"

Trelawny laughed. "Since you know him so well, how do you think he'll take it? You tell me."

"Why, he'll refuse, of course," said Mrs. Deering. "If he can't marry Alice properly, he'll give her up."

Trelawny cast a fatherly glance to where the young people sat talking together; the marquis in gray clothes of the latest London make, a white rose in his buttonhole, and monocle in his eye, a figure more unlike the traditional cowboy one could scarcely conceive.

"Your taste is good, my dear friend." His voice was delighted. "Your instinct as a connoisseur is faultless; but you are not quite sure of your work of art this time!" He nodded kindly at the Parisian. "He's all right. He's a true sport, a lover and a man. De Forêt knows my Wild West scheme and has *accepted*."

At the ringing of the bell before the last event Mr. Deering left his post by the railing, and came up and joined the little group of his friends just below the Grand Stand. He lit a cigar,

threw down the match, smoked furiously, and nerved himself for the strain.

Nodding toward the betting contingent, he muttered:

"They're a lot of sheep! They're all betting on the favorite naturally. Bon Jour wasn't mentioned for place even. Poor little girl!"

The ignored little racer ambled around the field, her jockey in crimson and white doubled up upon her back after the manner of his profession. Bon Jour was as golden red as a young chestnut; she had four white feet that twinkled on the fragrant turf whose odors of crushed blades and green blades, of earth and the distant shimmering sea, went to her pretty head. She threw it up eagerly as her disputants filled the field. There were nine horses scheduled, but only five qualified—the Rothschild gelding, an English gray, and two others named for probable places.

"She's cool as a rose," murmured Bon Jour's owner. "And just look at her form, will you?"

It was charming, and already the American's horse was attracting attention.

Miss Devine rose on her chair, from which her excitement threatened at any moment to precipitate her.

"Oh, Maurice—of course she'll win! Isn't she a *dear*? How much will I make on twenty-five francs?"

Trelawny smiled.

"A frightful amount! There are forty to one up on her, Alice."

The girl mentally calculated, exclaimed with pleasure, and with sparkling eyes watched the lining up of the racers. Neck to neck they stood, a splendid showing of satin and shine from fetlock to forelock, equine beauty enough to glad a sporting man's heart; and all five were away before Miss Devine was even sure which one was the great Grimace.

From the first the favorite's nose was to the good. His shapely body followed, and when the horses came in sight again beyond the right-hand hedge, he had put four lengths be-

tween himself and the others. The winner of the Grand Prix had all the field with him. But the gray gelding, who strained at Grimace's flanks, had no staying powers, although he was backed as strongly for place as was Grimace to win. As he fell back Bon Jour began to attract notice.

Trelawny and De Forêt exchanged glances over the absorbed figure of Bob Deering. "She may yet win place," murmured the younger man.

At that moment Miss Devine cried: "Oh, a jockey's off. Oh, Bob—it's Bon Jour! She's *thrown* her jockey! I see the red and white."

But Deering, biting his cigar fiercely, laughed in scorn. "She's thrown *them* all right. She's left them all *behind* her—see!" He pointed. "There are only three running."

And indeed as they came again in sight one of the horses was seen to be wandering loose about the course, and another cantered nonchalantly some hundred yards behind.

"She's not even *trying*," murmured her enchanted owner. "She's cool as a rose."

As they came rushing over the wide turf-sweep that lay like an emerald sea crested by the dark waves of the hedges, as the horses rocked like ships over the obstacles, it was seen that Bon Jour closely followed the favorite.

The cries which had named the Rothschild gelding from the start were now mingled, and Bon Jour, flying around the emerald course, might have heard her name for the first on the public lips. She was running gracefully, her head even with the favorite's saddle, and the English gray was a far-off third. Bon Jour was pressing to fame.

At the last hurdle, as they appeared flying in full sight of the Grand Stand, it was evident that the pretty creature had made her better good. The horses leaped simultaneously and came down on all fours, with Grimace to the rear, and among the frantic acclamation with which the public is always ready to greet the surprise of unlooked-for merit, Bon Jour passed Grimace by two feet at the goal. Bob Deering was an

interesting figure on the turf, his horse was worth twenty thousand pounds.

IV.

Several hours later, Trelawny, early in the drawing-room, walked up and down waiting the arrival of the ladies. He had paid down-stairs a hundred francs for the privilege of dining in the window of the restaurant, because Mrs. Deering chanced to remark that one saw the room better from that point. And the head waiter even after this monstrous tip said that if the ladies were late there would be no possibility even of keeping this gilt-edge table for them. It was the night of the year at Trouville. Boldi and his Hungarians played to five hundred people in the dining-room.

Trelawny looked at the clock; they had yet ten minutes' grace.

Extremely satisfied with himself, with Bon Jour, above all with the French marquis, Trelawny felt a glow of affection for the whole French nation.

Just then, Alice Devine entered the room hurriedly.

"Oh, Mr. Trelawny!" she exclaimed, half-putting out her hand; then drawing it back again, she bit her lips. "I thought I should find Eleanor here."

She gave a little gasp and put her handkerchief to her eyes to his consternation; then to his relief controlled herself.

"Maurice has just told me *everything*." She repeated the word with much the same desperation that De Forêt had put into a gesture which Trelawny knew meant ruin.

"He's too wonderful! Too *glorious*, Mr. Trelawny! Isn't he? I loved him before, but I adore him now, even if he is ridiculous! He's glorious. I never heard anything so terrible and so silly!"

She dashed her tears away.

"She's adorable," Trelawny was obliged to acknowledge as he watched her.

"Why, how could you be so cruel? Yes, I will say it, so cruel, so hard, so brutal, Mr. Trelawny?"

"*Brutal?*" He fairly whispered the word in his surprise.

"Why, fancy Maurice in the West, in the dreadful Western life, in that climate!"

"Why, it is the Garden of Eden," murmured Trelawny.

"Oh, I mean to say with cattle and cowboys."

"Come," interrupted her father's friend practically, "you don't know what you are talking about, Alice. You don't talk like an American girl. This will make a man of him!"

Miss Devine called in scorn:

"*A man of him!* What do you think he is? He's the finest man I ever saw. You don't know him. Just because he has a title and his mother spoils him, and because he has been a little reckless in debts and things——"

Her tears had dried and her cheeks flamed.

"Why, Maurice has served three years as a common soldier in the Madagascar Army, and that's no cinch! Cuba's a joke to it. He's had the fever and marched with it. He's slept all night with no coverings but the clothes he had worn for weeks. He's eaten mildewed bread and drunk dirty water. He's been a soldier three years. The way I came to know him was at Dinard, where he swam out into the sea to save a fisherman who couldn't swim, and all the town was out in the storm to welcome him. They carried him up the streets in their arms." She waited a minute to steady her voice. "He's been two years exploring in Abyssinia with a native caravan—no white man near him. He's the youngest man wearing the Legion of Honor in France. And you want to send him out to make a cowboy of him in the American West, to turn him into a man!"

Mr. Trelawny had never heard such impressive, youthful scorn. Alice threw her pretty head back and laughed.

"Do you know many cowboys who have been three years a soldier; traveled through unexplored countries; written a book that was crowned by an academy at twenty-five? Well, I don't!" she said boldly. "Of course I like his title;

of course I am proud of his traditions! They're fine! and it is no dishonor to love his château and his Paris hôtel, and I'd love his mother, too—if she'd let me. But I adore Maurice *as he is*, and he's man enough for me!"

The floor seemed to quiver under poor Trelawny.

"I didn't know all these things, Alice."

She was still un pitying.

"Of course not! Americans never do know. They only *judge*. You didn't think Maurice would tell you all his good points! He doesn't think they are anything. He sees only the fact that he has debts, and that we are both poor, and his family won't give their consent."

Trelawny smiled and said:

"He is naturally forced to see these things, my dear child."

The girl softened at his tone and said more gently: "Well, they are terrible facts, of course. It only means that my heart is broken, but it doesn't mean that I will consent to your plan, or his plan, Mr. Trelawny. I won't make him break his mother's heart and ruin his career for me."

The gentleman came up and took her hands; his voice was very gentle.

"What, then, will you do?"

"Oh, wait," she said, with less spirit. "Wait until his mother consents, or until she dies."

Here Mrs. Deering and the marquis opened the door, and they both started back at the sight of tearful beauty being consoled by Trelawny.

But the girl cried cheerily: "Oh, come along in, all of you; I've just been going for Mr. Trelawny."

De Forêt came forward eagerly. "Don't listen to her, monsieur," he prayed the American; "don't listen to her."

But Trelawny looked doubtfully from her to the Frenchman, and asked him quizzically:

"Well, how do *you* feel about it all?"

The Frenchman shrugged and laughed. "Why, I'm already half a cowboy."

Mrs. Deering had drawn the young

girl toward her. She did not know how far their plans had gone, but she said rather defiantly: "Cowboy! Oh, what utter nonsense! Alice is a born marquise!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Trelawny," the girl cried impetuously, "reason with Maurice, won't you? He's so horribly obstinate. Please tell him how ridiculous this idea that you have given him is! I assure you that if he goes West and breaks with his family, I'll never marry him. I don't mind waiting for him, not if it's forever."

Mrs. Deering was determined to have the whole thing out. "Why, you don't seem to get it through your head," she said severely, "that you neither of you have a sou. Maurice can never earn any money in France."

Alice sighed; her lips trembled and she was obliged to capitulate.

"Oh, if what you say is really true, and I suppose it is"—Trelawny saw how pale she had grown. She drew a deep breath and looking up, not at her lover but at Trelawny, said softly: "Well, I guess I'll have to give him up."

But here De Forêt made an exclamation, and before them all he took the girl in his arms.

"Give me up!" he exclaimed. "Well, I think I've something to say about it. But Trelawny is right; I must work for you, and I will. We'll both go West together. Won't you—won't you come with me?"

"And your mother?" whispered the girl.

"Nothing," said De Forêt, splendidly living up to Mr. Trelawny's idea of love, "nothing counts but you!"

Over the heads of the two young people Trelawny met Mrs. Deering's eyes, and in his, he could not help it, there was a triumphant and keen delight; and in hers, there were anger and something like tears.

The waiter put his head in at the door at this juncture and implored them to come down if they wanted a seat in the window, for there were five hundred people in the room.

"Oh, we're coming," Mrs. Deering

cried impatiently, and said to her friend Alice: "There's some eau de Cologne on the table, put it on your eyes, and don't be long or we'll lose our places, although John has paid a hundred francs for the table. Let the West keep! I fancy it will."

As she went out of the door Trelawny followed her, and she said to him in the hall, more tartly than she had ever spoken before: "Well, I hope you're satisfied. I never saw a more perfect inquisitor. Why didn't you live at the time of the Spanish persecution!"

Trelawny ignored her scathing question.

"I *am* satisfied," he said happily, "with both of them; they're bricks!"

Mrs. Deering made no reply as she rustled along by his side to the elevator.

Trelawny followed the brilliant woman, a sense of defeat came over him, and with less conviction he repeated:

"I *am* satisfied, but you, my friend, are not."

"Oh," shrugged Mrs. Deering desperately, "you know I've no right to think or feel or criticize. I never pretend to run people's lives or to act the benefactor or to take the place of Fate."

The light danced and sparkled on the jet in her black dress, on the jewels on her neck. Under her black feather-hat her face, brilliant and glowing, seemed for once to be defiant to him, her handsome eyes were dark with displeasure.

The poor fellow could never recall having caused a cloud to ruffle her face before in his life. It was not like her. Her tenderness for a second had gone. He could not live without that, he knew it, whatever else he must forego.

"At least," he said, with some sadness, "I suppose that you are right; if one can buy even a honeymoon for another couple he should not lose the opportunity."

Mrs. Deering looked up at him quickly. They had reached the ground floor—they had left the elevator and they stood side by side in the hall. The lady had softened a little, not really much, still he noticed the change and began to be grateful.

Trelawny continued spiritlessly: "Alice, if you remember, begged me to tell De Forêt how perfectly ridiculous my scheme for the Wild West is. I will tell him willingly, you will coach me—there'll be some pleasure in that, at least; and then I'll find out for what sum the Marquise de Forêt will sell her son. I'll buy him," he said, "for Alice, and of course"—he brought it out quite simply—"I shall give the girl a dowry."

Mrs. Deering stepped back and looked at him. He felt before that she would sweep him with her eyes, and now she looked at him, she cried his name out. "John!" she said. "John!" That was all.

But in the exclamation, in the change of her mobile face, in the lovely gesture that her hand made, as if it would have gone to his, poor Trelawny was forced to feel himself eminently, gloriously repaid, and it is not too much to say that he did.

V.

Poor Trelawny as he left his friends that night found himself more lonely than ever in his lonely life.

Miss Devine had bidden good night to the Marquis de Forêt under the shadow of the hotel pavilion, whilst Mrs. Deering and Trelawny himself in kindly understanding had turned away to leave the fiancés alone.

On their parts, John Trelawny and Mrs. Deering had exchanged only a few words together. Since she had first known Trelawny, Eleanor Deering had never seen him more constrained, more nearly cold. The poor man at the moment was realizing his own lonely part in everything. He was not, at least as far as declaration went, any woman's lover; the night with its stars, its fresh salt sweetness, the wide beauty of the Norman shores, made no especial setting for any love-scene of his.

Mrs. Deering touched his arm. "Look, John," she said. "Isn't that the lovely woman we've so often remarked? See, she's all alone. How curious! She's going over to the Casino to play, I suppose. *What* can have happened to the man who has been with her all

this time—where is the Prince Pollonna?"

As Trelawny turned his head in the direction indicated, through the trees passed along the figure of a slender woman, trailing her long thin gown over the pebbles and the grass. She disappeared in the lighted doorway of the Casino.

"You are quite bearish to-night," Mrs. Deering said reproachfully, "quite a bear! I believe you're angry at us all—or is it only *I* who have offended you? Dear John, you may, I promise, carry out all your philanthropy without my interference; I won't even criticize or tease. I promise you next time you shall go sweetly and serenely on your foolish way. But, tell me, aren't you the *least* little bit happy in Alice's happiness?"

"Oh," Trelawny got out with effort, "it would be difficult, wouldn't it, to be quite such a bear as not to be glad for her? But I believe I've suddenly grown awfully selfish, for I find I'm so ridiculous as to want for myself—"

When he stopped she did not help him, but instead persisted gently with the wicked feminine way she had of urging him, tempting him on:

"What, then, what? Can't you tell me? What it is you want, John?"

Trelawny laughed almost roughly and said: "No, it's a secret, and I'm one of those unusual creatures who can keep a secret."

Mrs. Deering's face changed. He saw the shadow that crossed it. "Come," she sighed, "I mustn't forget my duty as chaperon. I have been already too sufficiently American, and I must take Alice indoors."

Trelawny at this moment had seen Bob Deering emerge from a still more shadowy corner, a cigar between his teeth. Drawing his wife's arm through his, Deering nodded to Trelawny and said they had all better be going up. Trelawny noted bitterly the satisfaction on Deering's bestial, indulgent face, and the content the man felt with himself this evening, his triumph at the race's termination. His horse was fa-

mous, and his wife had been called to-day the loveliest woman in Trouville. And not for the first time Trelawny raged at the proprietorship with which Deering considered his wife. For the smallest part of a second he fancied that Mrs. Deering drew away, half-turned away, looked toward him; and in dread that he might, if he met her eyes, see some look like appeal, Trelawny avoided meeting her glance. He then saw the four, Alice and the marquis, Mr. Deering and Eleanor, pass under the glass roof of the hotel, leaving him standing alone.

Trelawny waited until they had disappeared, then turned about abruptly, vaguely, in search of human beings with whom he might exchange a word should he feel inclined to talk; dreading the deserted gardens and finding his own rooms the dreariest prospect of all, he went into the Casino with the intention of waiting for De Forêt, who he thought more than likely would come and join him there.

The marquis failing him, Trelawny finally chose a place not far from the table where the lovely woman Mrs. Deering and himself had remarked, seated herself before the game.

But Trelawny's sense of desolation and loneliness would not leave him. If his luck had been bad the excitement of the sport might have brought him some sensation; but, on the contrary, he won. "Only," he said humorously as he gathered up his winnings, "only unlucky in love!"

It was well on in the night when he thrust his last roll of bank-notes into his pocket. He had beaten the bank; he had raked up, stuffed away a small fortune.

As he wandered out through the deserted room he noted bent over the table, her head in her hand, a woman who, in spite of his sincere absorption in Eleanor Deering, had, like some temptation, crossed his mind when he first came into the Casino. No one had disturbed the player, and she remained alone in this dejected posture for some time.

This one among the many women

who throng Trouville, Trelawny and his party had remarked for several days. She had first appeared alone; made a discreet appearance on the beach, passed through the Rue de Paris, and kept away from the more public parts of the town. Later she had been joined by a man well known in the world, the Prince Pollonna, who was traveling incognito. The woman's beauty and manner were such that her actual standing had been a mooted question; it had even been remarked that she was the princess herself, incognita, but that they all knew to be impossible.

Before the official who waited to see the last players leave the *salle* could speak to her, she rose of her own accord, gathering her silken cloak about her, and went quickly from the gambling-room.

Trelawny, following her, observed her closely. Tall, very slender, with a fine carriage and a lovely blond head set on the most graceful of necks—older than Alice and younger than Mrs. Deering, she was just as *comme il faut* as they. All along she had worn a collar and rope of pearls which had excited Alice Devine's enthusiasm. To-night she was denuded of her jewels; her neck was bare.

Trelawny remarked this as he walked behind in full view of the soft adorable nuque below the curls of the girl's fair hair. She trailed her dress slowly along the garden walks, her white figure in the darkness escaping from him a little as the trees made an avenue for her. But Trelawny distinctly felt that he was expected to follow. Whether or not he might intrude, he did not ask as he came along, surprised, however, to see her actually stop short within a few feet of him.

Under the cold light of the big incandescent lamp, her arms limp at her side, her face raised, the girl remained immovable for a few seconds whilst Trelawny, without a question as to whether or not he would be an intruder, came up to her and touched her arm.

"You cannot stop here, madame, you must not," he commanded. "The garden is deserted. Let me be of some

service to you, let me give you my arm and see you to your hotel."

At the sound of his voice and its kind consideration the girl slowly turned her head, and her face, thus fully presented to him, was nevertheless exquisitely lovely, pale and drawn as it was. There was rather a defiant look in her eyes as she said softly, with emphasis on the pronoun: "*You?*"

Trelawny, not understanding why it should be himself rather than another, accepted nevertheless what she said.

"Yes. You see, I'm late as well. We chance to be here alone, both of us, and if your need is ever so small, nevertheless you have need of me."

She repeated: "Need of *you?*" Then interrupted: "No, no, please don't bother; just let me be here alone."

But her agitation was so marked, her voice so broken, that its quality of despair froze Trelawny and gave him a sudden start, a morbid shiver, and he never knew what impulse made him seize her little hand, when he did seize it, and taking from its grasp what it held throw the weapon far out across the grass where it struck—a hard, cold bit of steel—to lie and rest until it should be picked up as a relic of gambling misfortunes.

"My poor child!" he said, with excited pity. "What in God's name makes you think of such a thing! You must—you will come with me; I insist upon it now, I insist upon taking you to your hotel."

The girl gave a cry in answer to what he said, and bursting into tears, she leaned against her companion and her head touched his shoulder.

Trelawny saw that her grief was not hysterical. For a few moments he actually held her, his own face raised to the quiet stars of the Norman sky.

"This," he meditated, "makes the third couple: Alice and the man she is to marry; Eleanor Deering and her husband; now John Trelawny and this woman. My heavens," he half-cried, "is this my only portion?"

The girl had composed herself, murmured that he was to forgive her and leave her, and let her go on alone.

"No," said Trelawny firmly, "I am going to take you home, there's no use in forbidding me. You don't for a moment suppose that I would be likely to let you go alone!"

"I'm not inclined to forbid you," she retorted, with a certain significance, "and I'm stopping at the Roche Noire. You may, if you like, come along."

It was evident that she did not wish to talk, and simply offering his arm as a support for her, Trelawny took the girl back on foot the long way to her hotel.

In the corridor, where the watchman waited to lock up, he looked understandingly at the couple as though accustomed to their sort. But the woman put her hand out to Trelawny in something like appeal.

"Will you," she asked, with perfect simplicity, "come for a few moments to my sitting-room? I'm alone here, and I want further to thank you."

Trelawny, on their way to the hotel, decided in his mind that he would not leave her until he was certain that she would not take her life before morning. He followed her up-stairs through the silent, deserted hotel. The room was evidently part of a suite, and in the disorder of packing and departure.

As Trelawny put his hat and stick down on the table, the girl threw off her cloak and gloves. He took a vacant chair at her invitation and she herself sat down on the sofa beside a band-box and a dressing-case. She smiled at him quite naturally.

"Please don't think any more of the pistol," she said tranquilly, "it will never again come into the question. It was not my pistol, anyway. I found it as I was packing my things. Nevertheless, you've saved my life, I expect—though whether I could have shot myself when it came to the point, I don't know."

Trelawny said kindly: "Don't think of it—don't think of it or talk of it any more. I'm glad to hear you put it as you do, but the more important question is—what can we do to bury the whole thing out of sight and to help you?"

The girl opposite him fixed her eyes on him with great intentness. She seemed to drink him in.

"Why do you want to help me?" she asked quietly.

Trelawny smiled. "I don't think there's anything easier to answer than that," he said. "Doesn't it go without saying from a human point of view, from a personal point of view, indeed, from every point of view?"

She said nothing.

"You've lost heavily," Trelawny continued. "I saw that. On the contrary, I was horribly lucky." He took from his pocket as he spoke rolls of notes and rolls and piles of louis.

In the course of his life, being very rich and very generous, he had grown to think of himself as a machine, useful as it turned out money, and he had come to believe that money was a panacea for almost every ill. For other people his money had succeeded in buying love, marriage, children and home. He now piled the stuff on the table.

"I won, too, at the races," he said. "If you had backed Mr. Deering's horse you, too, would have been able to cash a large fortune." He drew out more money. "I'm glad I've been lucky to-day, if you will let me make my luck yours."

The girl beside him threw back her head and laughed, and her mouth was so mirthless and her laugh so hard that Trelawny glanced up in surprise. She ran her fingers through the gold, she bent down over the gold with no light on her face, her hand faltered amongst the notes. Then promptly looking up at him with a sweeping flash of pity but as well with an expression so personal and so devoted—in short, so near love that if John Trelawny had not belonged heart and soul to another woman he would have fallen at her feet—she said:

"This is a fortune!" Her accent was British and her voice very soft and sweet. "It is quite a large fortune, isn't it? My debts here are small. This money would leave me very rich indeed. I have not fifteen pounds in the world," she said simply. "I work for my living,

too. I've been extravagant, for I've really made a lot of money, but lately I've thrown everything away. Yesterday my pearls were sold, and my jewels went last week; the races and the Casino did the rest! *This* would make me quite rich."

"Work for her living!" Trelawny thought, with a pang as he looked at her. "Heavens, poor dear!" A thousand questions came to his lips, but he asked her none.

"It is very droll that this money should have come from *you*." She repeated "From you" with the same insistence on the pronoun that he had before remarked as strange. "Even now you don't know me, do you? *Don't* you know who I am?"

"No," Trelawny wondered, "and yet I have certainly seen you before, but save as I have noticed and admired you here at Trouville, I don't *think* I know you. *Should* I?"

"You have seen me then here," she caught delightedly, "you have actually noticed me? You said 'admire'; did you perhaps find something in me to like?"

"Who," he said, with sincerity, "could help himself? Of course I've seen you and remarked you with your friend."

Here she bit her lip and put up her hand. "Oh, *please*," she frowned. "Oh, *please*!"

Trelawny, surprised at her accents of distress, murmured an excuse and said he was much at fault—he should remember.

But here the girl smiled. "Well, it is not exactly a *duty* to know me," she smiled. "Still, my name is not quite unknown. I play in 'The Shining Lights Company, The Warren Company.' I am Felicia Warren—*now* haven't you seen me play?"

He was sorry, very, very sorry that he had not! Oh, but he knew her name and her success; they were famous. He wished he could have assured her that he had admired her before the footlights, but he was a shocking old fogey and went out very little, very little indeed to the theaters any more.

Felicia Warren's eyes strayed down

to the table on which the money was so alluringly spread, then she glanced up at him and exclaimed: "You speak as if you were a thousand years old, and you don't look a day older than when I saw you last; you see I have a good memory." Before he could exclaim and ask her a question she went on: "I have been touring in Australia and the colonies, still I go now and then to the Continent, though I am almost always in London." She paused, then looked at him fully with her great blue eyes. "Don't you remember, Mr. Trelawny, a *great* many years ago when you took a shooting-box in Blankshire? Don't you remember?"

Staring at her, trying to place the image which was now taking form—he did; he did remember it—and she?

Miss Warren nodded. "There was a mill there on the place; Rugby Doan was the miller, he is the miller still." Didn't Mr. Trelawny remember that Doan had a daughter? She had been fifteen years old then, she had ambitions; she was altogether a ridiculous and silly little thing; didn't he remember?

Trelawny was silent.

The gentleman, Mr. Trelawny, took a strong liking to Doan; he gave him the money to educate his daughter. Oh, dear me, such a generous lot of money! Then, as the girl was extraordinarily silly—she had ambitions—she went on the stage. Her father never forgave her, poor father! She had never seen him since. "Mr. Trelawny, don't you remember Felicia Doan? I am the miller's daughter."

He knew her; he had known some seconds, and at once saw her as she had been twelve years before. A pretty creature in a print frock; the same lovely face, the same lovely form. She seemed to pass, as Trelawny looked at her, under the pale green of the Blankshire willows, and by her side the waters splashing over the wheel sent music down the stream. His money had educated her and given her learning beyond her station; had helped her to go where she would; had been the means of making her what he saw to-night.

What was she? Through what had she passed? An actress, an actress in a comedy company which had toured the colonies. Heavens! Poor Doan! Poor miller's daughter!

Trelawny extended his hand. He wanted to say: "My poor child, my poor little girl," but Miss Warren's dignity forbade it. "No wonder your face was familiar," he said quietly; "no wonder! How I wish I might have seen you play. But we must do something to make your father look at things in a better light. What can we do?"

The girl shook her head. "Nothing," she said absently; "oh, nothing. You know what an English peasant is! Or perhaps you *don't*! My greatest kindness is to keep away from the mill on the Rose."

But Felicia Warren was not thinking of Blankshire or of her father. Still looking down at the money on the table, not even toward her newly found friend, she went on:

"It is not half as curious our meeting here as one might think. I knew you were here before I came, and I have watched you every day with—with your friends." A slight expression of amusement crossed her face as, looking up, she caught his puzzled expression. "Ah, *how* you wonder about it!" she laughed gently. Coming a little nearer to him, she went on: "You see you have been my benefactor, haven't you?"

Trelawny wondered in just how far he *had* been beneficent!

"It's natural I should remember you with gratitude—isn't it? Thanks to you I have made my name." Her pride was touching. "You've made it possible for me to know the world, to know life and to have my career. And now," she emphasized, "you come to save my life and afterward give me a little fortune." Here again she pointed to the money. "My father took your money for years, Mr. Trelawny, but *this—this* must all go back. You must take it back soon—not that it could really tempt me, but it hurts me to see it there."

Trelawny, more wretched than he had yet been in his philanthropic failures, stared at her helplessly. This

blind beneficence, this gift made to the miller in a moment of enthusiasm, had produced—how could he otherwise believe?—fatal results. Here was this delicate creature in the fastest place in Europe, deserted by a man who had brought her here, on the verge of suicide.

Whilst she spoke Felicia Warren gathered up the gold and notes, and she was thrusting the money into his hands.

"Please, please be reasonable," he pled. "You must let me help you. There isn't any question of delicacy in the situation in which you find yourself to-night. If ever a man should be a woman's friend I should be this friend to you—and you must let me. *Don't* refuse. Money is such a little thing, such a stupid little thing."

Miss Warren shook her head obstinately. "Oh, that depends! I've worked so hard that money often seems to me—everything. Indeed, I thought so to-night when I had not a sou! I shall think so to-morrow when they seize my trunks for the hotel bill."

"Seize your trunks!" he exclaimed. "Why—you don't mean to say—"

The actress blushed crimson. "Oh, of course you thought otherwise," she said, throwing up her pretty head. "I pay for my own livelihood, Mr. Trelawny," she told him proudly. "I pay for everything I have and wear and eat and do. Don't feel badly at misunderstanding," she comforted him sweetly, "you have nothing to apologize for. Why should you or anybody think otherwise. But I don't in the least care what people say or think; that is, I only care what one person says."

With some of his gold in her palm and some of his bills in her hands, Felicia Warren put both her hands on Trelawny's arm. "No," she softly said, "I only care what one person thinks. Can't you see that *you* mustn't give me this?"

"No," he persisted doggedly, charmed by her beyond his reason, and angry to find that she would not let him help her in the way he wished. "I do *not* see! You must let me help you, you shall not be driven to desperation."

"Driven to desperation!" Her ex-

pression seemed to say: Yes, so she had been! But not through financial anxieties. "Why, I had rather starve than take your money. I could far sooner have taken it from poor Pollonna, who left me so dreadfully angry this morning."

For a second neither spoke. He saw the soft mobile face touched to its finest. Felicia's eyes were violet and large, and their expression at the moment pierced him with its appeal.

"Don't you see?" she whispered. Her voice broke here. Her hands trembled on his arm; some of the gold rattled on the floor and rolled under the divan; she swayed and Trelawny caught her.

"Ever since you came to the mill," she whispered, "ever—since—you—came—to—the—mill."

Before Trelawny had time to realize what she said, or the fact that his arm was about her, she had rushed across the room, thrown open the window and gone out on the balcony. Left alone with what her words implied, Trelawny watched her go.

The clock on the mantel pointed to three, and through the open window came the long rushing sound of the sea on the beach. The day was breaking, and Trelawny could see the white figure of Felicia Warren between the lighted room and the dawn.

He told himself that there was no reason why he should look upon her as anything but an adventuress—and a very clever one, a very dangerous one. But, at all events, there was no doubt that she was Felicia Doan. She refused his money, and she told him that she loved him. But John Trelawny, man of the world as he was, did not reason at all along these lines. Whether because he was vain as most men are, or because he was susceptible as he always told himself he was, he believed what she said. More than once during the week at Trouville when she should have been absorbed in Pollonna, Trelawny had caught her eyes fastened upon himself and as soon as she had met his own she had turned hers away.

He had no difficulty now in recalling the mill on the Rose, or the lovely bit

of country where his shooting-box had held him captive for nearly the hunting season. Nor had he any difficulty in recalling the miller and his pretty daughter. Felicia even then had been a wonder of good looks, and very intelligent and mature. He could even see her as a child more plainly than he could call up the woman who had just left him. She had been a pretty, romantic girl and, he confessed it now and remembered it, she had deeply charmed him.

He had walked with her under the willows; he had told her many things; he had gone boating with her on the Rose; he had tramped with her along the English lanes. Of course he had been wrong in doing it. He had known it at the time—he had known it.

And perhaps one reason why he never reverted willingly to the days spent with the girl was because his conscience had not left him free. The money given to Doan Trelawny he had always felt was a sort of recompense for hours of pleasure to which he had no right. Even at the time he had feared that he had disturbed the girl's peace, and because he had not wished her to disturb his own he had given up his lease and left the place.

Twelve years! Well, they had altered her enormously, and her life had altered her, and her experiences, and she was a very charming creature. She was in a measure his very work, almost his creation. He had helped her to change her station, to alter her life. What had she become?

Trelawny's reflections consumed twenty minutes by the clock. He had smoked a cigarette and walked up and down the deserted room, passing many times the table where his gold lay scattered.

Finally—he did not dare to trust himself to go out to her—he called Felicia Warren's name gently, and she came directly in.

Whilst alone on the balcony she had wept. Trelawny could see the trace on her cheeks, and she was paler even than when he had struck the pistol from her hand in the gardens of the Casino.

She came over to where he stood and said sincerely: "It's not a ruse, Mr. Trelawny. Girls like me always have ideals. It is fame with some, money with others, dress and a social craze for a lot of them. But with me, ever since you came, it has been you. Everything you said to me twelve years ago I have remembered. Silly as it seems, I could almost tell the very words. I have seen a lot of men since, too many," she said, "and known them too well. But I have never seen anybody like you."

Trelawny tried to stop her. "But no," she pleaded, "let me go on. I've dreamed I might grow great, and that some day you'd see me play, and that I should play so well that you would go crazy about me! I have thought this, really, and I have lived for it, really—until—until——"

As he did not question her or interrupt, she went on:

"I said it was an ideal. Thinking of you and what I'd like to grow for you kept me, in spite of everything—and I fancy you know in my profession what that means—good."

Here Felicia Warren met his eyes frankly, with the same look of entire innocence with which she might have met his eyes under the willows near her father's mill.

"I've been so horribly afraid that, when you *did* come, there might be heaps of things you would not like that I have been awfully hard on myself, awfully!"

She was lacing and unlacing her slender fingers as she talked.

"I went to Paris this spring because I saw that you were there, and after passing you several times in the Bois and seeing that as far as I could judge you were just the same as you had been, I took a new courage, hoping, waiting for you, and being the best I knew. It seems awfully queer to hear a woman talk like this to a man"—she understood it herself—"but you see I'm used to speaking in public, and I suppose it is easier for me than for most women."

Trelawny, more eager than anything else to know what her life had really

been, surprised and incredulous at everything she said, broke in here:

"But this—this man?"

"Oh, Pollonna," she replied, "has been there for years, for years. He has loved me ever since I first made my *début*, and he followed me everywhere like a dog. I have never looked at any of them, until this week."

With a sigh as if she renounced all her dreams, she continued: "I grew tired of my romantic folly, I was ill and nervous and could not play any more, and that was dreadful. So, when Pollonna came to me in Paris this spring I gave him a sort of promise. I told him that I was coming to Trouville for the race week, that I would think things over, and that I would send him word."

She had picked up her handkerchief from the table where it lay beside her gloves and her cloak, and twisted the delicate object in her hands, whose whiteness and transparency Trelawny remarked.

"Well," she said shortly, "as you have seen I gave in—I gave in at last."

"Why," Trelawny asked abruptly, "did he leave you?"

But instead of answering him the girl said: "But you don't ask me why I sent for him to come?"

He was silent.

Here she hid her face, and through her fingers he could see the red rise all along her cheek. Her attitude, and more what she implied than what she said, and what he thought and feared, made the situation too much for him. With a slight exclamation, he put his arm about her and drew her to him. As she rested against him he could feel her relax, hear her sigh deeply. But, as he bent over her, she besought him to let her go, to set her free, and he obeyed at once.

"There," she said, "don't do that again—don't! Pollonna left me because he was jealous of you."

But at this, in sheer unbelief, her hearer exclaimed: "Oh, my dear girl!"

"Oh, yes," she nodded. "When he found that I did not love him, that I never could love him, he forced me to

tell him the truth. Oh, don't be afraid," she said, as though she anticipated his anger, "you are in no wise connected with it. He thinks of me as a romantic, foolish girl. He has laughed at me, tried to shake my faith, to destroy my ideal, but at least he was honest enough to believe me! And that is all I asked of him."

Not for one moment did Trelawny feel that she was weaving a web for him. There was something about her so sincere and simple, she was so fragile and fine and fair, there was so much of distinction in all she did and said that it put her well-nigh, one might say, touchingly apart from the class to which she belonged. Her art and her knocking about instead of coarsening her had refined her. She looked like a bit of ivory worn by experience and struggle to a fine polish, there was a brilliance about her, and he understood and felt, he instinctively saw and knew that she was unspoiled, that what she naively told him was true—she was good.

Trelawny considered himself sentimental, romantic and susceptible. Beauty, and a woman, in spite of his one unique love, never spoke to him in vain, and this girl touched him to the quick.

It took him some seconds to pull himself together. Then, to turn her thoughts from him, his from her, if he might, he questioned:

"What sort of a man is Prince Pollonna?"

"Oh," she cried warmly, "the best! A kind, good, honorable friend. He deserves something better than the horrors I have put him through, poor dear!"

"He seemed very devoted to you," Trelawny said, "if one could judge."

Not without pride she accepted the honor, and told Trelawny that the prince had always wanted to marry her. "I might have married him," she repeated, "easily a score of times. But how he appears to interest you," she said jealously.

"Only as he interests you," replied Trelawny, "and what you tell me is a great satisfaction. To be the Princess

Pollonna is an honor that many women would be glad to have conferred upon them."

Felicia Warren's good looks were undeniable, her *genre* was exquisite, and Trelawny again with no effort believed all she said. Princes had married far less royal looking women, of far more humble antecedents than Felicia Doan.

"Oh, his rank doesn't dazzle me," she murmured absently; "they seem all alike, and when they find out that I am not a certain kind they ask me to marry them. But if I could only get back to the mill on the Rose, Mr. Trelawny! If I might again see it as I used—if I could see you there as I used to see you; might walk by your side, row with you on the river; if I could hear the wheel again as I used to hear it then!" Her voice was delicious, a very note of the river of which she spoke. Oh, she must act well, there was no doubt about that; no wonder she had been a success. "If I might walk there with you—titles, even my art and all the rest—" She did not apparently dare to look at him as she spoke, but fixed her eyes across the room as if she saw back twelve years and into Blankshire. "If I could only, only go back again—with—you!"

In spite of himself, carried away by her voice, Trelawny said:

"You shall, you shall go back with me!"

"Oh, Mr. Trelawny!" she cried and caught his hand, steadying herself by the act.

"Wait," he murmured, "wait! Let me think it all out."

And, as she had done, Trelawny walked over to the window, to the balcony where the fresh air met his face, where the breath from the sea fanned him as the sharp scent of the sands blended with the scent of the meadow.

When he finally went back into the room, Felicia Warren had not moved. Just as he left her she sat deep back in the divan, leaning on her hand, with something like the glory of a dream on her face. Standing in front of her, Trelawny said slowly:

"I'm entirely free. No one in the

world depends upon me. I have no tie or bond to my life. I have freedom and money. So far, if what you say is all true—don't start so, for I believe it, every word—so far, I have spoiled your life."

But the girl shook her head.

"Oh, no, *you* haven't!" she assured Trelawny. "We make our own lives, I expect, and I told you that I could remember everything you ever said to me in the past—you never lied to me, and you were never anything but kind and dear. I've been a fool, a fool!"

Sitting there in her fragile evening dress, its ruffles torn and dragged where they had trailed across the pebbles in the street, the disorder of the room around her, its evidences of a homeless, wandering life, she seemed like a bit of flotsam that, no matter from what ship it had been blown, had at last drifted along the shore to his feet. Unhappy and deserted, she reached the very tenderest part of John Trelawny's nature. Tears rose to his eyes. Cost him what it would, he must save her.

But, as though the girl, with an instinctive fineness, divined, she rose, and going over to him, very gently laid her hand on his shoulder:

"You must go now, Mr. Trelawny. That is what I ask you to do. I have seemed to throw myself upon your mercy; but, in reality, I don't do any such thing. You will soon forget me, as you have been able to do all these years. The table is full of your money. I am poor, and yet I don't take it. Doesn't that prove a little my good faith? Doesn't it? Only think of me as the most romantic dreamer you ever saw, and of nothing more. Oh, no," she breathed softly, "no, a thousand times! I've answered your question before you have asked it! No, I couldn't, no one who wants love is content with pity. I would rather starve than take money from you, although I have lived on your money for years. I would rather be unhappy than take what you could offer me for love. You mustn't speak, you mustn't ask me. The temptation is very great, you know, and it might wreck me. No, Mr. Trelawny,

and the reason why I say it is because I've seen—I've seen!"

He repeated her words. "You've seen, but what do you mean? What have you seen?"

"I am going to tell you why I sent for Prince Pollonna, although you don't ask me. I came to Trouville alone—I saw you, I've watched you with your friends."

Trelawny bowed quietly. "The two young people are engaged to be married, and the other two are husband and wife—well?"

A spasm of pain crossed Felicia Warren's face, and she put what she had to say with singular delicacy for an actress who had risen from the people.

"I know," she said, "I understand; but when I saw you I knew that there was no hope for any other woman who loved you, and I gave up then. I sent for Pollonna."

The introduction of even so little into the room as the suggestion of the woman he loved startled Trelawny as nothing else under the circumstances could have done. It struck him like a lash. He was exorcised, and he looked more quietly at the girl whose confession and whose beauty had made him nearly disloyal to Eleanor Deering.

Felicia Warren was standing close to him as though she took the matter in her own hands and, mistress of herself, knew how much she could take and what she could deny herself.

"You can do nothing at all, just as you have always done—and I—I can learn to forget. But I have refused your money to-night," she said piteously, "haven't I? And I am penniless; I have refused, moreover, perhaps what no other woman who loves could refuse as well. Don't you think that there is something due *me*? Answer me this. Tell me. You do love her—you *do*?"

As she leaned against him the years seemed to fall away and to leave her a girl again, nothing more than a child he had known. He took her face between his hands and looked into it as one might look into a well. He saw nothing but his own reflection there.

"God knows," Trelawny said deeply,

"I could not willingly pain a living creature, and to think that I should have made you suffer, have made a woman suffer for years! Let me do all I can, my dear, let me, let me!"

"You *do* love her?" she persisted.

Trelawny's hands dropped to his side. "With all my soul," he said, "with all my soul!"

Trelawny thought she would sink to the floor, but instead she caught fast hold of the table on which his money lay. She leaned on it heavily, refusing his aid. He took one of the girl's cold hands in his.

"Listen, listen! Let me say a word. How do you think it makes a man feel to hear what you have told me to-night? How does it make him feel to see you as you are, to grow to know you in such a short—in such a terrible way—and in a few hours to grow to know you so well? To find you dear, desirable, and then to leave you, as you tell me I must leave you? I can't do it! I have never been so miserable in my life, and if I find I am entirely helpless to serve you I can never get over the regret."

Felicia Warren turned a little toward him.

"I have found you near disaster," Trelawny urged. "I must and will see you to the shore. If you utterly refuse to let me take care of you as I can and will, will you then——" He hesitated, then blurted out: "Will you marry Prince Pollonna?"

She drew from him with a cry, and by what he said she seemed to have gained sudden strength.

"My God!" she breathed. "You ask me *that*? Oh, it proves, it proves how less than nothing I am——"

Trelawny saw he could not, must not contradict her.

"If you wish me to do that," she cried, "it breaks my dream indeed! Oh, how dreadfully, how cruelly it breaks my dream!"

Trelawny said authoritatively: "Listen; since I have listened to your heart, listen for one moment to my reason, for it must speak to us both."

The eyes of the girl grew dark with defiance; she brushed her hair off her

brow with the back of her hand and stared straight before her.

"Otherwise," said Trelawny, "I will remain here. I shall not leave these rooms till morning and you will then be forced to marry me and, since you think as you do, since I have told you my secret, ruin perhaps three lives."

He had her at bay, and for a brief second he thought she would accept his menace. But then in a sudden her anger vanished and her face softened.

"You know," she said, "that loving you as I do, whatever you tell me to do I must. But, let me go on with my career—let me work—let me work and be free!"

He said decidedly: "No! You must be protected from yourself; you must have some one with you who will take care of you as I cannot do. You must do this for me. Is Pollonna distasteful to you?" he pursued. "Do you hate him?"

She made an indifferent shrug of her shoulders.

Trelawny was watching her face keenly, and after a second said: "No, you do not hate him. You sent for him to come to you here. He was the one to whom you turned. Felicia, turn to him now."

As she wavered and hesitated, as he understood, being himself so much of a lover, how unlikely it was that in a moment she could thus change the course of her ideas and relinquish her dreams, he said, coming close to her:

"You have an ideal, you told me—well, we can't get on without them. Your ideal has helped you, hasn't it? It seems pretty well to have stood by you? I have one, too, you must understand that, and I ask you to help me to keep it sacred now."

"Why, what do you mean?" she questioned breathlessly.

"I mean," he said gravely, "that I am a very lonely man. My days are absolutely desolate excepting for those things that I can put into them. I have nothing in my life, and I am not meant for such a life, I am not meant for it! Such an existence has bitter temptations for every man and, although I have

practically never seen you before—possibly my fate and Pollonna's rest to-night with you."

Felicia Warren turned her great eyes with a sort of wonder to him, they rested on him with a tenderness that he could not have long borne.

"You must not remain unmarried," he said, "you must not!"

Without answering him, she went slowly over to her little desk. She wrote a few seconds there, and came back and handed to him a little slip of paper.

"When the telegraph office opens to-day, Mr. Trelawny, will you send this despatch for me? It will fetch Prince Pollonna to me, no matter where he may be. I have asked him to meet me in Paris, and I will take the morning train from here myself."

She turned to the table on which his money lay and taking a roll of notes, said: "And I will take the money, too—I will pay up everything I owe here. I think I have given you every proof now—every proof."

Trelawny made no advance toward her. He saw how she struggled with her emotion. He let her get herself in hand. Finally, with more composure, she spoke again: "I play next month in London. Will you come to see me play?"

"Oh, many times."

"No!" Felicia Warren caught her breath. "Only once, and after that I shall never see you again."

He would have protested, but she repeated: "Never again!" with such intensity that he bowed his head, and he found that her decision brought a pang whose sharpness he wondered would last how long.

He had started with her last words toward the door, and she followed him over to it. There, detaining him by her hand, she asked softly: "Does she—too—love you as much as this?"

Trelawny hesitated, then said: "I do not know."

"Not know?" cried the girl. "You don't know?"

It was with the greatest difficulty that Trelawny could at any time bring

to his lips even the name of the woman he loved. At this moment the vision of her as he had seen her lately on her husband's arm going in under the pavilion of the hotel crossed his mind with a cruel despair and a cruel disgust. A sense of his solitude, of his defrauded life, rushed over him as he looked into the eyes of this woman who loved him.

"No," he said intensely, "I do not know, I do not know. I have a code of honor a million years old, but I live up to it. She is a wife, I have never told her that I love her."

The girl's incredulity and surprise were great. They showed in the smile which almost happily crossed her lips. She drew a long breath; she held his eyes with hers, then she laid both her arms around his neck, and Trelawny bent and kissed her. He held her for one moment and his heart, whether or not it beat for another woman, beat hard and fast, and its pulse ran through Felicia Doan's. Then she heard the door close and the footsteps of the man died away.

VI.

They were all to breakfast together in the little salon, and when Trelawny came in he found the table spread in the empty room where the night before he had left Alice and De Forêt together when he had gone down-stairs with Mrs. Deering and had promised to give Miss Devine a dowry.

Trelawny noticed with surprise that the lunch-table was set but for two.

Which of the four had been chosen to lunch together he could only guess, and while he was wondering, the door opened and Eleanor Deering herself came in. She was all in white, a jaunty dress, graceful and fashionable. She gave John Trelawny her hand, and he kissed it as he bade her good morning.

"We are alone," she nodded, with the smile of a woman who is sure, is happy, over whose peace no clouds come; whose soul is clear and who is, nevertheless, and one might say above all, with the man she loves.

"Ah, does she?" he wondered, and

even as he wondered he knew. "*Does she love me? Oh, heavens!*"

"The others," she said, "have gone, just driven over to Dives; they're going to have luncheon with William the Conqueror, or with all they can find of him. And, do you know, that say what I would, Bob insisted on driving the machine?"

"De Forêt must want to force his luck," said Trelawny sharply. "Why in heaven's name did you permit Alice to go?"

Mrs. Deering lifted her eyebrows. "My dear boy," she said, "fancy my permitting a girl who's in love. You don't choose your words well. When do I 'let' or 'not let'? My husband wished it, he planned it. Do you think that my will had anything to do with it?"

Trelawny was silent. He knew how little her will had anything to do with her husband's life or plans.

"But you?" after a second he questioned, with something like ecstasy in his voice as he realized what it meant—five or six long hours with her, a breakfast here alone, a smoke over his coffee with her by his side to chatter, to laugh in her delicious voice. "But *you* did not go?"

"No," she replied, with a humorous lifting of her brows. "You see I have a great deal of sewing to do, and I had to stay at home."

She laughed a little, for she had often assured him that she did not know a needle by sight.

They took their places at the table, and the waiter brought in the shrimps. Mrs. Deering plucked them daintily and the bouquets, as these little fish are called in France, were pink and soft as the petals of a flower. Mrs. Deering then washed her hands delicately in the bowl, and as she wiped her fingers leaned across to John Trelawny:

"You have accomplished as fine a bit of beneficence, my dear John, as perhaps ever in your life."

Trelawny gave a start, for her words brought up so violently his scene of the night before. What could she know? A flush came into his face, but the wom-

an went on, and he soon saw she was speaking of Alice and the marquises.

"You've built a home, you know. You've made and created a hearthstone."

"Well," he acquiesced slowly, "it's better than wrecking one, isn't it?"

And he also thought back again to the night before, and congratulated himself that he had made no havoc there; that, on the contrary, he had rather, at least so he hoped, laid the foundation there for another hearthstone.

Going back to his words, Mrs. Deering breathed: "Wrecking? Oh, fancy *your* wrecking anything, John!"

Trelawny smiled. "I have fancied it very often," he answered, "and I must confess it has a wild, stormy, magnificent charm about it."

"It takes two to wreck a home," she informed him.

"I suppose that you are right," Trelawny acknowledged. "And out of the wreck, you know," he pursued, "two can sometimes sail away to a pleasant island and build anew—build anew."

Trelawny did not dare to look at her. It was mad enough to let his voice thus express half a thought.

She repeated mechanically after him: "Build anew."

Trelawny said nothing further; he did not dare. But after they had finished their breakfast and the coffee had been removed, as he stood at the window lighting his cigarette, Mrs. Deering came over to him and laid her light white hand on his arm. She took up without break the thread just where Trelawny a few moments ago had let it fall.

"You have thought of the wreck," she said; "you have thought of the home on the island; but it seems to me, do you know, that as the wood of the house grew old and seamed with time, it would smell of the sea, it would crack with ugly noises in the long winter nights, and it seems to me that no matter how thick and dense the forest grew about the house—John—at night one would hear something like a bell in the storm, and that happy as it might be, ca-

ressed as it might be by the airs of the island, the house would nevertheless be nothing but a raft, a raft which, however filled with the living, had left a wreck behind."

Charmed by the cadence of her voice and singularly elevated by its spirituality, Trelawny gazed down upon her. Her face was lifted to his; it had a beauty finer than its mockery; the humor and the wit and the cleverness were softened, and her words transfigured her. Trelawny strove hard for sufficient control to reply as he knew he should. After a few speechless seconds he said rather abruptly:

"You are a poet."

"Oh, no, John, nothing but a trite moralist."

"A poet," he repeated, "and a true woman. Oh, such a true woman!" For a second he put his hand over hers. How lightly it rested on his arm! But Trelawny did not breathe one word of love to her. They stood then face to face.

Of course it is not the usual way of a man with a maid, still it was Trelawny's way.

And as she told him—in after life—no man's words could have said what his face said to her. Then after a second Mrs. Deering turned away, and he knew why. As she crossed the room she said, over her shoulder: "Please to remember that I have some fine white sewing to do."

He heard her laugh, her humor had come back again.

"Well," he followed her jest, "fetch your work in here, and I will sit at your knee."

But she protested. "No, no; that wouldn't in the least help; I'm afraid I would not get my patchwork done. I'm going to my own room for an hour, and I want you to stop on and read or write at my desk, if you will—just do whatever you like, only don't run off; let me feel you're staying on here."

"I might," he suggested, "do something as well. Couldn't I help you? I believe I could chase a needle as well as you could. Where do you propose to wear a thimble?"

She held up her left hand. After choosing amongst her fingers she decided, with a sort of fine irony, on her ring-finger where her marriage-ring shone. "I'm afraid I'll have to wear it here on this finger, John," she said.

Trelawny had been seated before the little desk whose hospitality Mrs. Deering had offered him—for more than a quarter of an hour. Haloed by clouds of smoke from his cigar, he was lazily and contentedly writing a letter which otherwise he would probably never have found time to transcribe. The salon door was opened by a buttons who told him that he was wanted at once at the telephone.

Trelawny gently knocked on Mrs. Deering's door. "I've got to run off to the telephone, but I'm not really deserting, I'll be back presently." And she called back that she would herself be in the salon when he came up, and that her work was done.

Thinking very little of the message that waited for him, his mind entirely with the feminine, exquisite creature behind her closed door, giving her credit for being oh, such a true woman, such a loyal wife, Trelawny went into the telephone booth.

No sooner had he put the receiver to his ear than he exclaimed: "For God's sake—it can't be possible!"

The booth swam black before his eyes and his ears seemed assailed by all the tragedy in the world.

"Yes," he said, "I will see that she knows. I'll fetch her over at once—yes, of course. You'll get whom you can, won't you, in the way of a doctor? We'll come at once." And he bethought himself that the great Berthemont was in the hotel and said through the telephone that he would fetch him, too.

"You must keep Alice up," he called. "Keep her up, and let the people there look after you."

As he hung up the receiver he murmured half to himself: "Instantly killed—instantly killed!"

As he came out a group of men stood talking and smoking in the door

of the restaurant—one of them had a pail and a child's little shovel in his hand. His hat was pushed off his jovial, kindly face; he was the father of five children. Trelawny recognized him at once for the celebrated specialist, Berthemont, of the Académie Française. At the face of the man who approached him, the great doctor at once separated himself from his group of friends and came forward. He was quick to recognize the sign of instant need.

"It seems," said Trelawny, "that there has been a dreadful motor accident to some friends of mine, and they tell me over the telephone that Mr. Deering has been killed; the others are only slightly bruised; but I want you to come with me, if you will, at once to Dives."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the doctor. "Poor fellow! Why, it is not three hours ago that I drank with him in the restaurant. These automobiles are horrible things! They are worse than war!"

Trelawny stood motionless a second, then said: "But you must come with me to his wife. I mean to say that you must tell her."

The doctor looked at him keenly. "But I have only seen her once; I don't think I have even been presented. Do you wish me to?"

Trelawny's face turned appealingly to him. "I can't," he said desperately. "I can't, and there's no one else."

The doctor handed the little pail and the shovel he held to the buttons at the door of the elevator.

"Take these up to the children," he said.

He looked at his panama, wiped his forehead, settled his broad, strong shoulders under his linen coat and shrugged with a sort of desperate acceptance of the tragedies of life to which he was so used and which for a moment, as brief as the morning of an August day, he had shaken off to build sand-castles with his children on the shore.

"Very well," he said gently. "But it isn't pleasant, all the same!"

The two men got into the elevator side by side. As they left it at the Deerings' floor Berthemont said: "I shall tell her there has been a serious accident at Dives, that her husband is dreadfully hurt. You will come with me as well?"

The American shook his head. "I am going down to get the other machine ready and have it fetched to the door. I of course will go over—that is, if she wants me—but you must go in to her alone."

The doctor's face was professional and grave, his holiday air had entirely disappeared.

"She is so charming, so beautiful, the poor woman!"

"She is a strong, brave woman," said Trelawny quietly, "and I think you would do well to tell her the truth, as gently as you can of course. She will want the truth, she's that kind."

"Very well," said the other. "Very well."

As Trelawny saw the big, burly figure go slowly toward the door of Mrs. Deering's apartment he turned and went down-stairs to prepare for their journey across the country roads to Dives.

He knew that Berthemont would find her waiting in the salon, and in a few moments he knew they would both follow him down-stairs. She would wear her long dark cloak, she would wear a thick veil; she would be perfectly quiet and perfectly composed. Oh, he knew her, and as he thought of the picture she would make and how he would help her in, and how she would begin a sad and dreadful journey, he for the first time thought of himself—of themselves.

For he was too human not to know that there would be a future—and that they would build anew. There would be no driftwood in the new house; they need never be haunted by the cry of a bell in the dark, for, with a few brave souls who sail across the seas of life, they had both of them stood by the sinking ship until it had put into port.

SPIRITS IN DOG RIB CANYON

By F. Watworth Brown



BILLY CARPENTER'S claim was going to make him rich some day, if he didn't die in the meantime. There was no doubt about the gold being there, but there was also no doubt about the unprofitableness of mining it while it was necessary to transport the ore seventy miles to the railroad for shipment to the smelter. The ore ran on an average eleven dollars to the ton, and it would cost him not less than twenty to mine and ship it.

"If they'd run that railroad down yere within reach I'd be a rich man in no time," Billy explained to old man Hipple, who had recently located a claim farther up the canyon.

"Did the sperits guide ye, young feller?" asked Hipple solemnly.

"Sperits nothin'," answered Billy. "I located this yere claim with a pick."

"Every man to his own way o' thinkin'," said Hipple mildly. "But I 'low a man can do better by follerin' the sperits."

Billy laughed good-naturedly. "I'll run my chances," he said, "sperits or no sperits. How've you struck it?"

"I'm goin' to strike it rich," said the old man confidently. "I've follered the sperits' guidin' a good many years now, an' this time there hain't nary a chanst of a mistake. Hit's an unpromisin'-lookin' prospect, but the sperits fetched me to it an' p'inted it out, an' I'm shore goin' to strike it rich."

"Here's hopin' ye will," said Billy. "Sooner somebody round yere strikes it rich enough to fetch the railroad, the sooner this yere claim o' mine'll begin to pay dividends."

A week later he returned the old man's visit. Hipple's claim lay a mile up the canyon, where the mountain started upward in a long, stiff slope of solid granite. It was, indeed, an unpromising spot to locate a claim. Hipple had built a little cabin, and there was smoke ascending from the chimney as Billy drew near and halted a moment where the trail forked.

From the left came the steady banging of a drill being hammered into solid rock, while from the right Billy's unaccustomed ears were smitten with the sound of a woman's voice singing cheerfully as she worked. A pan rattled noisily, and the singing stopped.

Billy awoke as from sleep. "Nice place to bring a woman," he remarked to himself, and sauntered on toward the sound of the drill. When he arrived it was to stand amazed at the sublime assurance of his neighbor. The granite wall of the mountain rose steeply before him, and straight into the face of the rock old man Hipple was driving the entrance of his tunnel.

A more unlikely place to encounter gold it would have been hard to find. Billy himself would have passed it by, as, indeed, he had more than once, without a thought of even prospecting. That gold should be secreted behind that front of hoary rock was a most improbable hypothesis.

The hope inspired by the old man's confident predictions, that a vein might be opened rich enough to induce the railroad to run a spur into the canyon, was dissipated in a moment. Billy was no less superstitious than his class, but he experienced a sudden contempt for the divining powers of Hipple's "sperits."

The old man tamped in a shot, lit the fuse and scampered nimbly forth. He greeted Billy with great cheerfulness.

"Hit's an uncommon bad prospect," he admitted, as he saw the doubt in the younger man's face, "but hit can't fail. The sperits showed me."

"How far you aimin' to drive that tunnel?" asked Billy.

"Eighty foot or thereabouts," returned the old man.

"Did they tell you that, too?"

"They tell me everything," returned Hipple, with a wag of his white beard.

The roar of the blast interrupted them, and Hipple returned to the tunnel, Billy following out of curiosity. In the shattered fragments he could detect not a sign of mineral. It was all clean gray granite, solid as the everlasting hills.

Hipple was already busy with the debris, and for some minutes Billy watched him. The old man went at his gigantic task with a cheerful nonchalance, working with a will and whistling like a boy as he tossed the broken rock on the dump. But wasted effort, however spirited, is never an inspiring scene, and Billy presently turned away.

A path led down toward the cabin, and he followed it rather aimlessly. As he neared the rough little house a woman appeared at the open door. She was young, with a fresh, open-air color, and a mass of dark hair. She seemed momentarily disconcerted by the sight of Billy, but not more so than he at sight of her, for such an apparition in Dog Rib Canyon was by no means an every-day phenomenon.

"Good evenin', ma'am," he said, when he had recovered his presence of mind.

"Good evenin'," she returned pleasantly.

Nothing further to say occurring to Billy, he would have passed on in a painful silence, but she halted him with a question:

"Are you a miner?" she inquired.

"Yes'm," said Billy, unconsciously assuming an attitude of great embarrassment.

"You've been watchin' dad, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"What chance do you reckon he's got to strike mineral?"

Billy shifted his feet and then looked at them.

"Well, ma'am, ye see," he said slowly, "ye can't never tell. Gold comes in all-fired unlikely places. It shore does. He might strike it."

The girl's face had clouded. "I thought so," she said, following his thought rather than his words. "I reckon he'll naturally wear himself out diggin' that tunnel without findin' a thing."

"Can't ye stop him?" asked Billy sympathetically.

"Stop him!" she cried. "Nothin'll stop him. Sometimes I think he's weak-minded with his spirits."

Her cheeks were flushed and her brows met in a little crease, while her eyes flashed upon Billy as though he were the cause of her father's idiosyncrasies. But, notwithstanding, Billy found her uncommonly attractive, and, being as usual at a loss for words, he silently admired. Her mood passed as quickly as it had come.

"But laws!" she said. "It don't do any good to get frothy about it."

Billy grinned from sheer inability not to answer her smile.

"An' he may strike it, ye know," he said.

She did not answer, and again he prepared to depart. Again she halted him.

"Are you the man dad went to see last week?"

"Yes'm."

"Your claim's down the canyon, ain't it?"

"Yes'm."

She hesitated a moment, and then looking him full in the face, said: "I hope you'll be neighborly and come and see us once in a while."

"Yes'm," said Billy. "I shore will."

He hurried away down the trail without looking back, while the girl stood in the doorway and watched him out of sight round the first bend.

It was a week before Billy summoned courage to climb the trail again to the Hipple claim. Again and again during those seven days he examined, with the critical eye of bashfulness, her invitation to be neighborly and call. Perhaps she only meant to be polite. How could *she* desire to see *him*? He contemplated himself in the cracked mirror with whose assistance he more or less regularly shaved, and found his natural physiognomy lacking in several particulars, which now, for the first time, seemed indispensable.

Why was his hair red and his nose indefinite? Why did his eyes squint and his ears project like wings? And why had he never noticed these defects before? There had been occasions when he had even had the audacity to be proud of his appearance. There was the last time he had gone into Chrystal, for instance, when he had a brand-new shirt on his shoulders and a healthy roll in his pocket.

How he had swaggered! Yes, swaggered, with that hair, and those ears! The very thought made him wince. He determined after every such encounter with his glass that he would be hanged if he'd go near the Hipple claim.

By the end of the week, however, he began to feel a *need* to make the trip. The question had ceased to be a matter to be decided by a momentary disinclination. He experienced an urging that he did not attempt to analyze.

Accordingly, he selected his best shirt and his best belt, and, donning these only possible changes from his ordinary attire, set out on the attempt to be neighborly. The sound of a blast greeted him while some distance from

the cabin. Evidently old man Hipple was sticking manfully to his task.

Billy directed his steps toward the tunnel first. He conceived that it would appear less brazen to approach the cabin after a casual visit to the mine. The plan had all the advantages of an attack in flank, and he regretted the best shirt and belt as factors which might possibly betray his real purpose in coming.

The old man had made considerable progress during the week. Straight into the face of the granite wall ran the tunnel for a distance of fifteen feet or more, and at the farther end Billy could hear Hipple hammering away on his drill. Stooping, he looked in. A candle in a bottle lighted the farther end, and disclosed Hipple hard at work, and whistling cheerfully.

Billy hailed him, and was invited to enter and inspect the work. Accordingly he advanced, scanning the walls on either side for any signs of metal-bearing rock, of which he could detect not a trace.

"Struck anything?" he asked.

"Ain't went fur enough yit," answered Hipple cheerfully. "Got to go eighty foot, or thereabouts."

"Pretty tough drillin', ain't it?"

"Toughest I ever done. But I'm git-tin' used to it."

He resumed his work, but paused almost immediately. "My darter Maggie was a-inquirin' fur you tother day," he said. "Lowed she thought likely you'd happen along yere 'fore a great while."

Billy experienced a sudden access of courage.

"Mighty nice-lookin' girl, Mr. Hipple," he said.

The old man ceased his hammering on the drill-head, and turned.

"Best gal livin'," he said impressively.

"Might she be to home?" asked Billy.

"I reckon she air," said the old man, and pointedly resumed his labors.

Billy retreated to the open, and turned his face to the cabin with the air of one certain of his reception, and, indeed, despite the defects which in the

cracked mirror seemed to him so glaring, Billy's square shoulders and pleasant, bronzed face were by no means ill to look upon as he swung down the trail.

He arrived at the door and knocked. Maggie, who had watched him approach, waited a second or two; then appeared, and greeted him with every indication of surprise. Billy succeeded in returning her greeting, and then at sight of her radiance was overtaken with a sense of his astonishing audacity, whereat a palsy seized upon his tongue.

"Have a chair and sit down," said Maggie, and Billy obeyed, carefully depositing his hat on the floor. With her dancing eyes playing upon him, he became instantly and painfully conscious of his aforementioned defects. He occupied his chair as though it scorched him, and as yet had found no possible place for his hands.

But Maggie proved equal to the occasion. "Tell me about your claim," she said presently. "Dad says it ain't as good as ours."

Billy rose to the challenge. "Well," he retorted, "I don't know what your father's got behind that rock, but if I could get a railroad within ten miles, I'd be rich." And with that for a starter, he conversed with a certain degree of animation for the better part of an hour.

When old man Hipple appeared Billy discovered that he had made quite a call, and yet a little later, upon being urged to stay to supper, he accepted, and he and Mr. Hipple enjoyed a lively debate on the subject of spirit-guidance in the locating of deposits of the precious metals.

In fact, by the time Billy finally tore himself away that evening the ice had been very thoroughly shattered, and within a week he and Maggie were on terms of intimacy. Two months passed quickly, Billy making almost daily visits to the Hipple claim, and feeling more and more certain of his welcome as the weeks went by. It was toward the end of this time that he, one evening, thought he saw trouble

in Maggie's eyes. He asked her what had gone wrong, only to have his question parried with a laugh.

"Ain't you feelin' well?" he persisted.

"Oh, it's the heat, I reckon," she answered. "I can't stand hot weather." And she adroitly switched the conversation to another track.

It was the next morning that Billy awoke to the folly of his recent conduct. This state of mind was superinduced by his arriving at his last sack of flour. The provisions he had laid in in the spring were practically gone, and he had no money to purchase more. This was no new thing for him, and he recognized that the time was near when he must repair to Crystal, there to drive a drill for some more fortunate mortal, until such time as his accumulated surplus should permit a return to the more congenial pursuit of developing his own claim.

The difficulty of the situation lay in the fact that he had been calling all too frequently upon Miss Maggie Hipple. He discovered, now that it was too late, that in his situation it had been an indiscreet performance. He was in no position to be married, and probably would not be till the railroad came through, and the Lord knew when that would be.

He brooded over the situation for the better part of a week, during which time he avoided all approach to the Hipple cabin. Then he reached the conclusion that the only way out was by a clear breast of the matter, and with this determination he one day set out up the canyon.

His first intimation of trouble came when he neared the Hipple claim, and no sound of the old man's work reached his ears. Never in the preceding two months had he failed to hear it as he approached. The thought struck him that Hipple had reached the end of his eighty feet, been disappointed, and had moved on. But no, Maggie would have got him word he felt sure. When he came within sight of the cabin, something about its appearance struck him oddly. Perhaps

it was the closed door; perhaps the lack of smoke from the chimney. In a moment he was knocking at the door and getting no answer.

"Maggie!" he called, and the only response was the echo from the granite face of the mountain. Then he opened the door and entered. At first he thought the place was empty; then a pile of blankets on the bunk in the corner moved, and a groan issued from it.

Next moment Billy had uncovered the form of old man Hipple, and the instant he saw the wasted cheeks, the bloodless skin, the sunken eyes, he knew what was the matter. He had seen starvation before. The door of the inner room stood open, and as he passed out Billy caught a glimpse of Maggie lying across the bed. He could not see her face, and he did not wait to investigate. A mile away were food and stimulants, and he went down the trail toward his own claim on a run. As he ran questions poured into his mind. Why hadn't she let him know? How long had they been without food? Why had they abandoned the claim before they reached this stage?

Loading himself with such provisions as his scanty store would furnish, and with a treasured bottle of whisky in his pocket, he returned up the trail as fast as he was able. Arriving, he passed directly into the bedroom, and, raising Maggie's head, forced a little of the whisky between her lips.

Having done the same for her father, he next built a fire and prepared a mixture of condensed milk, flour and water. It was all his stores afforded, and by the time it was hot the girl had revived enough to take a little.

The old man was weaker, and, though the whisky roused him a little, and he even talked in a random fashion, it was plain he was by far the worse off of the two. Back and forth between his patients Billy traveled all afternoon. The girl recovered rapidly, but the old man, after the first rousing, sank into coma from which Billy could not wake him even to force the spoonful of gruel between his lips.

By evening Maggie was able to tell of their experiences, and the first words were like a blow to Billy.

"We haven't had a square meal for a month," she said. "Not one. I begged dad to leave, but he was crazy to finish his tunnel. When you came over last week I couldn't ask you to stay to supper, for there wasn't enough in the house to offer you. Dad thought he'd finish the tunnel next day, and then we were going to pull out.

"But that night he was taken sick, from overwork and not enough to eat, I reckon, and he's been out of his head ever since. I couldn't leave him, even to go for you, for he acted sort of crazy, and I didn't know what he might do.

"Every day I thought you'd come, but you didn't. I fed dad the last there was in the house the day after you were here, and we haven't had a thing since. I guess you didn't come much too soon, Billy. I tried to go to your place this morning, but I couldn't make it, and when I got back here I reckon I about gave up."

As usual, Billy found nothing to say, but he thrust out one of his big hands and enclosed both of hers, which was perhaps better than many words.

They were sitting beside the old man, and for a moment nothing but his hard breathing broke the stillness. Then suddenly Hipple's eyes opened, and he struggled up on one elbow.

"I've went seventy-nine feet," he said. "To-morrow I'll strike it rich."

He fell back, and when they raised him he was dead.

Three days later Billy and Maggie sat outside the cabin. They were waiting now only till she was strong enough; then they were going to Crystal, where Billy was to get work and they were to be married. As they sat here now facing the mountain, the black mouth of Hipple's tunnel stared at them above a dump of pure granite.

"Poor dad," said Maggie, "he worked himself to death, I reckon."

Billy's eyes followed hers. "Let's take a look at it," he said. "Got a candle?"

The girl brought a candle stuck in the neck of a beer-bottle, and they walked up to the gaping hole in the rock wall. Billy lit the candle and led the way, pacing off the distance as he proceeded.

"I make it twenty-six and a half paces," he said, as they reached the end where lay Hipple's drill and hammer waiting his return. "That's pretty close to eighty feet."

He stooped and examined the face of the tunnel. Nothing appeared but granite, shattered by the old man's final blast.

"There's nothing here, Maggie," said Billy.

They started toward the sunlight, when suddenly the girl stopped. "Billy," she said, "will you try one more blast? Dad made it seventy-nine feet, and I think he'd like it driven the full eighty. I think he'd rather have it finished even if there isn't anything there."

"Shore I will," said Billy.

He felt sure it would be wasted labor, and he would have spared her disappointment, but if she had wished the tunnel driven on through the mountain he would have tackled the job. Returning, he picked up the worn drill and hammer, chose a suitable spot, applied the point of the drill, and struck it a heavy blow. The steel tool slipped through his hand and almost vanished in what seemed to be solid granite.

"Wait a minute," cried Billy, in quick excitement, and rushing to the opening of the tunnel, he returned with a pick. Swinging the heavy implement with a skill implying years of experience, he drove the point into the hole left by the drill. It sank almost to the haft, and a quick, prying jerk broke out a big chunk of the granite.

Billy dropped the pick, and, taking the candle, held it close to the opening made. His hand trembled so that the light shook and flared. Then with the drill he began a frantic stabbing, and a moment later turned to Maggie with his hand filled with fragments of a grayish, peculiar-looking stone.

"What is it?" she asked, her voice shaking with excitement. "Not gold!"

"Yes, gold!" cried Billy. "It's quartz, and it's plumb loaded with gold."

She took it in her fingers and tears came into her eyes. "Poor dad!" she said.

Half an hour later, when they returned to the sunlight, Billy was silent and depressed. He had laid bare a vein that was richer in metal than anything he had ever seen. His own claim down the canyon, with its miserable eleven dollars a ton, seemed scarcely a mine at all beside this, which he judged would run into the thousands.

Maggie, overwhelmed by her good fortune, following so closely on her father's death, was also silent as they walked slowly back to the cabin together. She sat down by the door, and Billy stood before her.

"Maggie," he said slowly, and with his eyes directed down the canyon, "you're rich now. You can have the best there is going. I reckon you'll want to change your mind about—the plans we've been making."

Maggie's eyes opened wide with astonishment, and she looked at him as though she hardly understood.

"I'm nothin' but a miner," went on Billy, "and you can do better than that now."

He would have said more, but his throat was suddenly encircled by a tight little arm, and Maggie's face looked up into his.

"Do better than you," she said. "Why, you're all I have in the world now. And don't you see, Billy, you're rich, too? This strike will bring the railroad, sure. You said it would, you know."

"Yes," said Billy slowly, "I reckon it will. I hadn't thought o' that."

"So we're both rich," cried Maggie, "and—and things aren't changed at all."

Billy looked into her eyes in silence for a moment.

"Then suppose we start for Crystal to-morrow morning," he said finally. "There's a preacher down there."

THE GRIN of the BULL DOG



*By Edward
Lucas
White*



HE bulldog, middle-sized and brindled, lay on the hearth-rug, paying no attention to either of them, nor they to him.

"If you must have it in words," he said, "I love you, and I am asking you to marry me. And well you knew both without my saying anything."

"Yes," she admitted, with a sort of purr, "I did know."

"And what have you to say to me?" he demanded.

"About what?" she fenced.

"About my question," he pursued.

"You haven't asked any question," she asserted, "except, 'What have you to say to me?' and that was scarcely lucid."

"You know what I mean," he declared.

"Then put it into words, as I told you before," she said.

"Do you love me, and will you marry me?" he queried.

"You told me once," she meditated, "that no trained mind ever asks two questions at once, and that no cautious mind ever tries to answer such a mix-up. Ask me one question at a time."

She was charmingly provoking. He was angry enough to slap her, fascinated enough to kiss her, and sufficiently helpless to have done nothing had he been a hundred times as angry and as fascinated, and not a hundredth as well controlled. She smiled as if she were

merely trying to be pleasant. All he saw of her face were the sparkle of her eyes and the glitter of her big, even, blue-white teeth.

"Do you love me?" he enunciated, in a tone anything but lovely.

"I do," she retorted, in a tone exactly mimicking his.

They both laughed.

"We sound," she said, "as if you were asking: 'Do you vote guilty of murder in the first degree?' and I were answering, 'I do.'"

He rose and stood over her, looking down at her as she half-sat, half-lolled in her big, cushiony, rolled-backed easy chair.

He was a tall man, young, but not too young, broad-shouldered, with a head rather small for his bulk, hair fluffy and palish, eyes gray, and a pink face clean-shaved, except for a lightish mustache.

He looked down at the red rose in her black hair, at her snapping black eyes, her ruddy, olive complexion, her perfect shoulders, and the billowy white china-silk gown from beneath which peeped the tip of one scarlet slipper.

"Do you love me?" he repeated, in a tone entirely in consonance with the words.

"I do," she replied, in a tone quite as convincing. She spoke without a shade of emotion, her cheeks not any redder than before.

"And will you marry me?" he asked. "Ah," she said, "that is what I should like to know myself."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean," she said, "that I do not know the answer to that question, and I wish I did."

"If you do not, who does?" he queried.

"Nobody, probably," she remarked, in a casual tone.

"You are fooling with me," he asserted, nettled.

"Not a bit," she declared.

"Then what on earth do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just what I say," she replied, repeating her dazzling smile. "I do not know whether I am going to marry you or not, and I wish I did."

"But you say you love me?" he puzzled.

"Not a shadow of doubt about it," she ripped out crisply.

"But if your heart is made up," he argued, "what else matters?"

"My head for one thing," she told him. "I am, fortunately or unfortunately, gifted with a mind as well as a heart; I am like you in that respect, and my mind is not made up a bit."

"Why not?" he queried.

"Well," she drawled, "besides a heart and a head and a mind and a few other organs and attributes, I have a temper, and so have you. The knowledge of the quality of my temper and yours makes my mind hesitate to follow where my heart indubitably leads me."

"Haven't you told me that you think matrimony the one reasonable career for a woman?" he demanded.

"Those are my sentiments," she affirmed.

"Haven't you told me that you believe love the one requisite for marriage?" he pursued.

"I may have said that," she admitted. "But let me point out to you that marriage is only the beginning of matrimony. I intend not merely to marry, but to stay married. Theoretically and practically, I regard divorce as a clumsy last resort for short-sighted fools. When I marry I mean to stay married, and happily married. I love you, and I admit it. I want to marry you, and I admit that. But I foresee nothing but quarrels."

"It is a poor sort of love that cannot suffice to control temper," he declared.

"Just so," she replied. "But suppose I am sure that my love for you is of such a quality that I can always control my temper toward you, how am I to be sure that your love for me is of an equally dependable sort?"

"Try me," he suggested.

"Suppose I promise to marry you," she said, "will you promise to let me take Copp on our wedding-tour wherever we may go?"

The bulldog lifted his head and regarded them with interest.

"Nan!" the man snorted. "That is a ridiculous and contemptible suggestion. You make out that the dog is of as much importance to you as I am, or more!"

"Not a particle, Roy," she retorted. "I am making a plain and sensible proposition. If you love me you are not going to object to my dog."

"But," he stormed, "can't you see the absurdity? You put on a level the idea of our marriage and the idea of having your dog with you. Is a mere pet animal, a mere brute, to be put on a level with the man you love, the man who loves you?"

"The man who loves me so far forgets it," she said hotly, "that he quarrels with me and storms at me even before I have accepted him. It is my misfortune that I love so bad-tempered a being. If anything is absurd and contemptible and ridiculous, it is the way you are behaving. If there is any brute in the room, it is you. Look at Copp. He comprehends the situation perfectly."

In fact, the bulldog was grinning broadly, with an entirely human expression of tolerant amusement.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Haven't I proved my point? Should I not be very cautious about marrying you? Are we not likely to fight horribly?"

He was silent, a good deal ashamed of his outburst, a great deal more angered at her.

"I can tell you one thing, Mr. Roy Carter," she blazed out. "I shall never, never promise to marry you unless you

give me your word that Copp shall go with us on our wedding-tour."

He glowered, pacing up and down the parlor.

"Copp," she said, "come here."

The dog, wagging his stump of a tail, put his forepaws and head in her lap. She put her face down by his.

"Copp," she said, "whenever I get married you shall go with me on my wedding-journey, in the carriage with my bridegroom, and be with us all the time. That is a promise, Copp."

Copp wagged his tail, looking up into her eyes, when she raised her head.

"See!" she commanded. "Look at him! He understands."

"I suppose I understand, too," said Roy drearily.

"Understand what?" she queried, her face again alight at the prospect of continuing their battle of words.

"That you do not love me at all," he answered.

She was serious instantly, and spoke slowly.

"Do you know me so little," she reproached him, "as to suppose that I would lightly tell you that I love you, or that I could lie about so sacred a matter?"

"You must love me very little," he blurted out, "since you love your dog more."

"Oh, you stupid boy!" she said. "You don't understand a bit. Go walk off your tantrums and come back to me to-morrow evening sane and clear-headed, and let us be happy like rational beings."

"I suppose I had better go," he vacillated.

"I think so," she said coolly.

"You are exasperatingly self-contained," he sulked.

"It is a good thing one of us is self-contained," she declared sagely.

"And you won't kiss me good night?" he suggested.

"Not a bit I won't," she asseverated.

"Not one kiss, sir, until I have promised to marry, and not so much as one ever unless I do promise."

His expression grew very hard. He

stopped his tramping up and down the parlor, and stood again gazing at her.

"You talk," he said, "as if you were discussing buying a horse or a French hat. You say you are daunted because each of us has a temper. I am daunted because you are altogether too cool and calculating and deliberate and unfeeling. A girl really in love ought to show some feeling. You are showing no sort of feeling for me. If you show any feeling, it is for that dog. You say I had better go? If I go now I shall never come back."

"You think so, do you?" she said sneeringly.

"I think so," he rejoined, "and I mean it."

"Is that any tone in which to speak to me?" she demanded.

"Hang the tone!" he snarled. "If I am in a bad humor it is your fault."

"If that is the way you talk to me," she told him, "if that is the way you feel, you had better go and never come back."

"If that is the way you feel," he retorted, "I shall go and never come back."

He strode through the portières, and a moment later slammed the front door behind him.

Nan's face at the sound lost its assurance.

"Oh, Copp," she wailed, "I've done it now. I'm either too much of one thing or too much of the other. When I try not to be too impulsive and gushing and sentimental, I am hard and cold. I did not want to make him angry. Oh, Copp, go after him and bring him back."

She went out into the hallway, opened the door, and repeated:

"Go after him and bring him back."

The bulldog vanished.

His mistress stood bareheaded and bare-shouldered in the vestibule, holding the door-knob behind her, the door all but shut.

It was not very long before Roy returned, Copp trotting beside him, his jaw but a few inches from the calf of the young man's left leg. He reached the outer doorway before he saw Nan in the vestibule.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "You'll catch your death of cold."

Without any more words he followed her into the hallway, let her help him to take off his overcoat, and accompanied her into the parlor; there they reseated themselves before the rather subdued glow of the open-grate fire, and looked at each other a little foolishly.

She regained her composure first.

"Why did you come back?" she asked.

"Because I knew you wanted me," he replied.

"I did," she admitted, with her dazzling flash of a smile. "But how did you know?"

"You sent Copp after me," he answered.

"How did you know that?" she continued.

"By his behavior," he said.

"How did he behave?" she persisted.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered helplessly. "I couldn't exactly tell how he behaved. But he made me understand that I was to come back with him, and that if I did not he would try to make me."

"There!" she exclaimed. "Isn't he a marvel? Do you wonder I love him?"

"Did you send him after me just to get another chance to tell me you love him better than you love me?" he pleaded.

"Not a bit I didn't," she disclaimed, with a sort of relish for her favorite catch-phrase of the moment.

"Then tell me why you sent him after me," he insisted masterfully.

"If I must," she said submissively, "I suppose I must."

II.

At the very crisis of the wedding-reception, while the bride was engrossed in being kissed by everybody who had the remotest pretension to the right to kiss her, while everybody who had the remotest pretension to the right to kiss her was engrossed in trying to get a chance to kiss the bride, while the bridesmaids were absorbed in the ush-

ers and the ushers in the bridesmaids, while everybody was bubbling over with excitement and good humor and nobody could notice anybody or anything, the bride's small brother slipped up to the groom and whispered:

"He's all right. He's where nobody can hear him whine or bark or howl. He's locked in. He's chained. He's eaten until he's sleepy. Nobody knows where he is except me. Nobody knows he is locked up except you, not even mother. He's all right."

The groom looked grave.

"Bobby," he said, "you shouldn't have told me."

"That's all right," said Bobby. "You don't know where he is!"

"You shouldn't have locked him up at all," said the groom.

"Do you want him to go with you?" Bobby demanded disgustedly.

"Not a bit I don't," the groom disclaimed vigorously.

"Then why aren't you pleased?" Bobby persisted.

"I promised he should go with us," said the groom.

"Well," said Bobby, "you aren't breaking your promise. You didn't ask me to lock him up. You had nothing to do with it. I did it all myself. You ought to be pleased."

"I shall be if it works," said the groom. "But I doubt if it will succeed. You had better be ready to let him out if Nan insists."

"Shucks!" the small boy commented. "That's just what a fellow gets for trying to oblige anybody. No thanks if he makes it go, and all the blame if he don't."

The wedding-reception passed off much like other wedding-receptions. The bride threw her bouquet from the stair in the normally effective way, and it was caught as usual by the very girl she least wished to catch it. She vanished up-stairs to don her traveling gear, the guests dribbled away, the intimates and relations gathered about the door, the carriage drew up at the curb, the bride in her neat gray suit came down-stairs.

By the newel she paused.

"Where's Copp?" she demanded.

"I haven't the slightest idea," said her mother. "I haven't seen him since before you started for the church."

"Who knows where he is?" Nan queried, her eyes sweeping the groups in the hall. As Master Robert had taken care to absent himself she saw no guilty look on any face.

"Well," she said, "I don't need to ask any more questions. Some one has locked him up to spoil my honeymoon. There won't be any honeymoon unless he goes with us. If he does not come there never will be any honeymoon. So there!"

She strode to the hall-piece, settled herself on the polished mahogany seat under the big square mirror, and assumed an attitude of determined stubbornness.

The bridesmaids, ushers, cousins, aunts and uncles were aghast. Still more her mother.

"Don't be absurd, Nan," she protested.

"I am not absurd," the bride retorted. "The absurdity lies with whoever has tried to separate Copp and me. I have never broken a promise in my life, and I promised Copp he should go with us. He understands and expects to go. I wouldn't disappoint him for anything. Here I stay until he comes."

And there she stayed through a variety of expostulations, entreaties and arguments. While the residuary party of special intimates, waiting to see her off, grew more and more nervous to the verge of hysterics, the bride remained calm, unruffled and determined.

In the expostulations the groom took no part.

"Suppose he is not locked up," he interjected. "Suppose he is away of his own accord. We can't tell when he will come back."

"Copp would never ramble off when I had made him a promise to take him traveling, and he knew he was going," the bride asserted.

"If any one has locked him up," said the groom judicially, aloud and at large, "I'd be thankful for the dog's release. I want to catch that train."

Just as the situation was becoming unbearable Bobby, perceiving the uselessness of attempting to thwart Nan, slipped off and let out the bulldog.

Copp looked neither to the right nor the left, paid no more attention to his mistress than to any one else, but when he burst into view from the back of the house galloped the length of the hall in six leaps, took the front steps almost at one jump, sprang prodigiously at the carriage, dived head first through the open sash in its closed door, recovered himself somehow inside of it, established himself on the rear seat, and sat there panting, his head half-way out the open door-sash, his tongue half out of his mouth, his grin almost wider than his face.

"Look at that," said the bride triumphantly. "Didn't he know? Didn't he understand? Didn't he remember? Doesn't he deserve to go with us?"

"Indeed he does," said her husband, unaffectedly fervent in his relief. "He's not a dog, he's a gentleman and a scholar. And now let us go."

And they went.

III.

The clerk revolved the turntable on which the register rested, mechanically blotted the entry, and read:

"Mr. Roy Carter, Washington, D. C.
"Mrs. Roy Carter, Washington, D. C.
"Copp, bulldog, Washington, D. C."

He stared and asked:

"Where is the bulldog?"

"In the ladies' parlor with Mrs. Carter," the bridegroom replied easily.

"This hotel won't take dogs," said the clerk, with an air of finality.

"He's no mere dog," argued the bridegroom. "He's quite as much of a gentleman as you or I, clean as any clean man, well-mannered as any human being, and with more sense than most."

"Can't help it," the clerk repeated; "this hotel won't take dogs."

The bridegroom recalled his success with the parlor-car porter and conductor, and took heart.

"Just you wait till I show him to you," he suggested.

In a moment he returned, with Copp at his heels.

"Copp," he said, "let me introduce you to Mr. Ewing."

Before the astonished clerk could protest the dog, light as a flying sparrow, leaped upon the counter. He made not a particle of noise, landed upon the green baize without disarranging anything there, squatted, held up his right forepaw, and grinned irresistibly.

"He wants to shake hands," said the groom.

The clerk shook the dog's paw.

"Get him down," he pleaded. "I'll be fired if the old man sees this."

Copp descended as deftly and daintily as he had mounted.

"He's all sense," said the bridegroom. "You try him. Tell him to find a nigger. That's one of his great tricks. He'll find one and bring him. He understands English as well as any one."

"He won't find any nigger in this hotel," said the clerk exultingly. "We fired the whole gang months ago. White girl-waitresses now, white chambermaids, white porters, even white barbers."

"Try him," the bridegroom repeated. "Here, Copp, do as the gentleman tells you."

The clerk, bored by a dull season and not overanxious to turn away desirable guests from a hotel more than half-empty, leaned over the counter and spoke:

"Copp! Copp! Go find a nigger!"

The dog scampered down the stairs.

"What I want," said the bridegroom, "is a suite of four rooms, private parlor, bedroom, bathroom and a room for that dog to sleep in."

"It's no use talking about the dog," said the clerk. "I'm sorry, but I dare not make any arrangement including him. You could easily arrange to have him kept at the stable."

"My wife would never agree to that," Roy answered. "It's us with the dog or we try some other hotel."

They looked at each other silently, the deadlock complete.

Feet sounded on the stairs, and a plump, broad-faced mulatto rounded the corner, Copp just beside his left ankle.

"I forgot Jerry," the clerk exclaimed.

"Mr. Ewin', seh," said the negro, "did you wan' me, seh?"

"Why did you come, Jerry?" the clerk inquired.

"Yeh dawg dun fetch me, seh," Jerry replied.

"How did he do it?" the clerk demanded.

"Dunno, seh," Jerry answered. "I wuz a-settin' in meh cheah, an' he cum in an' cum up teh me. He ain't spoke none, laik Balaam's dunkey, he ain't pintedly said no wuhds, he ain't bit me. He jes' tuk hol' uh meh panz-laig, jes' nip it en' pull. Den he back off en' luk et me, jes' laik he say I'se shuah hoodooed lessen I'se gwine wif 'em, jes' laik he talk; I knowed lessen I'se gwine wif 'em he's gwine chaw me. An' I'se dun cum."

"All right, Jerry," said the clerk, "you can go now."

The negro did not move.

"Boss," he asked, turning to Mr. Carter, "ez dis hyuh yuah dawg?"

"He is," the bridegroom answered.

"W'at name you call dat dawg, boss?" the mulatto asked.

"Call him Copp," said the bridegroom.

"Yah! yah! yah!" the negro laughed.

"Didn' make no mistake w'en you named dat dawg. He dun cop me foh shuah."

And he went.

"What do you think of that?" the bridegroom demanded. "Isn't he a wonderful dog?"

The clerk admitted that he was.

"I presume the dog stays with us, then?" said Carter.

"Yes," said the clerk; "I should be afraid to cross that dog. Nothing here is too good for him, either. I feel as Jerry did, sure hoodooed, unless I do as he wants."

He struck his bell.

"Front!" he said. "Show Mr. Carter up to No. 12."

IV.

They never knew quite how it happened. They had left their bedroom together, and were seated one on either side of the round center-table of their little parlor, happily reading by the light of its bead-fringed droplight. The time was verging on midnight, the city sounds were thinning and blurring, through the open window came the attenuated hoot of an automobile a square or more away, the blurred jangle of a street-car not much farther. One moment they were cozy in almost humdrum safety, the next in a whirl of excitement and danger.

They heard a bark from Copp, a short bark, half-choked down, half-bitten off. The next instant he was bounding from one to the other, barking jerkily and pulling first at his mistress' wrapper, then at Roy's trousers. They followed him to the bedroom. Whatever he had seen must have been very small, for when they caught sight of the glare they saw only one tongue of light running up one pair of window-curtains. Yet before they could reach them both windows and the mosquito-bar over the bed were all aflame. The room seemed full of fire and smoke.

In three movements Roy tore the net and curtains to the floor. Nan rushed out of the bathroom with a tin pail full of water, dashed it over the net, and rushed back for another. This she divided between the two heaps of curtains. Roy had been stamping out the flames in one, and imitatively she started to do the like with the other.

"Your clothes will catch," he warned her, and she rushed for a third pail of water. With it she finally extinguished the last remains of fire in the sodden canopy. Then she began to laugh.

Roy, whose burned hands already began to smart and who was tramping on one heap of still blazing, much smoldering curtains, turned on her a contorted face on which excitement, alarm, pain and displeasure at her levity were expressed at once.

"What are you laughing at, Nan?" he queried raggedly and protestingly.

"Look at Copp," she gurgled, pointing.

Roy laughed, too, in spite of himself. On the heap of curtains, active as a terrier digging for rats, his feet fairly twinkling in their rapidity, Copp was padding down the smoldering remnants of the fire. As Roy looked the dog trotted out a last tiny tongue of flame.

"Isn't he bully?" Nan exclaimed.

"Bully, indeed," Roy echoed, but he could scarcely control his voice or keep his countenance, so violent had become the pain of his hands. He showed them to Nan, and sat biting his lips and rocking from side to side while she telephoned for a doctor.

"He'll be some time coming, dear," she said. "Better let me put some linseed-oil or something else on them until he gets here."

"Anything! anything!" her husband groaned.

From finger-tips to wrists his hands were all puffy white blisters.

"Mere skin-burns," he protested, as he watched his wife's too-sympathetic face. "No harm done; but they hurt like fury for the time being."

Just then Nan began to laugh.

Following so closely her seeming about to faint at the sight of his burns, Roy was more than startled. His first thought was that his always self-possessed bride was going into a contemptible fit of feminine hysterics.

"What are you laughing at now?" he queried.

"Copp," she gurgled. "Copp again."

The dog was lying on his back, all four feet in the air, displaying his charred and blistered paws.

"He wants some linseed-oil, too, bless his helpful old heart," Roy said.

And, in fact, when the doctor came he redressed the hurts of two impatient patients.

V.

Fires, they found, are not the only disturbances which arrive unforeseen. Their quarrel was equally without harbingers or premonition. One moment they were happily reading on either side

of the lamp-lit center-table, exactly as they had been just before the fire, the next Nan was fairly in a fury, all abristle with indignation and protest.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you seriously propose that we shall close this flat or leave it in charge of the maid and move ourselves over to your mother's for all through the holidays? All the time she is away?"

"I do," Roy replied evenly. "I do not see anything in the proposition to cause excitement."

"You don't," she exclaimed. "Well, I'll explain. You seem to me rather obtuse. Your mother has been most kind to me, but sometimes she seems to me, to put it mildly, just a wee bit selfish; as far as her things are concerned, if they need protection from burglars, she ought to provide it herself. She is perfectly able to pay for burglar-alarms or night-watchmen. If there is any real danger of her house being broken into, she ought not to want us to be there then. She might have some consideration for me. I am not as nervous as she is, but I have no relish, especially just now, for being waked up by the flash of a dark lantern to find a pistol pointed at my face. And she ought to have more consideration for you. High-strung and reckless as you are, nobody who cares for you, least of all your mother, ought to dream of exposing you to such a risk. You'd be the very man to resist and get shot for your pains. If you are to be exposed to any such risk it ought not to be there, protecting your mother's things, but here, protecting your own."

"But you don't understand," Roy broke in. "The mention of burglars was only mother's way of putting it. Really, she thought we would like to spend Christmas with more room and more servants at our disposal."

"Why didn't she say so, then?" said Nan pettishly. "She said she wanted us to protect the place from burglars while she was away."

"I tell you," said Roy less softly, "that was only her way of putting it. Really, she thought we would like to spend Christmas in the old house."

"You would, of course," Nan interrupted him. "It was home to you for so long, it's half like home to you yet. But it is not home to me. This is. This is our home. I want Christmas and everything else here. She ought to realize that, but she don't. If I had a home like hers nothing would persuade me to spend Christmas anywhere else. But she does not feel that way, so she does not understand how I feel."

"I do not believe I like your speaking of mother in that way," Roy said, gently but firmly.

"I don't care whether you like it or not," she retorted. "I haven't said anything wrong. It is all true, and I put it rather mildly."

He pressed his lips together and did not reply, but sat ruminating.

"I think," he said after a while, "I'll sleep over there to-night, anyhow."

"And leave me here alone?" Nan queried in dismay.

"You'll have the maid with you," he said, "and it'll be only for one night. I'll make arrangements to-morrow to have burglar-alarms put in and a watchman there."

"I have no patience with you, Roy Carter," she flung at him. "One minute you say there is no danger from burglars, the next you talk of burglar-alarms and watchmen."

"There is no inconsistency," he explained. "There is really no danger, but mother thinks there is. If she comes home and finds the house has been unprotected all the time she has been away, she will be all upset. She will not like it, anyway, that we have not been there all the time, but the watchman and burglar-alarms will mollify her."

"It seems to me," Nan blurted out, her eyes snapping, "that your inconsistency grows worse and worse. First you say your mother merely wanted us to have the pleasure of a Christmas in the old house, and that speaking of burglars was only her way, the next her fear of burglars becomes so important that you prefer leaving me alone here rather than have that wretched

house empty for just one Sunday night. I don't like it."

"Hang it," he snarled, "can't you leave me any liberty of thought or action?"

"Every liberty!" she hurled at him, her eyes blazing. She flung out of the room, into their little spare bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

He sat by the lamp a long time. No sound came from the little room. By and by he went to it and pushed open the door. There was no light except what came through the window, starlight and cross-reflections. He could make out Nan's figure thrown across the bed.

"Nan!" he called.

She did not answer.

Then he was aware of something else. He felt it first before he saw. It was Copp, just inside the door, in his vigilant attitude. The dog did not move or growl, but Roy knew by his pose just what Nan had said to him.

"Nan," he said imperiously, "call off this dog."

The figure flung across the bed made no movement. He won no reply.

"Nan," he said again, "this is absurd. The maid will be back soon. This is ridiculous."

Only silence met him.

He went into the bedroom and moved about for a while. When he came back he found Copp on the sill with the same resolute air.

"Nan," he said, "call off this dog and make up. I never meant to offend you."

He was met by silence only.

He spoke again.

"I have packed my valise. If you don't call off this dog and come out of this silly fit of sulks, I'll go and I'll not come back, either."

"Go!" was all the reply he received. The tone was enough for him—more than enough.

At that moment the bell rang. He let in the maid, who went at once to her room and shut the door behind her.

Roy put on his coat and hat, drew on his gloves, took his valise and umbrella, and went out.

VI.

He slept badly that night in the big second-floor front bedroom of his mother's big, old-fashioned house. He lay awake and reflected on the warnings of Nan's parents about her temper, on his own mother's warnings, on his stepfather's. Here was trouble enough. He was too proud to see that it was a trivial quarrel, easily gotten over. He did not see it that way any more than his wife did. He felt he had done all he could, and more, to effect a reconciliation. He felt it beneath his dignity to try anything further. He felt, what was more, that nothing would do any good, that Nan would be obstinate.

He made up his mind to leave Washington at once and go as far away as possible. He had had a tempting offer from Denver, and it was still open.

Monday he telegraphed that he might come to Denver for a conference. He took all the contents from his safe-deposit box, drew his entire balance from his bank. He looked at time-tables, priced railroad-tickets, and made some tentative arrangements.

He dined at a restaurant. As it grew darker he grew restless. He walked aimlessly about the streets. Half-unconsciously he drew nearer and nearer his home.

A revulsion of feeling came over him. It was a trivial quarrel. He had not done and said enough toward a reconciliation. Nan might conceivably yield. Anyhow, anything was worth trying to avoid the humiliation of the separation so generally prophesied. Still more, anything was worth while to regain the reality of happiness so recently his.

Their home was in one of those easy-going, happy-go-lucky small apartment-houses, without an elevator, whose janitor is always too busy to attend to the outer door; the sort where visitors wander helplessly about while indwellers go and come unnoticed.

On his own floor he paused irresolutely. He hoped no one would come out of the other apartments. Nobody did. He inserted his key and opened the door. Inside, full in the electric

light from the landing, was Copp, in his most alert and belligerent attitude, expressive of a fresh and insistent command.

Roy did not take his key out of the door. He left it there and the door open.

VII.

When Roy woke in the second-story front bedroom of his mother's house his first sensation was a vague and violent anger, an unreasoning hostility against everybody and everything. Then he became aware of a fierce and insistent, but diffused and all-embracing, physical wretchedness. Roused by this torturing general misery, he stirred, and instantly was conscious of an acute sense of alarm, of fright, of horror, of bewilderment. He did not know why he felt so, nor where he was, nor how he came there. Struggling to open his eyes, he found sight both painful and dim. Presently he made out where he was, and recalled Nan's obstinacy after their quarrel, recalled the grin on Copp, that symbol and henchman of her obduracy.

His malignant temper sharpened. He regretted that he had not clubbed Copp insensible—his walking-stick was quite stout enough for that—and forced his way to his wife. He reflected, as when Copp had blocked his path, that if he did so, Nan would certainly never have anything to do with him again; and besides, their quarrel would surely then become known, just what he most shrank from and desired to avoid, or even postpone, at any cost. Nan had him decidedly. His impotent wrath surged over him in waves.

But his physical discomfort aggravated till it was unbearable. He strove to open his eyes, to sit up; it was astonishingly difficult. He seemed very sleepy. He put out his hand to the chair beside the bed, groping for his watch. Neither watch, purse nor wallet was on the chair.

Then he refused and sat up.

His head was aching, his mouth felt queer, his limbs were heavy. His eyes

confirmed the verdict of his touch, the chair-seat was entirely bare.

He got out of bed. After he had refreshed himself with a cold plunge and was really awake, his search corroborated his first impressions. The house had been broken into quietly by a rear basement window. One man apparently had made a leisurely meal in the pantry. He found much of the silver tied up in packages, but after going over the packages, not a piece, as far as he could tell, was wanting. He knew his mother's silver well.

The day before he had told the servants that they might remain out overnight. He was glad of it. He tried to put the silver back in the proper places, to efface all traces of the burglar's presence. But he felt at once that if the silver was left, it was because some more valuable prize had been taken instead.

He knew his mother had a jewel-safe concealed somewhere about her room. He went up-stairs and looked for it, but could find nothing disturbed.

Then suddenly, standing in the middle of the room in his bath-gown, his tousled fair hair over his eyes, he looked about for his own possessions. Not only his watch, purse and wallet were missing, but his shoes, the blue cheviot suit he had been wearing, his satchel and—

He hunted about desperately. The fat package of bonds, of coupon bonds, of unlisted coupon bonds, was gone.

He dashed about the house and found the burglar's shoes, old clothing, even his hat in the servants' bathroom. With these he found an empty bottle, the smell of which seemed to him to explain the peculiarity of his headache.

In the course of his rummaging he found a purse of his mother's, with twenty dollars in bills and some change, lying unopened on a little table.

The burglar had understood negotiable securities; he had wasted no time or energy after he had come upon the chief prize.

As soon as Roy realized this he sat down, and thought it all over.

A nice situation he was in on the

morning of Christmas eve! If he had not quarreled with his wife he could go at once to the police and retrieve his losses, perhaps even recover the bonds. He ought to act promptly. But he shrank from exposing himself.

He had planned it all so well, he had thought. All his money with him, in cash or negotiable securities; a quick dash to Denver; explanations to his people that a dazzling opportunity had demanded his instant presence there; a dignified letter to Nan that he was unaware of having said or done anything at which she ought to take offense; that if he had, he regretted it and truly wished for a reconciliation and their mutual happiness; a request that she pack up their belongings and join him in Colorado; and, behold, he saw himself right before himself, right before the world, whether Nan accepted after reflection, as she probably would, or refused, as she probably would not. And here he was, without hope of moving Nan, with no means of moving her, with no hope of preventing the fact of their quarrel being noised abroad, helpless in every direction, almost penniless and ridiculous.

He made some sort of a breakfast, but felt so drugged, weak and dizzy that he went back to bed.

He slept until late, then he took a second bath to wake himself up. He put on a gray homespun suit and a soft hat, and went out. He dined at that restaurant where he thought himself least likely to see any one he knew. Afterward he walked moodily about the streets, cudgeling his brains for some way out of his quandary, and finding none.

VIII.

Nan had a genius for concealing her troubles by straightforward truth-telling. She told her maid that she did not know when Mr. Carter would be home, but she expected him every moment. That was quite true, and said with so natural an air that the servant never suspected that anything was wrong.

Nan prepared her flat for Christmas precisely as if nothing had happened. She oscillated between extremes of mood. Now she was penitently resolved to do anything to mollify Roy, certain that he would soon relent and seek her, and palpitatingly eager for his appearance. Again she was swept away by gusts of resentment and wrath. As ill-luck would have it, it had been just at the moment she was hardest and fiercest in her sense of ill-treatment that he had returned and she had hastily sent Copp to bar his entrance. No sooner had he gone than she collapsed in tears.

Christmas-eve morning she spent out shopping. After her lunch she kept on shopping. She hated to go home.

At home she sat in the gathering dusk, Copp beside her, his head on her knee. He knew she was miserable, and sympathized dumbly. She listened disconsolately to the sounds from the tiny kitchen and little dining-room. She was more wretched every moment, and hated the idea of the solitary meal.

"Oh, Copp," she wailed in a half-whisper, "why did I drive him away from me? How can I bring him back? Do you think you could find him?"

Copp sat up, his remnants of ears as erect as possible, his nose working, his eyes on hers.

"You can," she half-explained. "I know you can. Will you find him for me, Copp? Go find him. Go bring him home."

The dog dashed about with every expression of eagerness.

She went to the outer door and let him out. He vanished down the stairs, his claws rattling scratchily on the slate steps.

As soon as possible Nan got rid of her servant, telling her she might remain out all night at her home if she would return by eight the next morning. She was glad to be rid of her, and yet the moment the maid was gone she hunted for Roy's revolver, and made sure it was loaded and working smoothly. She put it where she could lay hands on it in a moment.

She made a dreary attempt at reading, and fidgeted about wretchedly.

Then she heard one short, sharp bark on the landing. She jumped up, thrilled all over. She waited for the click of Roy's key in the lock, then she remembered that he had no key. She flew to open the door.

Something made her pause. The bark had not been repeated, repeated joyously as it should have been. It had been like Copp's bark, yet somehow also unlike it. Suppose—she could not say what she supposed. But she tripped back for the revolver, spun the cylinder and held it behind her in her left hand.

She opened the door, hopeful yet fearing to be undeceived, her eyes cast down. At sight of the shoes and trousers her heart swelled with relief, and she fairly bubbled with merriment at the needlessness of Copp's firm grip of the blue-clad leg.

Then she raised her eyes.

She sprang back.

The figure and face were wholly unfamiliar, the face ugly and threatening, but expressing more cringing fear than active menace.

She whipped the revolver into her right hand. The man Copp guarded noted the practised correctness of the way she held it.

"You are wearing my husband's clothes!" she cried. "What are you doing with my husband's clothes?"

The stocky figure did not move, the rugged face showed a ghost of a sheepish smile through its alarm. No reply came to her.

She touched the electric buttons, lighting up most of her abode.

"Copp," she said, "if that man tries to run away, nail him."

Copp wagged his stump of a tail.

"If he tries to get near me," his mistress went on, "nail him. He is going to come in, Copp, but he is going to come in slow."

She backed off a step, leveled her pistol and said:

"Now do as I tell you. Come in one step at a time."

The man took one step forward.

"Oh, stow de gun," he said. "I ain't afeard o' no gun. Can't youse see it's de dawg I'm afeared of?"

Nan kept the pistol leveled at his face. Step by step she backed down the passage, till she had passed the doorway of the little parlor.

"You go into that room," she commanded, adding: "Copp, he is to go into the parlor."

Sullenly the man entered the parlor.

"Hold him there, Copp," she ordered.

She flew down the passage, shut the outer door and was back instantly.

"Now empty your pockets and put everything on that sofa," she commanded him.

He eyed her grip of the pistol, saw the three fingers tight round the stock, clutching it close, with a determined, businesslike tenseness; saw the index-finger curled in front of the trigger, noted the determination in the thumb. He remarked:

"I guess youse has got me. I knowed I wuz gone de minit I see dat dawg. I allus wuz afeared o' dawgs, an' dat's de tarest dawg I ever see."

Sullenly he took one thing after another from his trousers' pockets.

"Back off," Nan commanded. "Stand by the window. Make him, Copp."

Copp shifted his grip of the leg, and the man obeyed.

Nan, one eye on the burglar, picked up from the articles on the sofa Roy's watch, chain and purse. She put the purse on the table and opened it with one hand, her glance at it sidelong, her eyes returning constantly to the sights of the revolver.

The purse had some loose change in it.

"Now hand out that wallet," she ordered sharply. "I know you have it."

The man hesitated.

"Do you want me to telephone to the police?" she thundered. "I mean to let you go if I get what I think you have."

Reluctantly he drew out the wallet.

"Put it on the table," she bid him.

She was wearying of the strain.

"Sit down in that chair by the window," she commanded. "Copp," she added, "if he tries to get up, nail him."

She seated herself at the table, laid the revolver in front of her and opened the wallet. She counted the bills, her wonder increasing as she counted.

She drew a breath of amazement.

Then she searched the wallet. She found a yellow tissue-paper press-copy of a telegram.

Suddenly her face paled. She stood up, raised and aimed the revolver. He saw her eyes.

"Good Gawd, 'lady!" he half-screamed. "Dat's murder! Don't kill me!"

Her face was set with comprehension.

"Hand me that package of bonds," she dictated.

He did not hesitate that time. He feared acutely that her finger would unintentionally tighten on that trigger.

His hand slid inside his coat on one side, his other hand slid inside his coat on the other, he laid two bulky packages on the table.

She opened them and ran over them. Sweeping them and the bills together, she put them on the sofa. Selecting one bill, she put it on the table and stood up.

"Hold him, Copp," she said again. Again she slipped out into the passage, pistol in hand, this time to unlatch the outer door. When she returned, she said:

"Let him stand up, Copp."

The burglar rose.

"Take that bill from the table," she told him. "You may have it for a Christmas gift. I fancy I can describe you if I want you caught. I believe I shall not want you caught. You can go now if you go slow. If you move fast you will never go. No, don't speak. If you do, I believe I'll kill you."

The man took the bill from the table, moved through the door and along the passage, Copp by him.

"Open the door," she bade, and he opened it.

"Come back, Copp," she called.

The moment the dog was inside the door she slammed it and bolted it.

The next instant she was a flaccid

heap on the floor, Copp licking her face and whining helplessly.

IX.

When Nan came to herself, Copp was still whining and licking her face.

She sat up in the forlorn glare of the electric-lighted passage, leaning against the jamb of the parlor door, and folded the dog in her arms, fondling him.

"Oh, Copp," she moaned, "you did right, you did right! But I did not want his suit of clothes. I wanted him. Can't you find him and bring him to me, Copp? Perhaps he hasn't gone. Perhaps he couldn't go after he was robbed. Perhaps that dreadful burglar killed him. But I don't feel as if he had. I feel as if he were near me. Can't you find him, Copp?"

The dog wriggled out of her arms and scratched at the outer door, wagging his stump of a tail. Nan let him out, and once more he scuttled down the stairs.

Once she was alone Nan had an access of high spirits and joyful anticipation. She felt as though Copp would be back instantly with Roy. Her one thought was to be prepared to welcome him. She tied up the bonds neatly, put the bills in the wallet, and put both into a drawer of Roy's chiffonier. She put the watch and purse on top of it, and the key of the outer door between. Then she hustled from room to room and made everything as neat and attractive as possible. She laid the table for two, set it with a dainty, cold supper, and made ready her chafing-dish also. She dressed herself as Roy liked her best, in a low-cut gown of dark yellow silk, selecting the necklace he admired most.

All the while she was in a fever of dread for fear Copp would return with Roy before she was ready to receive him. But when she had done everything she could think of, had put every possible touch on herself and the rooms, when there was nothing to do save watch the clock, she suffered the inevitable reaction and sank into the blackest depression of spirits. She be-

came certain Roy lay dead at his mother's, the burglar's bullet through his brain. Had Copp been with her she would have rushed out into the night to verify or dissipate her fears. Then she was sure Roy was on his way to Denver, after all; had been able to borrow money after he had been robbed, and was already far away. Then she was sure that Copp could not find him, anyhow.

Ten o'clock was not far off when she heard a step on the outer stair, a step she could not mistake. The bell rang, Copp scratched, and the next moment she tore the door open and was in her husband's arms.

After she had drawn him inside and he had shut the door, they held each other a long time without any words, Copp dancing around them, but not barking, for he was too gentlemanly a dog to vulgarly display his feelings.

Then Roy held her off and looked at her, and she at him. He was a good deal embarrassed and shamefaced through his gladness.

"I knew you had sent Copp," was the first thing he said.

She smiled her reply.

"But I was half-afraid to come," he continued.

She nestled to him. "You needn't have been," she said.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I knew you wanted me as soon as I saw Copp, but I was ashamed to come to have to tell you. I have made a dreadful fool of myself. I have lost nearly everything I had. You were right about mother's."

"As long as that dreadful burglar did not kill you," she interrupted him, "he is welcome to all he got."

"You know about the burglar?" he cried. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I have some sense," she bantered him, rejoicing in the surprise she had in store for him. "I can put two and two together."

"But you don't know what he got away with," Roy demurred.

"Don't I?" she triumphed. "Your calf shoes, blue suit and derby hat and a ten-dollar bill was all he got away with."

"He got four thousand dollars cash and all my bonds—all of them," Roy confessed.

"No, he didn't," Nan beamed. "Come and look at my Christmas present for you."

She showed him the watch, key and purse, opened the drawer and gave him the wallet and package.

"You needn't verify them," she said. "They are all there."

Roy sat down heavily.

"A Christmas gift, indeed," he said.

"It is wonderful how a man's appetite returns with relief. Let's have that supper and then go out and hunt for your Christmas gift. The stores will be open till midnight."

"Don't forget a Christmas gift for Copp," she laughed at him.

So it befell that just before midnight a hansom swung silently up Fourteenth Street, the horse's hoofs padding noiselessly in the fresh snow. The occupants of the hansom were not easily visible, for they leaned far back in it. But any passer-by could not help seeing the head of a good-sized brindled bulldog, his mouth proudly open in a lordly grin. The rays of the arc-lights, which made rainbows among the whirls of big, falling snowflakes, sparkled insistently on his collar, a broad, new collar, all brave with huge silver studs.

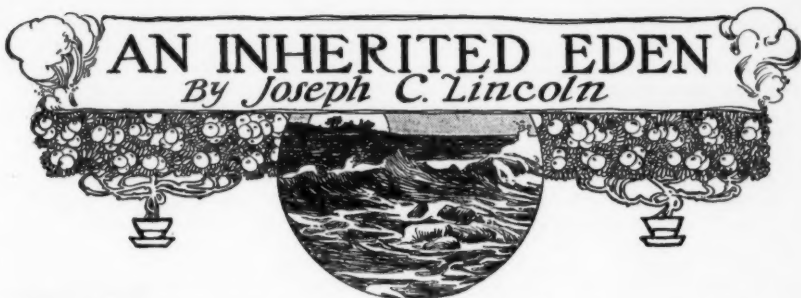
NECESSITY

NECESSITY, 'twas you who made me take
The worsen bargain for the moment's sake:
I marketed my dream, ere it came true,
Because the rent was due.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

AN INHERITED EDEN

By Joseph C. Lincoln




WO of the roads were macadamized and, in normal weather, would have been called good. The third was narrow, sandy and deeply rutted. But, on this particular night, the macadam roads were flooded with whirling, rushing torrents of water, while the sandy byway, absorbing the rain like a sponge, was comparatively dry. All three crossed just at the base of two thickly wooded hills. A sign-board, which had stood at the crossing, was prostrate now, blown down by the gale, and so covered with tossing bushes and soaked weeds as to be unperceivable in the darkness. The rain yelled and whooped between the hills and drove the pouring rain before it. There were no houses in sight.

Along one of the macadam roads came splashing a muddy buggy, drawn by a muddier horse. Two persons were on the seat of the buggy, a man and a woman. The man was driving. He leaned forward, and wiping the rain from his eyes with the back of a big, red hand, squinted ahead into the blackness.

"Whoa!" he shouted to the horse. "Whoa! Stand still, won't ye! Seems to be some kind of a crossin' here. Sarah, do you remember which road the feller said to take? Left-hand one, wa'n't it?"

"Why, no, Josiah; seems to me he said the right."

"Humph! Well, they all seem to be

more like cricks than roads. However, they must lead to some place or 'nother, and ladies' choice is manners, so here goes; we'll take the right, shall we?"

"I don't care! I don't care! Only let's go somewheres. The storm's worse than ever, we're lost, and I'm soaked, soppin' through. Why did we start? What will become of us? I'm almost drowned!"

The lady punctuated the last sentence with two big sobs.

"There! there!" coaxed her companion soothingly. "Don't cry, Sarah; don't cry, for the dear land sakes! We ain't quite drowned yet, and there's no use of you furnishin' the water to finish the job. Get up, Two-forty!"

He pulled the horse's head into the narrow road turning to the right, and the buggy wallowed and rocked along between rows of tossing pine-trees. Soaked bushes scratched the wheels and threw additional and superfluous showers over the seat and its occupants. For some time they progressed without speaking. Then the man broke the silence.

"Better navigatin' here, anyhow," he said; "but I swan to man, it makes me sick to think what fools we was to leave a snug harbor like that hotel and get caught in a no'theaster like this. Comes of takin' other folks say-so about the weather. I'd never done it to home, but here I s'posed the natives knew more'n I did. Humph! They said 'twas only ten mile or so to Dingley, and we've sloshed around for fifty, judgin' by my feelin's. Hello! here's cleared ground. If we could sight a light I'd put in and

ask for— What? Hey? Ain't that some kind of a buildin' ahead?"

It was a building, sure enough; a small frame dwelling, one of a row of three, standing out in the midst of an apparently treeless desolation. The wind had free sweep here, and it threatened to blow the buggy-top clear of its fastenings. The three houses were black and silent; not a light showed anywhere.

"Humph!" grunted the driver. "I cal'late all hands have turned in. Hello! Ahoy there! Wake up, will you!"

But his hails were unanswered. No one woke up. There were no signs of life about the houses.

"Here, Sarah!" he said. "You take the reins and I'll see if I can't roust out somebody. We've got to put in here, that's all there is to it. Can't go no farther to-night."

He climbed out of the vehicle, and she heard him tramping over the porch of the nearest house and pounding on its door. Then he repeated the process at the next porch, and the next. When he returned he spoke in a voice which was evidently meant to be cheery.

"Well, Sarah," he said, "there don't seem to be nobody aboard these crafts, any one of 'em. They're empty houses, that's what they be. I lit one of them wind-proof matches of mine, and I made out a sign in one of the winders sayin' the place was for sale or to let. I cal'late you and me'll rent it for one night, anyhow. You go up onto that piazza, and I'll see if I can't find somewheres to put up the horse."

Sarah obeyed orders and ascended the steps to the porch. Here she was sheltered from the worst of the storm, but what remained was bad enough. After what seemed a year at least her protector came splashing around the corner.

"There's a more or less leaky shed out back here," he panted, "and I put the team in under it. Now let's see if we can't find a more comf'table place than this is. I s'pose these hatches are all battered down. Yes, they be; but I cal'late I can fix that."

He drew a big jack-knife from his

pocket and began work. Soon there was a click and the protesting shriek and groan of a long-shut window raised by main force.

"There!" he exclaimed pantingly. "The curtain's up, anyhow. Now let's see what the show looks like."

Climbing in through the opened window, he lit a match and looked about. The lady peered in likewise. It was evident that the house had been built for some time, but had never been lived in. The new plaster on the walls was cracked and stained with dampness, the new floors were warped and twisted, the cheap but showy "hardwood" mantel over the fireplace was several degrees out of plumb. In the corner of the room were a heap of shavings and carpenter's odds and ends, just as the workmen had left them.

Josiah stepped from this room—evidently the parlor of the establishment—into the little front hall. A moment later he opened the front door and bowed a ceremonious welcome.

"Step right in, Sarah," he urged, "and make yourself to home. I'm to home and wish you was, as the woman said when the minister called on a wash-day mornin'. Come on in, and let me get this door and window shut afore the wet spiles the Brussels carpets."

Sarah entered rather timorously. "Oh, Josiah," she ventured, "do you think we'd ought to do so to somebody else's house? Seems to me like break-in' and enterin'."

"Does so, don't it? Well, if the constable happens along I'll be glad to meet him. This is one of the times when I'd just as liefs be in jail as not. Yes, indeedy! Now, where did I see them shavin's?"

He lit another match, located the heap of chips in the corner, and transferred an armful to the little fireplace. A somewhat sickly blaze sprang up and did its best to crackle.

"Kind of feeble glim, ain't it?" observed the fireman chokingly. "God-frey scissors! how that chimney smokes. Keeps on this way and we'll have to sound a fog-horn."

And then, as if in answer to this re-

mark, from somewhere outside came a mournful blast, a dismal, appealing "Honk! honk!"

"My soul and body!" exclaimed the lady. "What's that?"

Her companion sprang to the window. It was pitchy black without, and the noises of the storm were as loud as ever; but above them the "Honk! honk!" came at intervals, apparently approaching the house.

"It's—it's an automobile. Josiah! who in the world would——"

"Automobile! Power-boat, you mean. No automobile could navigate—— By Judas! it is one, though. See the lights. It's comin' here."

The lights of a big touring-car bounced and rocked up to a spot opposite the front door of the little house. A bulky object alighted from the car and pounded up the steps. A vigorous knock shook the door.

"Oh! oh! oh!" whispered Sarah, clasping her hands. "Who is it? Do you s'pose it is the constable?"

"No, no! Constables and policemen ain't out weather like this, unless they're diff'rent down here from what they are back home. More likely to be the feller that owns the house. Well, might's well face the music; he can't no more'n hang us, and I'd just as soon be hung as drowned."

The knock was repeated. Josiah swung the door open and faced a large man in a rain-proof coat, an automobile cap and goggles, dripping with water, and so overlaid with red mud and clay that he resembled a shapeless, unfinished plaster cast.

"Evening," said the plaster cast cheerfully. "I'm mighty sorry to rout you out at this time of the night, but I've lost my way, my machine is on the bum, and I hoped you might take me in out of the wet. If there is a hotel anywhere near here I——"

"Don't say another word! Course we'll take you in. Land sakes! we just took ourselves in. Put your go-cart—your automobile—out under the shed back here. Lost, hey? Well, well! I'm glad 'tain't no worse. I thought——"

The stranger interrupted with an ex-

clamation. He was staring over Josiah's shoulder into the parlor. The fire, burning more brightly now, illuminated the bare walls and the littered bare floor of the room.

"Why," he ejaculated, "it's an empty house! How in thunder——"

"Just the same as you did, chummie. It's any port in a hurricane, you know, and if this ain't a hurricane then it's quite a spell of weather. We only dropped in ten minutes ago. There's room for more, so don't stand on no ceremony."

The autoist apparently intended to obey orders, for, without replying, he sprang down the steps. The couple inside heard the touring-car puff around the corner of the house. Josiah put another armful of wood on the fire. A few minutes later the new arrival reappeared, his arms full.

"Say," he said, "I don't know whether you fellows had any dinner or not, but, if you didn't, there's the fag-end of a lunch in the hamper here that may go good. Also and likewise, there's a bottle of as good Scotch whisky as you're likely to treat yourself to in—— Hello! I beg your pardon. I didn't see the lady. Thought this was a stag party."

"Don't apologize—don't apologize!" chuckled Josiah, to whom the stranger's face and easy manners appealed. "Our electric lights ain't burnin' good to-night. I don't know how Sarah here feels, but that lunch invite of yours kind of hits me where I live. Take your things off and stay a while."

Thus urged, the driver of the touring-car divested himself of the mud-covered cap, goggles and coat, and seated himself cross-legged before the fireplace. The flickering blaze revealed imperfect glimpses of a smooth, shrewd face, a smart, checked business suit and a gleaming diamond in the shirt-bosom.

"Pitch into that lunch," he urged. "It's in the hamper—that basket there."

Josiah unpacked the hamper and spread the eatables in the illuminated circle of hearth and floor. Sarah, whose favorable opinion of the autoist had been shaken by the mention of the bottle of whisky, thawed at the sight

of the food, and she condescended to partake liberally of ham-sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and cheese-crackers.

"My! that goes to the spot," observed Josiah, biting a sandwich in half. "Ain't you goin' to eat nothin' yourself, mister? Wish I had the makin's of a pot of coffee for all hands, then we'd be as comfy as bugs in a rug."

"No, thanks," replied the provider of the feast. "Had dinner before I left Ashboro. Say, couldn't we heat some water in that tin affair in the hamper? Then we could have a hot Scotch all round to keep the cold off—that is, provided your wife don't object."

It was a natural mistake to make, but it caused the lady to draw hurriedly back from the firelight. Josiah, too, seemed somewhat disconcerted, for he stammered as he said:

"Why—er—why, you see, mister, I don't take nothin' spiritual, and Sarah—that is, this lady, ain't my wife. She's—let me make you acquainted—she's Mrs. Eldredge, of East Harniss. My name's Dimick—Josiah Dimick. Glad to know you, Mister—er—"

He paused, offering the visitor a graceful opportunity to make his own name known, but the opportunity was not embraced.

"East Harniss?" repeated the autoist. "East Harniss? Is that on the map? I don't seem to spot it offhand."

"It's on the Massachusetts map," said Mrs. Eldredge, rather tartly. "Guess you ain't much acquainted down our way."

"Oh! I see. I'm on now all right. You're from down-East. I thought you didn't have the twang that goes with this neck of the woods. You haven't said 'quite some' yet, and that's a sure test. Ho! ho!" he laughed uproariously. "What in blazes brought you so far from home a night like this?"

"I don't know's we're so far—" began the lady briskly, but her escort, recognizing the battle-signal in her tone, cut in hurriedly.

"Not so very fur, for me, anyway," he said. "I'm a seafarin' man by trade, and I've been round consider'ble in my time."

"Cap'n Dimick's just been way to the Klondike," declared Mrs. Eldredge.

"Klondike, hey? Did you strike it rich?"

"Not so rich as a Thanksgivin' pie," answered the captain, with glum decision. "However, that's neither here nor there. Way we come to be stranded in this derelict"—waving a hand to indicate the empty house—"was on account of Mrs. Eldredge's fallin' heir to some property in this latitude and comin' on to inspect it. We got off the cars at a place called Colon, and found we'd got a twenty-mile drive ahead of us. I hired a horse and buggy, for price enough to buy it twice over, and started along. This no'theaster come up afore we'd got very fur, and the night come along with it. Then we asked some questions and found we'd better not try to make the place where the property was, but put in at a town called Dingley, hopin' she'd fair up in the mornin'. We'd cruised along, and cruised along, weather gettin' thicker all the time, and fin'ly we got lost altogether, took a side road and—well, here we be."

The autoist laughed again. "Dingley!" he exclaimed. "Why, man, I should say you were lost. Dingley is miles from here. I was on my way there, but I guess I took the same road that you did. We had a mix-up with a pedler's cart over at Ashboro, and my chauffeur broke his wrist. I left him there, and, like a fool, started on my own hook. Wanted to get back to the city, you see. The collision must have smashed something about the car, for it began to go to the bad. I was lost, and knew it; saw your fire shining through the window, stopped—and, well, as you say, here I be."

There was silence for a few minutes. Every one seemed to be thinking. Then Captain Dimick spoke.

"Humph!" he grunted. "We be, that's plain enough, but do you know *where* we be?"

"I do not. And yet I ought to know this country pretty well. But there's nothing doing in my geography to-night. Maybe in the morning I can do the puzzle."

Mrs. Eldredge rose to her feet. "Josiah," she said, "I'm some drier'n I was, but I'm awful tired. I believe I'll go into one of these other rooms and lie down. I don't mind sleepin' on the floor, but if the buggy cushions ain't too wet, perhaps——"

But their fellow wayfarer had a word to say.

"Get the cushions from my car," he said. "They're dry, I guess, and so are some of the robes. Here! I'll go get 'em."

Together he and the captain went out to the shed, and returned with the cushions and robes. Josiah improvised a fairly comfortable couch on the floor of the kitchen, beside a rusty cook-stove, while Mrs. Eldredge lit matches to furnish the necessary light.

"There!" she whispered. "I'll get along fust rate now. Good night, Josiah. You've been awful kind. I don't know what I'd done without you. And, Josiah——"

"Yes, Sarah, what is it?"

"I want you to tell that man—that whisky man—all about why we're here and everything. I don't like him anyway, and I want him to understand that——"

"That's all right, Sarah; I'll 'tend to that, don't you fret. Sure you're dry enough not to get cold. Good night."

He closed the door and returned to the parlor. The autoist had lit a fat, banded cigar, and was gazing about the room.

"Humph!" he grunted. "This is a cheap shack, isn't it? Built to sell or rent, I'll bet. Plaster falling down, woodwork green and pulling apart; regular land-company bait for suckers. Here, captain, have a weed?"

Captain Dimick accepted the proffered cigar.

"Much obliged," he said. "I don't know but it's a good idee to run opposition to that fireplace. If I'm goin' to be smoke-cured I'd a little rather 'twould be tobacco smoke that done it. So you don't think much of this tavern, hey? Well, not havin' cat's eyes, I ain't been able to see much of it; but it looks pretty nice and cozy to me."

"Looks nice? Sure it looks nice! That's the scheme. Open fireplace in the parlor, and papier-mâché carvings on the mantel. Running water in the butler's pantry, and dripping water through the roof. Brown near-stone foundation, and brown-paper shingles. Boating and fishing on the premises—no farther off than the cellar. Why pay rent when you can own your own aquarium? Oh, I'm on to the suburban real-estate game. I'm in it myself."

"You don't say!" exclaimed his companion, much interested. "So you're a real-estate man, hey? Well now, that's funny. Maybe you know somethin' about the property Sarah—Mrs. Eldredge—has had left to her."

"Maybe I do. Somewhere near Dingley, was it?"

"Why, yes—somewheres nigh. You see, there's quite a story hitched to that property. I've known Sarah all my life. Knew her afore she married Lot Eldredge. Fact is, she and I used to be—— Well, that ain't here nor there. Lot was drowned a couple of years ago fishin' up on the banks, and Sarah was left poor as Job's turkey. She hired a couple of rooms, and tried to make both ends meet by doin' sewin' and such. I know all about her affairs, 'cause I've always been her best friend."

"Sure! But she must have had some relations, though, if they willed her some——"

"Nobody willed her nothin'. She had a brother over to South Orham, and when he died she was next heir."

"Hum!" The stranger grinned over his cigar. "Was the brother a friend of yours, too?"

The answer was given so promptly and with such emphasis that the questioner jumped.

"No!" snarled the captain. "He wa'n't! I'm some particular about my friends. Heman Low was a——"

"Meaning the brother?"

"Yup. He was a dum mean, schemin', stingy sneak, that's what he was! There, excuse my all but swearin'. A feller has to let go all holts once in a while. He knew my opinion of him. When Sarah and I was keepin' com-

p'ny in the old days lie— Never mind that. He let his sister work herself pretty nigh to death after Lor died, and never offered her a penny, nor a home, nor even a new dress. I was Klondikin' at the time, and didn't know—I don't s'pose this interests you much, chum-mie?"

The listener had yawned cavernously, but he waved for his companion to continue.

"Well," went on Josiah, "I'm reachin' up to the buoy now; be there in a minute. Seems that when Heman died and Sarah come into his property, 'twas found out that he didn't own the South Orham place no more. That had been 'swapped off."

"Swapped off?"

"Yup. Swapped off for a house and lot over in this latitude. Seems he'd read an advertisement in a paper or some such, advertisement of a chap who said him and his comp'ny could sell any farm or house that ever was built for a big profit. All you had to do was to send along a fee in advance and tints and descriptions of the place you had to sell. So Heman, who'd have yanked up his ma's gravestone if he could have made a dime by doin' it, he pays his commission and puts the South Orham farm in the feller's hands. What did you say?"

"Nothing. Go ahead."

"Well, either there was a floatin' smell of Heman about the place, or some other drawback; anyhow, the feller didn't sell. After Heman wrote so many letters that the postage-stamp bill took away his appetite, he got word that the feller's comp'ny had took pity on him and was willin' to square up, even though they lost money by doin' it. They would take over the farm and give him in trade a fine house and lot in a lovely park they was developin'. Sent him maps and colored pictures of the park and the house. Not more'n thirty miles from the city, all improvements to be made right off, avenues and streets all laid out, nobody but high-class church folks allowed to live there, and so on. Heman jumped at it, and the deeds was fixed up. Then he was took

sick and had the cheek to send for Sarah to come to nurse. She went, more fool her; but she's that kind of a good-hearted woman. While she was there he told her all about the swop. Then he got religion and died, sayin' he forgave her for not savin' his life, and that he'd meet her on the beautiful shore. Humph! the shore *he* landed on blistered his feet, I'll bet."

Captain Dimick paused and relit his cigar. His companion, who had drawn back into the shadows beyond the firelight, asked a question.

"What's the name of this park where Brother Heman's new plant is located?" he asked.

Josiah chuckled. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's got a swell name. I tell Sarah 'twill cost her somethin' to dress up to that name. It's labeled 'Eden Crescent.' Look out, you'll lose your smoke."

The gilt-banded extravagance had fallen from the lips of the autoist. He picked up the cigar and hastily withdrew into the shadow.

"Hum!" he muttered musingly. "Does this property represent all the cash the old girl—the widow's got?"

"Every red. Christmas! ain't it enough? The advertisement says the land's well with three thousand an acre, and Sarah cal'lated to sell two acres and live in the house on t'other. When I got back from Klondikin' I found all East Harniss takin' a week off figgerin' up how rich she was. They had it set all the way from twenty thousand up. She had her duds packed—that didn't take long—and Squire Pepper had advanced her money enough to come on here and locate. I, bein' an old friend, advised her to take a trip and look the ground over fust. 'Twas too fur for her to travel alone, so, as I didn't have nothin' special to do, I offered to be her pilot on the cruise. I turned out to be a mighty poor one, or we wouldn't be stranded here, hey, Mister—Mister—I don't know's that I caught your name."

"My name? My name is—er—er—Smith. John Smith. Well, captain, a nice-looking widow with six thousand

and a home of her own ain't a bad catch. And I judge you lifted a dollar or two at the diggings yourself; so——"

Captain Dimick interrupted him. "Hold on, Mr. Smith!" he broke in sharply. "Don't misunderstand nothin'. I haven't asked that lady to marry me, and I ain't goin' to. Just let that stay put in your mind, will you?"

"Why, sure! I didn't mean to butt in. I only——"

"Oh, that's all right. I know you didn't. And say, you're in the real-estate line; do you happen to know this Eden Crescent feller? Oberhauser, his name is. Has his tintype printed always along with his ads. Do you know him?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "I—I've heard of him; but——"

"Heard of him! Who ain't? Can't he write the language, though? Them ads of his make you think paradise is only a section of his land-holdin's. Let's see now; how's it go? 'Beautiful Eden Crescent, located among the foothills of the Overtop Mountains, ringed with wooded heights and——and——' Oh, shucks! I'm gettin' old and losin' my memory. Never mind; I've got one of the ads here somewheres."

He fumbled in the pocket of his wet jacket and extracted a bundle of old letters and papers. Selecting one, a page torn from a not-too-particular magazine, he knelt by the fire. Its uncertain light flickered across the paper, exposing the smiling, pictured features of the great Oberhauser, founder of Eden Crescent.

"Wooded heights," began the captain. "Wooded heights and——humph! Well, I snum!"

Mr. Smith had retired still farther into the shadow. He seemed nervous.

"Never mind the rest of the hot air," he said hurriedly. "I've heard that sort of stuff till I'm sick of it."

But Josiah still stared at the advertisement.

"Why, yes," he said slowly; "I s'pose you have. I s'pose likely you have, Mister—— Blessed if I ain't forgot your name again."

"Smith. James Smith. Your mem-

ory must have slipped a cog if you forget 'Smith.' Ha! ha!"

"Yes, I presume likely that's so. Humph! I swan to man! Well, Mr. Smith, I do hope Sarah's new home's goin' to be all she expects, 'cause her heart's set on it. There! I guess I've talked enough. What do you say if we turn in? Put your jacket under your head for a pillar and keep your feet to the fire. Hope you're as used to bunkin' on a soft pine-feather bed as I be. Here goes. Gale seems to be slackin' up some. Cal'late she'll have faired off by mornin'. Good night. You needn't mind turnin' down the chandelier."

Mrs. Eldredge, widow of the late Lot and sister of the later Heman, encamped in the kitchen upon the cushions of the automobile and covered by its robes, passed as endurable a night as might, under the circumstances, have been expected. Nevertheless, it was neither a restful nor a comfortable one. The strangeness of her surroundings, the beating of the rain against the windows, her nervousness and her thoughts, all combined to keep her awake long after the hum of voices in the parlor had ceased and the captain's muffled snores had taken its place. And in her thoughts two prospective happenings were prominent—she would soon see her new home, and then the captain would be obliged to leave her and return to East Harniss. Somehow the anticipated pleasure of the former was almost destroyed by the dread of the latter.

She fell asleep at last and, when she awoke, the morning light, dim and gray, was shining in through the paint-spattered panes. She arose from the cushions and looked out from the window. The rain had ceased, and the sun, just rising, was curtained by gray fog. All around was desolation and mud, mud, mud. The muddy road, along which they had ridden the night before, curved its rutted, puddle-smear track away to the woods beyond. Muddy fields, bare of everything except weeds and bushes, surrounded the house and the two adjoining it. The fields were laid

off in squares, with more roads, or what might be roads some day, dividing them. There were sign-boards, some standing and others prostrate in the mud, at the corners of the squares. The sign nearest her read: "Wistaria Court."

A few minutes later, having arranged her hair and made herself look as presentable as possible, she passed through the hall and opened the front door. The parlor was empty. Evidently Josiah and the owner of the automobile had already gone out.

The view from the front of the house was as lonely and disheartening as that from the rear. There were more of the square, weed-filled fields and more of the sign-boards with high-sounding names upon them. In the distance, half-hidden behind a clump of pitch pines, were two or three tumble-down hovels with smoke issuing from the chimneys. Somebody must live *there*, at all events.

She walked across the porch, down the steps and along one of the quagmire roads which, in this instance, was labeled "Myrtle Terrace." Then she turned to look back at the house she had just left. Somehow, seen thus plainly, it looked familiar. She wondered where she had seen one like it.

A very large sign-board, blown into a leaning position, blocked "Myrtle Terrace" just beyond where she was standing. Idly she walked up to it, and stooped to read the words painted thereon. They were partially obliterated by the storms of several winters, but they could still be made out. And this is what she read:

Eden Crescent. The Ideal Site for the Country Home. Lots and Houses for Sale. A. B. Oberhauser, Agent. 1276 E. Blank Street, New York.

She read this astounding announcement twice before she comprehended its meaning. Then, with a horrified gasp, she raised a pale face and glared at the house, the middle house in the row of three. She knew now why it seemed familiar to her. Shorn of the flowerbeds and climbing vines with which the imaginative artist had adorned it, seen without the same artist's magnifying-

glass which had made it look four times the size, with cracked windows and broken shutters, weather-beaten and leaking and miserable—nevertheless, it was the house of the circular, the house she had inherited from her brother.

She was clinging to the sign-board and staring dumbly at the house when a hand touched her shoulder. Turning, she beheld Captain Josiah Dimick. The captain's face was very grave.

"Oh! Oh, Josiah!" she gasped. "Have you read *this*? Did you see *that*? It ain't so, is it? It *can't* be so, can it? I—"

"I guess it's so, Sarah. This nice ripe lawn we're sinkin' into just now is beautiful Eden Crescent, and that—that hen-house we slept in is Brother Heman's heirloom."

"But, Josiah—"

"I've been over to that bunch of pigpens," indicating the houses among the pines, "askin' some questions. There's no less'n forty-two Eytalians livin' there. They're dirtier than poorhouse hogs, but they're all the population that beautiful Eden has got or ever did have. These houses here—yours and t'other two relics—was built seven years ago. They've been fallin' down ever sense. Nigh's I can find out, real estate here is wuth about ten dollars a mile, and only that to cart off and fill in somewheres else."

"But, Josiah, do you realize what this means? It means I ain't rich at all. I'm poor—poorer than ever, because I owe that money to the squire. I'm—I'm ruined!"

"Yes," was the matter-of-fact reply, "I guess you be."

Mrs. Eldredge had begun to cry. Now, however, she was too full of indignant surprise to shed more tears.

"You guess I be, do you?" she snapped. "I want to know! Well, Josiah Dimick, of all the unfeelin'—"

"Oh, fur's I'm concerned, Sarah, I'm glad of it."

"You're glad of it? Well, never in my—"

Captain Dimick seized her arm. "You bet!" he whispered, with fierce, exul-

tant eagerness. "You bet I'm glad of it, Sarah Eldredge; and I'll tell you why. All my life I've thought more of you than I have of everybody else in the world. Lot Eldredge got you on account of that fool quarrel that Heman brought about. I heard of Lot's drownin' when I was in the Klondike, long after it happened, and back I put to ask you to marry me. But when I do get back, what do I find? Why, that you're rich—*rich!* And on whose money? Why, on that low-down, stingy, sneak-thief of a Heman Low's money, that's whose! Much as I wanted you then, I couldn't ask you. S'pose I'd use, or let my wife use, a penny of *his*? I guess not! I'm a self-respectin' man. Thinks I: 'I'll be her friend till I die—but that's all I can ever be.'

"But now—now"—Josiah fairly laughed aloud in his exultation—"you're poor again, Sarah, and I *can* ask you. I can marry you, too, and I can support you, and I'm goin' to do it."

"But, Josiah," faltered the widow. "Josiah, I—"

"Don't you dast to say no, Sarah Eldredge. Don't you *dast* to do it! You'd be flyin' right in the face of the Lord A'mighty. Who else but Him put us off the course and landed us right plumb in the middle of this mud-hole with the very feller that— Sarah, you come right to the buggy with me. We'll drive to Dingley or somewhere else, and be married this very forenoon. Then we'll set sail for East Harniss, and spend the rest of our lives there. Don't stop to argue, Sarah; this is the Lord's doin's and we mustn't interfere."

Still protesting, but tearless, and for one whose riches had so suddenly vanished, looking almost happy, Mrs. Eldredge suffered herself to be led back to the house. And then, from around the corner of that house sauntered Mr. Smith, his hands soiled by contact with the machinery of his touring-car. He saw the pair, looked in the direction from which they had come, noticed the Eden Crescent sign-board and turned a rich red.

"Mornin'," said Captain Dimick shortly. "Sarah, you go right on and

get into the buggy. I want to talk to Mr. Smith a minute."

The widow dutifully obeyed, her prompt action implying a prophecy of further compliance with the captain's wishes. Josiah turned to the new arrival. The two men looked at each other. Smith was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, somewhat nervously, "I see you've read the sign."

"Yup. We've read it. We know this is the lost paradise, and all that. Yup, we know it."

"I suppose, too, you know about the house and—"

"Um—hum, that, too."

"Well, captain," he hesitated, turned redder than ever, and kicked a stick out of the mud before him. "Well, captain," he went on, "perhaps there's one thing you don't know. My name ain't Smith, it's—"

"Oberhauser. Yes, I know that along with the rest. I kept thinkin' last night that I'd seen you somewheres, and when I looked at your picture in that advertisement I knew who you was. And say, Mr. Oberhauser, when you tell a man your name's John Smith one time, don't forget and say it's Jim Smith the next time he asks you. It's awful easy to get into trouble that way."

The manipulator of real estate looked astonished, and a trifle foolish.

"Well, Dimick," he said, "you seem to be a sharp guy, after all. Guess *you* wouldn't have dipped into the Eden Crescent deal without investigating. At any rate, you're a man and you understand that business is business. This bunch of mud was only one of my side-lines, and it never worked; people didn't take to it, somehow. Finally, I used it to stave off rabid country yaps, like that Heman what's-his-name. However, doing a would-be skin like him is one thing; taking a widow woman's last cent is another. I know it's soft-headed and unbusinesslike, and all that, but I—well, hang it, I'm not superstitious, but it does seem queer that I should land in that very house at the same time you and she did. Anyhow, I tell you what I am going to do: I'm going to take you two back to my office, and hand

her over a check for just what her brother's farm was valued at in the original deed. There! That's square, ain't it?"

He paused, glowing with the virtuous pride of the philanthropist, and evidently expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. Whatever he expected, it was not what he got. Captain Josiah Dimick seized him by the coat and shook a thick forefinger in his face.

"No, you won't!" whispered the captain fiercely. "No, you won't do no such thing! That lady and me are goin' right away this minute, and we ain't never comin' back. As for you, maybe your old gas wagon'll work now or maybe it won't; I don't know and I don't

care. But let me tell you this, Ober-smith — Oberhauser, whatever your name is—don't you dare send that check to Sarah Eldredge. Don't you dare even write a hint of such a thing. If you do—if you do—well, East Harniss ain't so fur from New York that I can't kill you and get home the next night. Why, you idiot," he thundered, "*do you cal'late I'll let you spile the whole thing?*"

He strode away and turned the corner. The alarmed and utterly bewildered business man sat down on the porch steps and stared heavily at the scenery of "beautiful Eden Crescent." From behind the house came the rattle of a departing buggy.



VILLANELLE

THE lilies whisper in the park,
Pale watchers in the heavy night,
Wan ghosts that haunt the fragrant dark.

How pure they are! Their figures stark
Stand as if waiting for Death's flight—
The lilies whisper in the park.

Beneath the blue electric arc
They crowd in long battalions bright,
Wan ghosts that haunt the fragrant dark.

I lean and listen, wait and hark;
Faint phrases float on pinions light—
The lilies whisper in the park.

The city sleeps. I pause to mark
These spirits marshaled for my sight,
Wan ghosts that haunt the fragrant dark.

Who knows the language of the lark?
Who gleams one word from flowers white?
The lilies whisper in the park,
Wan ghosts that haunt the fragrant dark.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

HIS ATTACK *of* COMMON SENSE

By
William MacLeod Raine



MISS HALLIE DARRELL sauntered up the path while Robinson beached the boat.

"I wish you'd have an attack of common sense," she suggested severely when he had rejoined her.

"Didn't I beach the boat properly?"

"You know I'm not talking about the boat. It's the other thing."

"In which you are sensible enough for both of us. 'Tis the only one of your virtues I hope isn't catching. Too strict a sense of sense is dreary nonsense," he contributed.

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't mention it."

"I don't want to impose on you. Since you find me dreary——"

"It's Lent," he interrupted hastily.

"I prefer not to be taken as a duty."

"My dear," he protested, "I would take you on any terms and for any reason."

"I'm not your dear. Be sensible, Jack."

"Afraid I'm immune," said Robinson cheerfully.

Hallie glanced curiously at him. It was not like Jack to assert himself when he was with her. By way of changing the subject Miss Darrell viewed scenery. They came to a clump of willows and found seats beneath them. Miss Hallie disposed herself and her skirts gracefully in a shower of silken rustle.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she murmured presently, apropos of scenic effect.

"Lovely," agreed Jack, his mind and eyes monopolized by living pictures.

"Such harmony, such color effects."

"Such a golden aureole in the sunlight." Envious friends had been known to call the golden aureole red hair.

"The whole so restful and peaceful."

"Hm! Do you think peaceful quite the word?" Jack didn't, nor restful for that matter.

"Of course it's the word. What would you call it?"

"Everything that's lovely and charming, but with the possibility of gusty storms always present."

"How stupid! The island is perfect to-day," she told him impatiently.

"Oh, the island! Yes, it's a very Garden of Eden," agreed Jack, looking at Eve lazily.

She shot him with a little slant of amused eyes. "I'm glad you're appreciative of your mercies."

He puffed at his cigar silently.

"You ought to remember them when you sigh for the unattainable," she continued.

"I don't recognize any desirable thing as unattainable. When I see what I want I ask for it."

"Apparently so. Four and one makes five."

"Yes; and five and one will make six," he added cheerfully.

"Why not spare yourself the trouble?"

"No trouble at all to show goods, ma'am."

"But when I tell you I'm not purchasing to-day?" she said, with velvety gentleness.

"Though I don't doubt that what you have to offer is of the very finest quality," she added, with a little twist of a smile.

"I might induce you to change your mind. That's what you are a woman

for. You must be tired of the eternal negative. Variety spices life, I've heard."

"Then you'd better try it. What's the use of being a parrot, Jack?"

The young man smiled. "I suppose it isn't exactly news any longer. Shall I tell it to some other girl for a change?"

"I wish you would."

"Who, for choice?"

"Oh, any nice girl that suits you."

"Minnie De Lacy, say?"

"Not good enough for you."

"Sarah Jessup, then?"

"Too good by half."

"Miss Ellwood?"

"She's thirty if she's a day."

"Tessie Steyn?"

"A child in short dresses."

"That exhausts my list and brings me back to you. Miss Darrell, will you marry me?"

"Again?"

"I didn't know it had happened once."

"Oh, bother! I mean you're asking me again. That makes six times."

"Does it? Make it my lucky number, please. Do I hear you say yes?"

"You hear me say no."

"It's a word I'm getting to detest," said Jack, with a smile.

"So we'll just say no more about the subject," pursued Miss Hallie swiftly, with a sweeping catlike glance at her mouse.

"Till next time," amended Robinson.

The girl coaxed him with shy glances and a sweet appealing voice.

"You're charming as a comrade, Jack, but as a—I mean in any other rôle—I don't like you so well."

"Oh, yes, you do. You like me very much indeed, my dear."

Miss Darrell's very modern brown eyes searched his face.

"What's that you say? Be careful, Jack," advised the young woman.

Robinson's cheerful countenance was a study in audacity. "I said you liked me very much as a lover. The trouble with you is that you're afraid you like me too much."

Hallie Darrell gasped. Comprehen-

sion came slowly to her, but when it did she understood in a flash. It was the turning of the worm. Patient Jack Robinson with opinions of his own! Her eyes sparkled with the newborn interest of battle, but her voice carried only an edge of indolent scorn.

"Oh, you twentieth century men!" she flung at him.

"No go, Hal. You'd like to imply it is my conceit, but we both know it isn't."

Miss Hallie flung a pebble at an inquisitive squirrel and watched it scamper up a tree to safety. She timed her carelessness to the proper second of speech.

"So I'm head over heels in love with you, am I?" she challenged.

His smile was complacent, and consequently irritating. "Well, I wouldn't put it that way. You're very fond of me, but as you don't want to be engaged you have persuaded yourself—or at least you are trying to—that you don't care for me. I think that's about it."

Miss Darrell looked at him in offended amazement. "Well, upon-my-word! Jack Robinson, you astonish me."

He was astonishing himself a good deal for that matter.

"I'm the new man emancipated, you know. You're a very independent young woman, and of course I've fetched and carried for a year without daring to call my soul my own, so you're naturally a trifle puzzled now," Jack went on coolly. "But you'll get over that, my dear, and then we'll be married as comfy as can be."

"You take a good deal for granted," scoffed Miss Hallie.

"Well, you're certainly a good deal to me," admitted Jack, and as he looked at the girl her unconscious challenge of sex fired his blood and mastered him. "I'm going to take more for granted," he said suddenly between his teeth.

He put his arm around her, caught both her resisting hands in one of his, tilted her pretty flushed face toward him and deliberately covered her lips, her eyes, the curve of her neck with

warm passionate kisses. Those kisses would have revenged him for a year of snubs if he had cared for revenge—which he didn't.

She struggled to her feet in a flame of resentment. "How dare you! How dare you!" she cried.

"I don't know how I dared, but I did," he cried triumphantly. "You're mine now, my raging little beauty. You can't wipe away those kisses, no matter what you do. You belong to me."

"I hate you," she cried passionately, a storm incarnate. "I'll never speak to you again. You're not a gentleman."

"Perhaps not, Hal, but I'm a good deal more of a man than I was five minutes ago."

"Never speak to me again," she commanded as she flung away.

"Never is a long time, Hal," said the young man. "Better make it a day before. Else we'll have no time for a honeymoon."

She shot a choking postscript at him over her shoulder. "I never was so insulted in my life."

"I'm glad to know I was the first," he said, very honestly.

"Don't talk to me, sir. I hate you."

"That's surplusage, my dear. You told me that before," he called after her. "Besides, it doesn't happen to be true except for the moment. You're going to love me just as soon as you quit hating me."

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth," she cried.

The tilt to Miss Hallie's saucy little chin became a trifle more accented if possible. Apparently she had wiped Jack Robinson off her map.

That young man smiled in a large content. He had been impudent of course, and overbearing perhaps, but he had a divination that what Miss Hallie needed was a little of the *Petruchio* business. At the most it could not eventuate in worse failure than the scrupulous overweighted courtesy of the past year. He had heard that women liked cavalier wooing. Well, there was nothing like judicious experimenting.

At the expiration of an hour and a

half Jack went on a search for Miss Darrell. He had seen her down at the beach struggling unavailingly to launch the boat. Proving unequal to it, she had disappeared in the woods.

He found her under a tree in the heart of a little grove. She was staring straight before her, and appeared to be having a heart to heart commune with herself.

When Jack spoke she did not hear. He spoke again and she continued industriously not to hear.

"I merely want to say that we shall have to leave the island pretty soon or be late for dinner," he said suavely.

Miss Darrell regarded the scenery with a fond interest.

"It will not be necessary for you to speak unless you desire. If you care to make me so happy as to join me on the return trip you may meet me at the boat in five minutes. Otherwise, I shall assume you prefer to walk home."

If silence is golden the atmosphere must have been surcharged with wealth.

"Good-by, Hallie," he called gaily. "I'll send Bob back for you when he gets home from school this afternoon. Try not to be lonesome, dear."

Jack swung away whistling to the beach. Hallie could hear the splashing of oars for a few minutes. Then the sound died away. For a long time there was more golden silence.

Hallie stole to the edge of the wood and looked out. Neither the boat nor Robinson was in sight. He must have taken her at his word and left her. A rush of warm anger flooded the girl's veins. How dared he leave her alone. Did he think she could be marooned like any pirate? She would make him eat dirt for treating her so. What had come over him, anyhow? He had never been like this before. She stamped her little foot in rage. She hated him—hated him—hated him!

Her anger was genuine enough, but trickling through it, scarcely recognized as yet, was a new pride in him, an admiration born of defeat. The world-old instinct of her sex was at work in her. She had found her mate and her master, and in much the same way that her

savage ancestors had found theirs. He had trampled her pride under his feet, had beaten down her will with kisses, just as his fathers two thousand years before had beaten into submission with clubs their lithe and lissom loves. It was the old primordial battle over again, with the same result. She still fought against surrender, hardly realizing as yet the imminency of it, but her fight was a useless one. Already she was thinking with a kind of fascinated fear of this boy whom she had been used to order about at her will. He would never again be her unreasoning slave, and deep in her heart she was glad of it, glad that the manhood in him had asserted itself to defeat her.

She felt, too, a new strange craving for his presence. The memory of his strong embrace still shivered through her, the hateful delight of his kisses still burned her face. She had but to shut her eyes and let go to feel herself snatched to him again. Shame and anger might surge in her, but deeper than either was the awakened instinct of her strong young womanhood. She had come into her natal inheritance.

And even though she feared to match herself against his new-found strength she wished he had not left her by herself. She felt oddly dependent and alone. Always aggressive and unafraid, fear at last had found her, and in this little island where she had been at home since childhood. For now she was shut off from retreat, and defeat, making clear her weakness, had sapped her strength. Vague alarms filtered through her, fancies of the woodland folk and fettered power lurking in the shadows to seize her. Perhaps some *Caliban* of the forest—

She glanced round fearfully, ready to scream aloud. But behind her was only the still forest, instinct with alien life. How quiet it was. The very still-

ness awed her. It seemed to reach out hands toward her. She got up, skirts gathered for flight. Sweeping the hazel bushes aside, she plumped into the arms of Jack Robinson.

"You here!" she gasped. "I thought—you had gone." And she fell to sobbing on his shoulder, burying her head in his coat.

He let her cry it out, petting her to his heart's content.

"You were horrid," she said at last, between her lessening sobs. "You treated me—you know how, and then you went away. I—I hate you."

"That's all right, Hallie. You may hate me if you want to, but you've got to love me whether you want to or not," he told her. There was a new masterful ring to his voice not there of old.

She caught the lapels of his coat and shook him, not wholly in fun. "How dare you talk that way to me, sir?"

"I don't know. I suppose because it's true." He took her face in one of his hands and made her look at him. She tried to turn her eyes from him, but he compelled her gaze. "It is true, isn't it, dear?"

She found the ghost of a smile. "I'm like Baby Joe when his father asked him if he loved him," she said shyly.

"What did little boy Joe say?"

"He squirmed, and tried his best to get out of it. Then at last he said: 'I do, but I ain't going to tell you.'" She buried her blushing face swiftly in his coat again.

But he could not let his triumph rest. "You must say it. Haven't I waited long enough to hear it? Say it, dear heart: 'I love you, Jack Robinson.'"

"I don't want to, Jack. Please, no."

But he made her repeat it after him. She tortured it out, word by word.

"I—love—you—"

He shut her lips with a kiss before she could say Jack Robinson.

SIR WILLIAM'S TEA PARTY

By Constance Smedley



SIR WILLIAM BRADEBY surveyed his party with pride and satisfaction. Every one in it did him credit, and on the length and breadth of the terrace there was not such another handsome group. The surroundings, of course, helped in the effect. The gray, richly-fretted Houses of Parliament lifted behind them, throwing a dignified and grateful shade over the many white tea-tables, the chattering groups of pretty women and distinguished men, the sweeping white frocks and flowery hats.

In front ran the river, laughing and dancing as it hurried on under Westminster Bridge, with its humming burden of moving traffic. The red blocks of St. Thomas's Hospital, with here and there the scarlet cloak of a patient glowing on the balcony, and the low gray immobility of Lambeth Palace, closed the view beyond the river. In the middle of the stream a black barge, with a band of tawny orange under its bulwarks, was propelled against the tide by two straining figures in faded brown shirts and corduroys. A third figure, in whitey-brown, lolled over the long tiller. Here and there, with puffing fussiness, tore a snorting black tug, with an overworked expression about it, as it dived under the bridge, hurried back, and with an uncouth sniff nosed under another arch, like a dog investigating rabbit-holes.

Over everything fell a brilliant veil of sunshine, such as a London June occasionally vouchsafes; hot, still,

breathless sunshine, pitiless to the workers, hard and flawless and scintillating as a diamond.

"How deliciously cool it is here," murmured Sir William's married daughter, Mrs. Trent, as she dispensed tea and strawberries and House of Commons' cakes to her father's guests. "There is always a little breeze on this terrace."

The man next her assented in an impressed voice. Mrs. Trent was one of those pretty, well-dressed women whose looks and taste are merely lieutenants to their useful gift of saying nothing as if it were important. Her husband, elected three months before for the High Division of East Lowshire, had chosen an invaluable helpmate; his wife would always maintain the reputation of being a clever woman, and entertain the guests of a clever woman, without the brains to interfere with his career. Her sister, Miss Bradeby, was equally pretty, but this was an end with her, whereas Mrs. Trent's appearance was merely a means.

Miss Bradeby turned to the girl on her right, with the perfected politeness of a stranger.

"It is quite one of the best tea-rooms in London, isn't it, Miss Callin?" she said, in her languid, well-bred voice.

Delia Callin laughed. "It has a better view than most of them," she said.

Miss Bradeby and Mrs. Trent regarded her curiously. There was a freshness about her which puzzled them, her point of view was not quite theirs. Sir William had invited her, telling Mrs. Trent that he had met her several times during the season, and admired her talents. What they were

Mrs. Trent had not asked; she was only interested in talents when she knew the person they belonged to.

Her father's protégée, when she appeared, pleased her by her prettiness, her smartness and her self-possession. She dressed well and wore her things with an air. She knew the same people, evidently, had been to their parties, and talked of the Opera and Ranelagh and the flowers at Lady Mary's wedding with the familiar carelessness of their own intercourse.

"Why haven't we met her at these places?" asked Miss Bradeby of her sister, as two of the men engaged Miss Callin in a lively conversation.

Sir William's niece, Angela Sandys, here came back from speaking to friends, bringing with her Guy Houtten, the young member for Storesby, whose maiden speech, on the subject of Mr. Trent's proposed amendment of the Factory Act, had roused a good deal of interest a week or so before. He was greeted with lively chaff from the men, and laughing congratulations from the girls—all save Delia, to whom he was presently introduced. He was sitting on the opposite side of the circle, but his eyes were soon drawn to her, finding the same subtle difference from the others—not social but mental—in her bearing.

"Strawberries," said Sir William, poisoning one between his plate and his lips, and with a touch of pomposity common with him. "Strawberries are among fruits what opportunities are in life—delightful to anticipate, pleasant to contemplate, and delicious to—*to secure.*"

His guests smiled dutifully, even his daughters; they had been well trained.

"Strawberries are to me," said Delia Callin, "what satin slippers are; they induce a feeling of festivity. I could not discuss Darwin over strawberries, any more than I could talk Esoteric Buddhism in satin slippers."

"Can you do it in patent leathers?" said Mr. Trent, with an alarmed glance at her shining, natty shoes.

"Not in this heat, thanks," returned Delia. "But never after eight o'clock

at night, when frivolity should reign. I object to having my mind improved when I'm at a dance."

"I don't like talking at all when I'm waltzing," said Miss Sandys, from under a bewitching white tulle hat.

"No, it spoils both," said Delia. "It's an injury to *one's* conversation and an insult to *one's* waltzing."

Guy Houtten decided that Miss Callin was "forward"; he was accustomed to girls who had all her ease with none of her humor, and he was as Conservative in habit as he was Liberal in principle. His smile was perfunctory, and Miss Callin saw it and was annoyed. She was very tired, and it was hard work being nice to a whole tableful of strangers.

"The modern young man, however," she added, "is so hyper-intellectual that he considers his conversation a greater privilege than Iff's band, quite forgetting that even his waltzing is usually better than his talk."

"And," said Guy, accepting the tacit challenge, "forgetting also that women have bartered all their birthright for the sake of a mental attitude—that of criticism."

"What is their birthright?" asked Mrs. Trent.

"Sympathy, helpfulness, and the invincible strength of weakness," said Guy.

"Would you not call it rather a compound of all three into a necessary patience?" said Delia.

She looked across at Houtten with a quiet air of demanding information. Self-reliance sat on the level brows, the firm mouth, the alert gray eyes; it was even in the definite lines of her pretty blue muslin frock, which fitted to her figure without irrelevant frills. The Irish crochet about her shoulders was drawn into clean outline, and the shady hat was picturesque but not eccentric.

"They have shifted the necessity to our shoulders," said Guy.

"And given you the opportunity of cultivating a new virtue," said Delia.

"We would profit by our gain were we not mourning for their loss," said Houtten, giving her a very direct look

"To mourn for somebody else's sorrow is always easier than to practise one's own virtue." Delia's eyes were sparkling at the challenge.

"We mourn because they are unconscious that the bargain is sorrowful." Young Houtten's tone was almost vindictive.

"We rejoice because its first clause is indifference to censure," Delia responded, truly stimulated.

"Dear me!" said Sir William, rather bewildered by this crossing of steel. "Are not the accusations more epigrammatic than definite? You are too young, Houtten, to run down the sex from which you are sure to choose a helpmate."

"If there were helpmates to choose from," said Guy, still irritated, "I might. But there aren't. I'm afraid of the modern girl. She's as self-possessed as a widow, as extravagant as an actress, as forward as a schoolboy, as opinionated as a village politician and about as right-headed. There are exceptions, of course," he went on, with a sly smile that included three out of the four girls present, "but as a rule women are either muddling, meddling, or middling."

Delia was the first to laugh, and Guy mentally credited her with generosity. His joke was a success, as most jokes are in perfect surroundings, and he regained his good humor, a little surprised that he had ever lost it.

He looked over at Miss Callin presently, when she was not talking, and was rather struck by her expression. She was leaning back with drooping eyelids, and looked not only tired, but as if her fatigue came from her brain outward. Young Houtten, used to the surface-fag on the faces of his women-kind, reflected that she looked tired more in the manner of men than of women.

"As to our extravagance," said Mrs. Trent's voice, "it is forced upon us by the comic papers."

Delia straightened herself and opened her eyes. "Like our conduct to our mothers-in-law and our step-children," she said. "It would be considered ec-

centric of us, if not illegal, to be civil to the one or kind to the others."

Houtten stiffened again, and murmured to Miss Sandys: "As flippant as she is un-witty."

Delia heard, and flashed a defiant smile at him.

"What is the difference between flippancy and wit, Mr. Houtten?" she demanded.

"Good taste, I think," said he quietly. The shot went home. Delia turned quite white.

"I don't agree," she said, but her voice was a little uncertain. "One is what one says oneself, the other is what some one else says."

"Ha! ha!" said Sir William. He always laughed with full stops between the syllables. He smiled on Delia with paternal approval, and delivered himself of two portentous cachinnations.

A bell rang, half-way down the terrace, and all the men rose, like boys collected for school after recreation.

"We will be back shortly, ladies," said Sir William, "but we must go in for division."

"What's the subject?" asked Houtten.

"Education of the children in the mines," said Trent.

Delia uplifted her clear voice.

"You are all going to vote on the strength of that information, Mr. Houtten?"

"We are, Miss Callin."

"Without knowing in the least what you are voting for?"

"One votes for one's party."

"I understand how few sensible measures are passed," said Delia.

She was conscious of pertness, even rudeness, and she disliked Houtten all the more because he had betrayed her into this mistake. He walked off, adding to his catalogue of the modern girl's bad qualities her passion for trying to be "smart," in and out of season, at the expense of even courtesy.

Left alone, Mrs. Trent and the three girls drew together.

"Just look at my gloves!" said Angela, showing a rent in the palm of one. "Isn't it desperate? A new pair, too."

"And mine are soiled hopelessly," said Miss Bradeby. "Don't gloves mount up?"

"Yes, even cleaning them," said Delia.

"Oh, can you wear cleaned gloves?" said Angela. "I can't."

"I have to," said Miss Bradeby. "Simply have to."

"Yes, one has to pay for the big things out of the little ones," agreed Mrs. Trent. "Especially when getting about costs so much."

"And the light frocks are so easily crushed and soiled," said Delia. "One ride in an omnibus, and one's prettiest frock looks a rag."

"Omnibus?" said Miss Bradeby. "Oh, yes, I suppose they are dirty. They look it. How brave of you to go in them. I couldn't."

"As you say of gloves, I have to," said Delia, with a sudden pang, half of aloofness, half of unaccustomed envy. That there should be people in the world who did not know what an omnibus was like in hot weather!

"And clothes *are* so expensive," said Angela. "Do you know, for my presentation frock, which was absolutely plain white net over white silk, without a frill or a flounce, Marie-la-Bonne charged me twenty-five guineas, and twenty-five more for the train. I call it ruinous."

"Well, look at this frock," said Mrs. Trent. It was *écru* muslin embroidered and inserted with lace, and the bodice was covered with little ruches of lace. "Nineteen guineas! Think of it! Yet we must make a show of it, somehow." She looked round, casting an appreciative glance on Delia's charming frock.

"Oh, but you're extravagant, Nina," said Miss Bradeby. "This white linen's bad enough; it was ten pounds. But I got the hat wonderfully cheap—only two and a half guineas—and it carries off the dress. I persuaded Betty Bounded to go to Marie-Rose for her hats, and she's an awfully good customer; so Marie-Rose gave me this one cheap."

Delia threw back her head with a merry little laugh. "Oh," she said, "what delicious extravagance! You talk of guineas as if they were shillings!"

"What are we to do?" said Angela. "We can't wear cotton-print, and these women do charge so. How do you do it yourself?"

"By keeping out of Dover Street and Bond Street," said Delia.

"Oh, but you can't get decent things except in the West End," said Angela.

Miss Bradeby looked at Miss Callin a little critically.

"No," said Delia, "but there are Regent Street and Oxford Street. The frock and hat I'm wearing cost exactly a guinea and threepence half-penny. The muslin was a remnant, the lace I've had for fifteen years, since I was a small child. The hat was a cheap shape, and the roses came from a milliner's sale."

"Indeed?" said Miss Bradeby.

"But the making of the frock?" said Mrs. Trent.

"I did that myself," said Delia. "I used to think out my work as I sewed; then I could write out the articles in a very short time."

"I didn't know you worked," said Angela.

"Oh, yes, I'm a journalist," said Delia. "That's why I've been to so many parties to-day, and have to tear about so."

Miss Bradeby smiled politely.

"How interesting," she said.

"I'd no idea any one could buy a dress even second-hand for a guinea," said Angela. "And a hat, too!"

"Oh, but the way it's trimmed counts for so much," said Delia. "That was done by a girl who boards in the same house with me."

She met Miss Bradeby's eyes, and suddenly became aware of a difference in the air. "I live in a boarding-house in Bloomsbury," she said. Miss Bradeby's expression remained ostentatiously the same. Delia felt the change of mental atmosphere about her, but she determined to be quite sure.

"Another great help is that I am stock-size," she said.

There was a little pause. Then Mrs. Trent said:

"What is 'stock size'?"

Delia explained listlessly. The change in their manner was apparent to

her, if not to themselves. She belonged to a different world, and they had found it out. They were not snobs, but she was a stranger from a distant land, with the appearance of a compatriot. The conversation went on, but Delia dropped out, and was allowed to do so. She sat wondering what the difference was, and why it should be. She was clever, well-born, well-bred, pretty, amusing; yet there was a wide gulf between her and her host's daughters and niece. Sir William had made a truly masculine mistake in asking her to tea with his party.

Delia, suddenly conscious of her fatigue, realized that the others were making a move to speak to Miss Sandys' friends at a distant table. She hesitated; should she follow, or should she sit alone where they had left her? She half got up, then sat down again. No doubt they thought she was following, and were wondering how they could get out of introducing her to Lady Cecily. She cast a desperate look at the door; Sir William and the men of his party were coming out through it, and walking straight over to Lady Cecily's group, never imagining that one of their party was sitting alone at the deserted table.

When they realized Delia's absence, Mrs. Trent was profuse in her surprise. It was quite natural for young Houtten to offer to fetch her. Delia, sitting staring at the river, flushed to hear his voice behind her.

"I've been sent to fetch you, Miss Callin."

His tone was rather ostentatiously off-hand. The memory of Delia's sharp tongue lingered provocatively. Something in the studiously urbane voice irritated the girl, high-strung already.

"Thanks. I'm afraid I must be going, though."

In spite of her effort her voice shook.

"Is anything the matter?"

Surprise was patent, surprise and a faint concern. Delia shook her head with a quivering smile.

"Nothing: only I was in Fleet Street all morning and had to wait for ages in the sun before I got my omnibus,

and it's given me a fearful headache, and made me late for the whole day, and I don't know *how* I'm going to fit my work in. I've to get home to Bloomsbury before I start it, too, and I've to be at the Foreign Office to-night, and, oh, such a lot of parties."

"Fleet Street? What were you doing in Fleet Street," young Houtten gazed at her with blank astonishment.

"I'm a journalist," Delia raised her head and looked at him. "Oh, I know it will be very awkward for you after this. I'm always seeing you at parties. I go to everything in your world, but only on the fringe of it. I shan't expect you to speak to me, I—I assure you."

Again the wintry little smile. Houtten remained quite silent. Many things were suddenly made clear. Delia misconstrued his expression. With a quick movement she went forward.

She said good-by to Mrs. Trent, then to Sir William. Mr. Houtten was walking rapidly down the terrace, away from them.

Delia paused, half-way up the dark winding staircase that leads into the Houses. She was wondering why she had said so much to young Houtten, and why she was surprised at his obvious fear that he would be asked to escort her out of the Houses. She recalled his rapidly retreating figure, and was stung at the recollection.

"What a fool I was to tell him anything!" she thought. "Still he might have said good-by—in common decency."

When she came out into Palace Yard, the sun was blazing so fiercely that it almost made her stagger. She had no sunshade, that being the one weak point in her costume. Her one sunshade was green, and sunshades are not easily made at home.

She walked slowly along the front of the Houses, trying to pin her mind to her evening's work, but only conscious of fatigue and heat in every limb, and of an overpowering dislike of omnibuses, yellow, or any other color. She lifted her head to hail a hansom; then, as the driver raised his hand, shook her

head, and walked on. A motor-car was coming out of the courtyard of the members' entrance, and she paused to let it pass. It turned sharply round, and pulled up by the curb, facing toward Whitehall.

"We meet again, Miss Callin," said the occupant.

Delia raised her eyes to Guy Houtten's, and wondered why he had stopped to speak to her. The fact that he had carefully arranged the meeting did not strike her, nor could she interpret the look in his eyes as the result of her significant little action with regard to the hansom, which he had seen.

"Are you at all interested in motors?" he asked.

"I've only been in three, so my technical knowledge is not overpowering," said Delia. "Yours looks a beauty."

She spoke mechanically. She wanted to get away from all these people, with their motors, and their selfish overpowering tactlessness.

"It is rather a good one," said Houtten. "It's very quick and very smooth, and answers to the lightest touch, and makes a delicious breeze for itself as it goes."

"To say nothing of the dust and smell for the passers-by," said Delia, trying to maintain the due note of light indifference. "Do me the favor to let me cross the road to catch my omnibus before you start it; then I shall not have to cross its odoriferous track."

"There's a better way of avoiding it than that," said Guy, stammering a good deal. "I am going toward Barnsbury myself, and if you would let me run you up, too, it would save you a lot of time."

There was a long—a terrible pause. Then Delia's chin lifted, portentously. A steely light came into her eyes. So he was patronizing her!

"I don't live in Barnsbury," said Delia. "Bloomsbury is quite in the opposite direction."

"Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Houtten, very hot, and looking suddenly, absurdly young. "What an idiot I am!"

"It doesn't matter."

Delia answered frigidly, all the more frigidly because she discovered that she liked this brilliant, consummately worldly young man.

"It—it does matter," said Houtten. "Because I'm wanting more than anything in the world to—to—to ask if I mayn't spin you up to wherever you're going. I wish I could conjure up a chaperon from somewhere, but will you waive that just for once?"

"I haven't had a chaperon for years," answered Delia, and her voice trembled between a laugh and something far more serious. Then she raised her eyes with a sudden flash.

"Thank you," said Delia, and she got into the motor.

Half-way up Whitehall she turned to Houtten.

"It was only because I was so tired," she murmured incoherently. "It was very good of you—I shouldn't have imagined you could have done an unselfish thing like that. I beg your pardon. I was so horribly rude. I wish I hadn't been."

"Look here," said Houtten. "I didn't mean half I said about women, but I was riled because I couldn't understand you. Now that I do understand, I see that I was an ass. But I do think it's a shame that a girl like you should have to live a man's life."

"Round to the right, and the second turn to the left," said Delia. "It's amusing to hear you championing the workers."

"I have the greatest respect for them, collectively and individually," said Guy. "If I hadn't, we should at present have been half-way to Richmond."

"Richmond!" said Delia.

"Yes," he confessed. "All the way here, I've been wanting to turn round and carry you off to the country for a spin. But what you have told me prevented me. I was sure you would be angry, and we mustn't quarrel again. Is this the turning?"

They swerved into a long street of tall, dark houses, a dismal, third-rate, "respectable" thoroughfare.

"My house," said Delia, "is the very

dingy one on the left, with the milk-can on the railings, and no curtains in the dining-room. You are quite right. I should have been angry."

Houtten pulled up, and helped Delia out. "I say," he said, "I've got a perfectly sweet mother, who loves the motor. I often take her for spins. I wonder, would you come with us one day? We shall be at the Foreign Office to-night, and then you could meet her."

"How nice of you!" said Delia.

He got into the motor and prepared

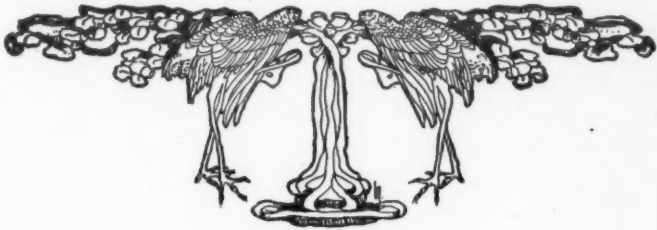
to start. The blue figure on the doorstep suddenly ran down to the curb.

"Mr. Houtten," she said, "before you introduce me to your mother, you must tell her what I am, and where I live. You must promise to tell her about me."

Guy Houtten looked her between the eyes.

"You may feel absolutely certain that I shall tell my mother about you, Miss Callin," he said, and drove off.

Delia Callin ran up to her room singing.



AN INCIDENT

AS twilight lay upon the sea
A somber priest once strayed
Where idle groups of worldlings throng
In vanity's parade.

And when his garment faint across
My Lady's raiment swept,
A flash of longing for the world
Across his conscience crept.

My Lady's glance fell on his face,
Bent prayerful 'on his book—
A flash of envy for his peace
Her inmost being shook.

Both went their way all unaware
What chance had each befell—
Within his soul a stray desire,
Within her heart a cell!

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI.

AN AFFAIR of CONSCIENCE



It was the day of Mrs. Stotesbury's bridge-luncheon, and the whole morning had been a succession of small worries. The telephone had rung again and again, conveying the message of

a lady who *would* come if she might be a little late, a lady who could *not* come unless she might bring a dear friend, a lady who could only join the party *after* lunch, and a lady whose children had the measles and who wished to know if Mrs. Stotesbury wanted her "just the same."

Then the butcher had forgotten to send the fish, so that it had been necessary to substitute canned salmon—which all good housekeepers should keep on hand—for the fresh article; the fruit had only appeared when the furnace-man had been despatched to fetch it, and finally the flowers had not arrived until after twelve o'clock which, as Mrs. Stotesbury always arranged them herself, had greatly delayed her dressing.

But all these troubles faded into insignificance beside the irritating fact that her husband had begged, or rather insisted, that she should ask to this particular party an old lady whom she had never seen, for the—to her—perfectly inadequate reason that he was under obligations to the old lady's son, a certain Mr. Exigent.

"And if John imagines," said Mrs. Stotesbury to herself, turning her angry thoughts to her husband while her maid

began to lay out her dressing things, "if John imagines that it is an easy thing to find among my gambler acquaintances two women good-natured enough to spend the afternoon playing for prizes with an aged straight-laced stranger, he is very much mistaken."

At this moment the telephone on her desk rang with the vicious sound that almost always foretells disaster.

"Hullo!" called Mrs. Stotesbury in no gentle voice, and after a few moments of intense listening she spoke again, her tone cold and thin.

"Oh, of course, Mrs. Blank, if you're ill, I can't urge you. But it would have obliged me greatly. Yes, I'm rather in a hole, and if you and your daughter could have— She has a bad cold, too? I'm sorry. No, I'm afraid it won't be very easy to get any one else. It's so late. Good-by." And hanging up the receiver with a jerk meant for Mrs. Blank, Mrs. Stotesbury set herself to review the situation.

By dint of sending word to the measles-stricken household that although she herself did not fear contagion some of her guests did, and to the dilatory-minded lady—who happened to be an intimate—that if she came she mustn't mind "cutting in" as an extra, the party was again arranged in manageable numbers; but the question of prize-players was further from solution, and poor Mrs. Stotesbury groaned in spirit.

"Of course I've got to sacrifice myself, but I declare I don't know which of my guests to victimize! I wish, if John really finds Mr. Exigent so impor-

tant to him in business, he would stay at home himself and help amuse the mother. I wonder how he'd like me to send a mild old minister to join one of his quiet little games of poker?" And this idea making her smile in spite of herself, Mrs. Stotesbury surveyed her plump little person—now hooked securely into a gray voile dress—with some complacency, and picking up her handkerchief, tripped away down-stairs with a great clicking of high-heeled slippers.

A few minutes later she was receiving her guests with a graciousness of welcome which hid the perturbation of her mind. She intended to defer asking her favor until after luncheon, but she looked them all over with a critical eye, wondering which she should select for friendship's offering. Mrs. Exigent came late; indeed she was the last to arrive; a little, wrinkled woman with quick, bright, reddish-brown eyes and a most undeceptive black wig, and as soon as Mrs. Stotesbury had rapidly run over to her the names of those ladies who happened to be standing nearest, she marshaled the company, some twelve in number, into the dining-room.

In spite of its elaborateness of detail the meal was soon over, for Mrs. Stotesbury's servants waited quickly. Coffee and cordials had been served at table that no time might be wasted before the business of the afternoon began, and with a soft rustle of skirts and hum of conversation, the ladies moved slowly toward the drawing-room where the bridge-tables were set out. On each, neatly arranged, were two packs, a red and a blue, two score-cards and their attendant pencils, and a piece of paper with the names of the four ladies chosen to play together.

This was the crucial moment, and Mrs. Stotesbury managed to maneuver herself into a corner with a thin, tall, blond woman and a large, snub-nosed, rosy-faced brunette. Her nervous, worried manner denoted, to those versed in such matters, the hostess face to face with some difficult social problem, but she gave herself no time to hesitate.

"If you and Mrs. Carr would *only* be willing to play for prizes, dear Mrs. Dangerfield," she said plaintively, addressing herself to the fair lady, "it would help me out of a difficulty. I tried to get some extra people to play with Mrs. Exigent"—here she slightly nodded her head in the direction of Mrs. Exigent's black wig, which seemed to be fairly vibrating with excitement—"but you know how hopeless it is, that sort of hunt at the last instant! Naturally I did not succeed in finding anybody, and you two are the only ones here whom I feel I know well enough to ask." This pleadingly in answer to a frozen smile from both listeners. "My husband tells me she not only does not play for money," continued Mrs. Stotesbury, with an air of desperate confession, "but she will not tolerate gambling at the same table, no matter how small the stakes are. So it really puts me in a most uncomfortable position."

Her listeners exchanged mutually commiserating glances and sighed. The fat gold purse in the hand of each received a regretful squeeze. Then Mrs. Carr, the more good-natured of the two, spoke out nobly.

"I am perfectly willing to play with you and Mrs. Exigent for prizes," she declared, casting a piercing look of dislike at Mrs. Exigent's unconscious back, and without another word the three crossed the room to the table where that lady already sat with the cards spread in a neat semicircle before her.

They cut for partners, and Fate decreeing that Mrs. Carr and the stranger should both draw low cards, the young woman seated herself opposite to the old one with a feeling of half-irritated and half-amused resignation. Mrs. Exigent began to deal while asking in a dry voice those questions most important to bridge-players who do not know each other's game.

"What is your discard, partner? And if a no-trump is doubled, what do you wish led?"

"I discard my strongest suit—the one I wish led to me," returned the other, gently but impressively; "and if I *were* to double a no-trump—which does not

often happen—I want the top of your short suit.”

To the surprise of everybody Mrs. Exigent distinctly snorted.

“Dear Mrs. Carr, what queer Boston ideas! Not for me, though. I want your highest heart, if I double, please. And my discard is weakness. You will excuse me if by any chance I forget your discard. So few of the best players I see use strength.”

There was an awkward pause. Mrs. Carr rustled uneasily at the implied criticism of her game, but though she flushed slightly she remained silent.

Mrs. Exigent declared a no-trump, and Mrs. Dangerfield, with a smile at her hostess, played. Mrs. Carr, who was dummy, swept her cards across the table and displayed such a brilliant supporting hand that it seemed as if the original make must have been very weak. With great deliberation Mrs. Exigent succeeded in making game, and Mrs. Carr, realizing that she should have made a little slam, breathed a sigh of relief that it was not for five-cent points they were playing.

“I could not have got another trick,” exclaimed Mrs. Exigent, with evident satisfaction, scrabbling the cards together and facing so many of them that Mrs. Dangerfield, whose make-up it was, took them gently away and began to sort them again. “Not another trick,” repeated the old lady, “and indeed, finessing that jack of clubs was the only way of making the game at all.”

“My queen would have fallen if you had played your ace and king as you should have done, with nine,” said Mrs. Stotesbury, somewhat sharply.

Mrs. Exigent, however, was not in the least abashed.

“Nonsense,” she answered, “I should consider it very bad play not to finesse. Very bad play; and so would my son.”

The play of young Mr. Exigent being at once assumed by the other ladies to be a byword of badness, this speech was received in silence; and the game went peacefully on, though a lack of concentration on the part of her companions appeared to cause Mrs. Exigent

considerable annoyance. To them, of course, the occasion had become almost comic, and they felt attention might be permitted to flag a little without serious consequences. Mrs. Stotesbury, while dealing, recurred to a conversation begun at lunch on the subject of a recent divorce, and not until after several interesting details had been given did she remember her game and declare diamonds trumps.

Mrs. Exigent, fussed by the long delay and anxious to begin, forgot to wait for her partner’s “May I play?” and exclaimed loudly: “I double.”

“You can’t,” Mrs. Dangerfield’s calm voice insisted. “You spoke out of turn.”

“My partner asked—or I thought she did. With so much gossip, one can hardly attend to the game,” returned the old lady.

Her tone was exceedingly querulous, and Mrs. Stotesbury hastened to interpose.

“Oh, well,” she said, “I could take advantage, and let your double stand if I chose, but I do not wish to, as we are twenty-four and one trick will put us out. So, though it will not help you much, we will play the hand without doubling. But I just want to say,” she added confidentially, “before I begin”—here Mrs. Exigent craned forward, equally ready to resent advice or admonition, and to slay any opponent with her son’s opinions—“that I understand the courts were very mean on the subject of alimony, and it is so hard to collect even the small amount from Mr. B, that poor Mrs. B almost feels as if she might be driven to marry that rich old Mr. X, whom she really rather dislikes, and—”

“Are we playing bridge or divorce?” broke in Mrs. Exigent bitterly. And the game was hastily resumed.

Much to Mrs. Exigent’s horror Mrs. Carr, in the next hand, made a no-trump which was doubled, but by a really brilliant play she managed to secure two odd tricks, thereby winning the game and rubber for the old lady, who beamed with satisfaction and complimented her upon her cleverness.

"I really doubt if James could have done better," was her final tribute to both her partner and her son.

The corner of Mrs. Carr's mouth—and also, it must be added, of the eyelid nearest Mrs. Dangerfield—flickered slightly. Mrs. Dangerfield promptly blew her nose, covering a good deal of her face as she did so; and Mrs. Stotesbury, with an expressionless face, remarked that nothing in the world was so pleasant as unexpected praise.

In the third rubber Mrs. Exigent played with Mrs. Dangerfield. The old lady was in great good humor, having won both previous rubbers, owing more to the good cards she held and the careless plays of her opponents than to any knowledge she appeared to have of the game. Her interest in it was intense, but as she constantly assured them that "James" had been her only teacher, the other ladies felt no surprise at her makes or at her mistakes. The air of triumph with which she made them was infinitely diverting, but it hardly repaid her companions for the loss of their more amusing afternoon.

Finally, at the end of the rubber-game, when a heart-hand was going badly for poor Mrs. Stotesbury, and Mrs. Exigent and her partner were sure of the odd trick, the old lady trumped her adversary's best diamond, and without hearing or heeding Mrs. Dangerfield's "Have you no diamonds?" turned the trick and led the thirteenth diamond, the eight.

"You revoked, dear Mrs. Exigent," Mrs. Stotesbury said gently, while a pleased smile of irrepressible mischief spread over dummy's face as she thought herself that the admirable "James" could not now be quoted.

"Revoked? Not at all," cried Mrs. Exigent excitedly. "I could not have revoked. What nonsense! Beside, if I did I consider my partner greatly to blame for not asking me."

"I did." "She did," protested Mrs. Dangerfield, Mrs. Stotesbury and Mrs. Carr as one man. Politeness was politeness, but there were points where it might be carried too far, and this was one of them.

"You say you did. You say she did," Mrs. Exigent went on, turning from one to the other. "Well, then, I could not have done it."

The tricks were turned back for her inspection and after having insisted upon the ladies' showing her just which card each had played, she said with withering scorn that it was very foolish to claim a revoke when she never meant it. She appeared indeed to take it as a personal offense.

"Of course it was just a mistake. We had the odd trick, anyhow, and that trumping business was just an oversight. If you claim *three* tricks you will make the odd and the rubber, which *should* be ours. I really do not know how you feel about it, ladies, and I shall submit to your decision, but if I took advantage of that sort of mistake I should feel it was rather sharp practise. I know in the South, where I was raised, we should be very sorry to claim a revoke from a stranger."

She pursed her mouth and tossed her head with a great deal of dignity while she eyed her companions, and such was the force of her one-sided view that they felt almost as inhospitable as she intended they should.

Mrs. Stotesbury, throwing many appealing glances at the other women, formed with her lips the silent words: "Do let her win. What difference does it make?" and then assured Mrs. Exigent that they would not claim the revoke as undoubtedly the murmur of conversation in the room had disturbed her usual way of playing and been the direct cause of the mistake.

"Well, yes," the old lady said, now completely restored to good humor, "all this noise does disturb a really interested person. And then a glass of water was handed to me in the midst of the hand, which distracted my attention. It was all rather confusing. In my opinion one can't be too careful in guarding people who take the game seriously from outside interruption." She turned eagerly to watch the score added up. "What? I win all three rubbers? Indeed! Well, what does it amount to?"

"It is hardly worth while to add it up," observed Mrs. Carr. "As long as you win all three you are 'way ahead.'"

Mrs. Exigent looked puzzled. "I don't understand," she said.

"Why, you win. You've won. This is yours, dear Mrs. Exigent," her hostess answered, putting into her unready hands a package wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a large pink bow.

"Oh, really," exclaimed Mrs. Exigent, limply accepting it. "You mean we were playing for *prizes*? I never knew that! I supposed it was the usual five-cent game! I am sorry now I made any fuss about your claiming the revoke. Dear me, I wish I had understood. But it's all right of course, and the pin-cushion is sweet—so dainty—and please do not think I *mind* playing for prizes. I am only too glad to oblige these ladies at any time."

"These ladies" sat open-mouthed with astonishment. Had their whole afternoon been sacrificed to this? That they had been played with by Mrs. Exigent to oblige themselves? Even Mrs. Stotesbury sat mute. When at last she found her voice, she began almost timidly.

"My husband told me he understood that you did not play for money yourself, nor allow any one at the table to 'carry' you or gamble."

Mrs. Exigent positively trembled with just indignation.

"And who told him that, may I ask?" she demanded.

"Your son, I think."

At this the old lady appeared to collapse.

"Very likely," she said sadly. "James does not approve of elderly ladies playing for money, and when I came North this winter he begged me not to. Indeed he told me I must not, and though I said I would—for I see nothing wrong in it as long as you can pay—he goes about and gives the impression I object. It is very annoying of James. I was reared in Kentucky, you know, and we like to take chances there. Why, in my girlhood I went to the races every afternoon while the season lasted. And we always played poker *every night*. I don't see why, just because I am old, I now have to play for pin-cushions! However, I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Stotesbury, and to you other ladies, too, and as I said I am willing to give up an afternoon to you at any time. I wish you a good day, ladies."

And with a majestic bow addressed to her crushed associates, Mrs. Exigent swept away, muttering to herself: "A game's a game, no matter what you play for, but I reckoned New Yorkers had more sporting spirit. Well, the pin-cushion will do for a present for Maria. I never did like Maria, anyhow."

What the other ladies said is not written.



JUSTIFIED

ALTHOUGH through waiting for thy step
My heart with grief grows numb,
If naught but duty guides thee here,
I would not have thee come.

If I am grown unlovable,
What hast thou to atone?
But oh, the sun shines warm to-day,
And I am all alone.

MARY HINMAN PAINE.



PLAYS AND PLAYERS

A FIRST NIGHTER

Peter F. Dailey's impromptu performances of "The Merry Widow" burlesque, the hit of the month. "A Knight for a Day," in its second reincarnation, at length attains full and surprising stature. Thomas A. Wise rescues "Miss Hook of Holland," which thrives beyond its just deserts. In Clyde Fitch's "Her Sister" Ethel Barrymore's personality saves the day. Channing Pollock dares to speak his mind in "The Secret Orchard," one of the best plays of the season. Maxine Elliott's play, "Under the Greenwood Tree," mildly entertaining. Mabel Taliaferro and Frederic A. Thompson's big circus effects carry "Polly of the Circus" to popularity. An intended melodrama, "The House of a Thousand Candles," the best farce in town



If anybody should happen to ask you to mention offhand the dramatic triumph of the month, the correct answer is: "Peter F. Dailey."

Far be it from the writer hereof to claim for Mr. Dailey histrionic genius menacing the position of E. H. Sothern, Robert Mantell, David Warfield and other contemporary stars who placidly circle about their respective orbits of dignified and noteworthy achievement; yet a simple sense of justice demands that Mr. Dailey receive reverberating acclaim for having made "The Merry Widow" a "Merrier Widow" as performed at Weber's Music Hall, and for having restored that holy of Tenderloin holies to its pristine popularity among the lovers of jolly, careless, happy-go-lucky entertainment.

There may be some to sneer at the award of such distinction to the rotund and bulky Mr. Dailey in a period when

such serious workers as Clyde Fitch, Channing Pollock, George Middleton and their like are spreading their labors on the shelves for the edification and enlightenment of an overfed, jaded and dramatically bankrupt metropolis. Mr. Dailey doubtless has never peered between the covers of an Ibsen volume, he may know of Clyde Fitch only by hearsay, and if ever he has given thought to Mr. Pollock's "The Secret Orchard" he probably has regarded it as a treatise on arboriculture in which he could not by the remotest possibility feel an interest.

Mr. Dailey deals not with the serious side of life, but he writes plays, such as they are, and acts in them, too, as he goes along. Spontaneity is his watchword; laughter, his goal.

Once in speaking of a highly esteemed and amiable actor whose only shortcoming was a failing memory, Clyde Fitch said:

"I don't mind Mr. S—— omitting a speech here and there, or failing to respond on the instant when the cue for the delivery of his lines arrives; but I

do not feel called upon to permit him to rewrite my play at every performance."

Well, that is exactly what Peter F. Dailey does. He rewrites the burlesque of "The Merry Widow" at every performance. As these words are penned the travesty has been running about three weeks, and during that period Mr. Dailey has given Weber's patrons more than twenty distinct versions of *Caramel de Jollidog*, a journeyman lover. Each version has points of superiority over its immediate predecessor, and each finds a ready response from the audience that understands this Peter far more than it does Barrie's *Peter Pan*.

To be sure, George V. Hobart is the nominal author of the burlesque and collects the royalties. And Mr. Hobart has done very well, considering that it is no easy task to improve upon the fun of a musical play that is avowedly "merry" at its inception. Yet it is Mr. Dailey who is the music-hall cut-up, the life of this little house-party, the jolly wag who keeps the comedy spirit uppermost, and who is unflagging in his efforts to extract fresh fun from situations which the original authors thought they had drained to the dregs.

In this irreverent version the *Merry Widow* becomes *Fonia*, endearingly alluded to as *Phoney* by her sacrilegious colleagues. The part falls to Lulu Glaser, who looks very, very pretty, and sings very, very far off key. Physically she is a merry widow after our hearts; vocally, she is removed from the ideal by a full octave.

The dandy *Prince* of the melodious opera becomes *Prince Dandilo*, a waiter at Maxim's, and the waltz indulged in by the two principal characters assumes every Terpsichorean form from the sinuous, sensuous whirl and glide to a catch-as-catch-can wrestling-match and a moment or two of the obsolete hoo-chee-coochee. A review of a Weber production without reference to the rows and rows of feminine loveliness and lingerie display that serve at once for a "back drop" and footlights, would be contrary to the code and in violation of the constitution and by-laws of one of Broadway's favorite institutions.

Charles Lamb's eccentric friend, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, who, besides being a poet, painter, art critic, antiquarian, prose-writer and dilettante of things beautiful, was also an accomplished forger and the most subtle poisoner of his age, gave as his reason for the murder of Helen Abercrombie:

"Yes; it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles."

Even so fastidious a connoisseur as Wainewright could not find aught to protest against in the ankles that support the burlesque of "The Merry Widow."

A single line from the piece will suffice to show the spirit in which the exquisite Viennese operetta is travestied. Mr. Weber as *Disch*, janitor at the embassy, has been discussing the Kohinoor diamond with Albert Hart, who impersonates *Baron Copoff*.

"By the way, what is the biggest diamond in the world?" asks Hart.

"The ace," replies Weber.

Three other musical plays that have sprung into being recently may be dismissed more easily. Concerning "A Knight for a Day," the tenant of Wallack's Theater, there is an interesting story which proves that perseverance is quite as great a factor in the success of theatrical endeavor as in aspirations to the Presidency.

Once upon a time there was a musical play brought into this country from London, entitled "The Medal and the Maid." Its importer was John C. Fisher, whose claim to fame rested upon his foresight in seizing the American rights of "Florodora" before any of his competitors. "The Medal and the Maid" did not flourish in its transplanted condition, and after a few weak gasps expired, leaving as souvenirs of a pitiful career a storehouse of scenery and other trappings.

Mr. Fisher, nevertheless, continued his hunt for another "Florodora," until the day came when he found himself without the only ammunition that is effective against the greed of the English producer. Sadly his memory carried him back to the days of "The Medal and the Maid." Into the storehouse he

delved, bringing forth the dust-covered scenery and bedraggled costumes of that ill-fated production. He called in a cleanser, a pair of tinkers and a printer, and lo and behold! in a fortnight "The Medal and the Maid" had become "Mlle. Sallie."

Alas, poor Sallie! She also withered and died—died a horrible death at a theater where the prices were exactly one-half those now being charged at Wallack's. But she was to undergo still another resurrection, for not many weeks elapsed before a Chicago manager gathered in the remains of "Mlle. Sallie," summoned the same pair of tinkers to his aid, made captive even the same principal comedian and, under the name of "A Knight for a Day," revealed the patched-up musical comedy to Chicago. And there it has run on and on until it now is approaching its four-hundredth consecutive performance, while a second organization has caught the fancy of the same clientele that turned its back on "The Medal and the Maid" and "Mlle. Sallie." How do you account for it, and after accounting for it do you wonder that so many theatrical managers die poor or in the madhouse?

Thomas W. Ryley, Mr. Fisher's partner in the "Florodora" gold-mine, has not been so successful in reupholstering another English piece. At the Casino Theater under his direction "Funabashi" is running—or, to be accurate, is creeping—and "Funabashi" in its externals was once "The White Chrysanthemum." Naught remains of "The White Chrysanthemum" but the scenery and costumes. A gingery little dancer, named Maud Fulton, and an equally lively dancer bearing the geological patronymic of Rock, are acceptable substitutes for the libretto and lyrics of the original.

There is still a third English musical piece that demands attention. For purposes of identification and differentiation it is labeled "Miss Hook of Holland," which inspired nearly every reviewer to make in advance unkind allusions to "getting the hook," a fashion in vogue at certain Bowery theaters when

the volunteers on "amateur nights" try the patience of the gallery gods.

"Miss Hook of Holland" is not by any means the best musical comedy ever written, but it compares favorably with the average output of the current season, and, therefore, has established a following which at other times might have been denied.

A criticism of an obscure play, entitled "Uncle Josh Perkins," that was published a few days ago in the Bangor, Maine, *News* is in point. In its entirety the criticism read as follows:

"Uncle Josh Perkins" was given twice yesterday at the Bangor Opera House. It was no worse than expected."

"Miss Hook of Holland" was no worse than expected, and in several features it was agreeably surprising. Paul Rubens' melodies are dainty and melodious, and the libretto, which is all about Dutch cheese and Dutch cheesemakers, is inane, plotless and deadly. Thomas A. Wise harkened to an eleventh-hour emergency-call and rescued the piece from the mausoleum on the edge of which it was tottering. He made a delightfully whimsical and droll personality serve for situations and bright speeches. Christie Macdonald also helped the librettist, and "Miss Hook of Holland" is in consequence thriving beyond its just deserts.

With these musical plays out of the way—and most of them will soon be completely out of the way—one comes to the consideration of such drama as the New Year inaugurated. To begin, Clyde Fitch has gone and done it again. No, Mr. Fitch has not turned out a play that will go resounding down through the ages, but in "Her Sister," evolved from an accumulation of ideas which he picks up here, there and everywhere—France preferred—he has given Ethel Barrymore the customary three acts, the conventional intermissions, the society small-talk and the center of the stage, as demanded by his contract with Charles Frohman. And at the Hudson Theater Miss Barrymore is pursuing her usual placid way, pleasing the women, breaking the hearts of the men, and

making the standard number of carefully rehearsed bows after the fall of each curtain.

The president of the recently formed Optimists' Club described an optimist by alluding to a doughnut.

"The optimist sees the doughnut, the pessimist the hole," he declared.

Well, Ethel Barrymore is the doughnut. One may be so completely enthralled by her girlish ways and her insidious smile as not to observe the hole which the playwrights have been giving her in lieu of drama. Indeed, she has prospered and fattened her bank-account on just such starvation provender these several seasons. She may be a really talented actress, and probably she is. She has the blood of the Drews and the Barrymores in her veins, and she possesses no end of natural wit; but the general public will not be made aware of her ability until she goes on strike and demands a play that has sufficient buoyancy to keep afloat without relying upon the color of her hair and the toss of her head.

This much may be said in defense of "Her Sister," if there be any inclined to defend it: The first act disclosed a new setting, an original idea, and was full of promise. As *Eleanor Alderson* Miss Barrymore was revealed in the guise of a fortune-teller, reading in a glass globe the fate of the misguided men and women who came to her for advice. As an exposition of the trickery and the humbuggery of clairvoyancy the act was not without its value, and as an excuse for Mr. Fitch to play havoc with the foibles of society it was well worth while.

Once out of the robe and wig of the fortune-teller, however, Miss Barrymore was forced again into the same old namby-pamby triteness which was exciting when new, acceptable at maturity, but tiresome in the days of senility and decline. It is enough to know that one sister—the Ethel Barrymore sister—attempts to sacrifice herself for a more foolish sister, who has become involved in a scandal and is in danger of losing the man she loves. A scene that might be impressive, were it not brutal, shows

all the men of the play putting the fortune-telling sister through the "third-degree" and gradually worming from her the truth. As usual, Mr. Fitch's men are not the kind one likes to take by the hand or see marry his stage heroines.

A really virile play, one that excels in daring and dazzles by its polish, is "The Secret Orchard," which flitted from the Lyric Theater to the terrors of the "road," only to flit back again to the Astor.

It is a dramatization of the novel of the same name, and Channing Pollock has accomplished everything that could be accomplished with the material at hand. Judged solely as a structure reared upon another's foundation, "The Secret Orchard" is one of the best examples of skilful workmanship before the public to-day.

The story presumably is known to nearly all readers of modern light fiction. Whether that story be pleasant or painful each must decide for himself. Whatever might be done with it Mr. Pollock has done. He has adhered to his text and courageously thrown in a few precepts of his own for good measure.

To some theatergoers—and in these cases the writer hereof always scents hypocrisy—frankness is a crime. Mr. Pollock has been frank, earnest and unequivocal. *Joy*, the miserable young girl ruined by the *Duke of Cluny*, is not gilded. But Mr. Pollock has dared to preach this sermon: If the man may be forgiven, why not the woman?

Right there is where several managers, not a few reviewers, and numerous playgoers balked. They preferred to travel in the rut worn hard by the mighty procession of stage heroines with drab pasts. That so sterling a young man as *Lieutenant Dodd* could be willing to take *Joy* to his heart and make her his wife after learning of her single lapse from virtue, seemed to them a blow at the bulwarks of that institution which we call Society. Yet Mr. Pollock dared speak his mind, he dared be unconventional, he dared proffer a new thought across the footlights, he

dared urge a proposition at which our granddaddies would have shivered, and which caused many of the gaudily bedecked matrons of the Lyric's audience to gather their skirts more closely about them, shrug their shoulders, and rejoice that they had collected their own marriage-certificates before the promulgation of such doctrines had brought into existence an opposition with which they might not have been able to cope.

"The Secret Orchard" is one of the best plays of the season, and a good play in any season. Several of its scenes are tense and highly dramatic, its English is exquisite, its character-drawing finished, and its aim lofty.

Maxine Elliott is another actress to suffer from the same condition that confronts Ethel Barrymore. Miss Elliott, so the critics are agreed, is a beautiful woman. Miss Elliott, so the critics are agreed, has a certain complacency, a certain calmness of bearing and an ease of manner, which, combined with her beauty, pass for good acting. This season Miss Elliott also has a play, entitled "Under the Greenwood Tree." Most of the playgoers who witnessed the first performance at the Garrick Theater labored under the delusion that they liked this play until they awoke the following day and read their morning newspapers. Then they noted with some dismay that the reviewers had again entered a veto.

At best, "Under the Greenwood Tree" is mildly entertaining. It has to

recommend it the fact that in one scene Miss Elliott is called upon to appear in a bathing-suit. The management, appreciating the value of this appeal to all high-browed lovers of art, issued many bulletins containing details of the length of skirt of the bathing-costume and other highly important particulars which, while interesting, have no special bearing upon the uplift of the Great American Drama.

A word is due "Polly of the Circus" and little Mabel Taliaferro, two attractions that appear in combination at the Liberty Theater. It may as well be conceded at the outset that "Polly of the Circus" is neither complex nor cumbersome. The play tells a pretty, wholesome story of a little equestrienne with whom a village parson falls in love, much to the disgust of his narrow-minded flock. The basis of the story has been told before in "Lovers' Lane," but in "Lovers' Lane" there was neither the big circus effects introduced by Frederic A. Thompson in "Polly of the Circus" nor the dainty, winsome Mabel Taliaferro. These innovations carry the play to popularity.

Any chronicle of recent happenings in the theater would be incomplete without mention of "The House of a Thousand Candles," produced at Daly's, the home of the classic drama. It was advertised as a melodrama and tried to be a melodrama. It wasn't. It was the best farce in town.



YOUTH

THE world is but a glowing rosary,
Whose golden beads are told day after day;
Whose shadows, dim and scarce perceptible,
But emphasize the brightness of each day.
It glows unstained by tears of memory,
Or Life's inevitable touch of gray.
The world is but a glowing rosary,
Whose shining beads are told day after day.

BETH SLATER WHITSON.

What do women like to read? This and next month's Ainslee's. "Rosalind at Red Gate," by Meredith Nicholson, possesses individuality and is clever in plot. Mark Lee Luther's "The Crucible" strong, but somewhat unreal. In "Wards of Liberty" Myra Kelly is very convincing. The short stories by Thomas Nelson Page, embodied in "Under the Crust," are extremely good. Robert Aitken's "The Golden Horseshoe" has plenty of thrills. "The Sorceress of Rome," by Nathan Gallizier, an historical novel, on the whole well written. "The First Secretary," by Demetra and Kenneth Brown, of not much literary value but sufficiently interesting. George Bronson-Howard, in "Scars on the Southern Seas," displays a resourceful imagination. Unreal and artificial is Fred M. White's "The Nether Millstone"



THE question what women like to read is one that is perpetually seeking an answer in spite of the fact that much thought and wisdom are bestowed upon it. Whether its constant recurrence is due to a wide variety of feminine taste or to its continual mutation we do not pretend to say; the important point is that it seems to be a pretty well-established rule of policy among publishers that women readers have got to be satisfied.

In the midst of all the apparent uncertainties surrounding this question, one fact seems to stand out with comparative distinctness, and that is that almost all women enjoy a good detective story—and it might be added that most men do, too.

If this is true, it makes the announcement of a certain feature of the April number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE one of interest to women, at any rate to those of our readers who do like detective stories. The complete novel in that number will be such a story, and in our opinion it is a particularly good one. Its title is "The Forefinger," and it is by

Henry Gallup Paine, who, it will be remembered, contributed the complete novel, a story of the same type to the October number. We took a good deal of pleasure in the reception that was given to "The Fifth Robbery," at least so far as we were made cognizant of it; if we can judge by what our readers told us and others of it that story made a hit. If our judgment is not a good deal astray, "The Forefinger" will make a much better impression.

Some of the other contributors to the April number will be Mary H. Vorse, Ada Woodruff Anderson, Anna A. Rogers and William R. Lighton.

In the present number will be found a story by Joseph C. Lincoln, whose tales, as we have reason to know, are read almost universally and about whom constant inquiries are made, and for whose work there is an unflinching demand among readers of short fiction. Each one of his stories seems to whet the appetite for more.

There is another story in this number of which mention should be made, namely, "The Road to To-morrow," by Marie Van Vorst. It is considerably longer than the average short story, but it is all the better for that because it is one of so much interest that it will give

the reader a much longer period of diversion.

On the whole, we feel that we can safely commend both this and the succeeding number of AINSLEE's to readers who seek entertainment and enjoyment.



Meredith Nicholson's new book, "Rosalind at Red Gate," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is in many ways suggestive of "The House of a Thousand Candles"; indeed the publishers refer to it as "a near neighbor" of the latter story. It is not altogether easy to tell exactly why this should be so, for it cannot be said that the author has repeated himself. We imagine that it is largely due to the individuality which Mr. Nicholson succeeds in impressing upon his literary work and to peculiarities of plot construction.

There are some features of the new book that jar a little on the reader's sense of probability, episodes and situations that seem to threaten the proportions of the story as a whole, but they are not really sufficiently serious to disturb the interest which it will have for the majority of those who read it.

It is a complicated plot, full of surprises of the adventurous kind in which Mr. Laurence Donovan, who tells the story, takes the leading, if not always the judicious, part. Mr. Donovan is a somewhat impulsive individual, which is not to be wondered at considering the fact that he is a successful author, and necessarily a man of "temperament."

He belongs to the strenuous school, of which the ideal is the man who does things, and therefore dips into a good many things that are really none of his business. One of the young women in the story is made to feel pretty keenly the inconvenience resulting to her from this tendency of Mr. Donovan, but as everything eventuates to the satisfaction of all concerned, more by good luck than by the good management of the hero, she is reconciled.



"The Crucible," by Mark Lee Luther, published by the Macmillan Company,

is a good story on the whole, and reasonably well told in spite of some rather unlikely features.

Though Jean Fanshaw was a child who, by temperament, was most apt to be misunderstood by parents, governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters, yet she was not of a class usually subjected to the penal discipline of a reformatory, nor was her offense one of which, under all the circumstances, the criminal authorities would take cognizance. Therefore one reads of her life in the "refuge" and of her experiences and association with the inmates with a sense of unreality.

Her life after her discharge from the refuge is not so improbable, after making due concession for what went before. The substance of it is that she was burdened with the handicap of what people considered a disgraceful past, and Mr. Luther set before himself the task of putting an innocent woman under the social ban in order to make an interesting story of the consequences to her. The weakness of the book lies in the author's selection of the incidents constituting the disgrace.

Otherwise the story is a strong one, and is made so largely because of the characterization in the cases of Jean, Attwood and MacGregor; Paul Bartlett, the dentist, might also be added, though he is not so conspicuous.

One can imagine some of the troubles in store for a young woman of temperament and with something to conceal under the necessity of making her living in New York.



A characteristic letter from the President of the United States is embodied in Myra Kelly's "Foreword" to her book, "Wards of Liberty," published by the McClure Company.

The book is practically a republication of the stories of the school children of the east side of New York which have already seen the light through the medium of magazine publication.

Of course the subject and the human condition of which the stories tell offer a theme for exhortation too attractive

to be neglected, and it was not neglected. The temptation to speak upon the text is strong, but unfortunately this is not the place for it, and besides there are aspects of the book suggesting considerations which are essentially more important than those which precipitate a sermon.

Whether or not Miss Kelly has given us in this volume an accurate description of the conditions it purports to describe can only be told by those who have actually come into contact with them. It is not a matter of great moment, however, since she has succeeded so well in surrounding her narrative with an atmosphere of reality which, for the purpose of fiction, answers the purpose just as well.

The First Reader Class, of which Constance Bailey is the guide, philosopher and friend, besides being something approximating a veritable Tower of Babel, is typical of the endless variety of human life. Apparently she found no two days alike, so that the only thing she could be sure of was change. No wonder she occasionally shows symptoms of a confusion of ideas, but fortunately she is one of those women, supposed to be rare, who have a sense of humor which circumstances always satisfy.



A volume of extremely good stories is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, called "Under the Crust"; they are by Thomas Nelson Page, and to our way of thinking are as excellent as anything that Mr. Page has ever done.

His work always has a literary quality that is admirable, but he does not always succeed in getting "under the crust" of formalism to the substantial elements of human nature as he has in these tales.

There are seven of them in a compass of three hundred pages so that they cannot justly be called short stories. Two of them, "A Brother to Diogenes" and "The Hostage"—the latter in the form of a one-act play—are hardly up to the standard of the rest, and so impair the value of the collection. But of

the other five no word of unfriendly criticism is possible.

Pathos is the note of "Miss Godwin's Inheritance," "Leander's Light" and "My Friend the Doctor," and it is used with extreme delicacy. In the first two the motive is the devotion of old age to its life-long home, the almost desperate clinging to old associations, the lingering "in the ruins of the old tent where once we had food and shelter and organs." Miss Godwin and old Simmy are types of the universal human reluctance to surrender the past.

"My Friend the Doctor" illustrates the compassion and tenderness of maturity for helpless and maimed and neglected childhood.

"The New Agent" and "A Goth" belong to a more ephemeral class of fiction because they deal with methods and customs of business that are always changing, though there is enough of the real human nature in them which does not greatly change.



"The Golden Horseshoe," by Robert Aitken, published by John McBride Company, is a pure and unadulterated adventure story of the time-honored type, with enough thrills in it to satisfy the most exacting taste for such fiction.

If it should be said that Mr. Aitken's tale recalls Prescott's romantic account of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, there would be the danger that too much might be inferred and expected of the book; therefore we will refrain from saying it. But it may at least be remarked that Mr. Prescott's facts are no more wonderful than Mr. Aitken's fiction, a statement which, in spite of its seeming ambiguity, may be received in all seriousness.

That Corbyn, Allardyce and O'Dare should have been willing to leave "the artistic atmosphere" of the metropolis for the uncertainties of San Benito, or indeed for any other condition or place, is not surprising, and if such opportunities were presented to other so-called "bohemians" they would probably be embraced as eagerly.

Their experiences in San Benito, in

pursuit of their purpose to rescue the fair Beatriz from the unhappy fate of marriage with the president, Ybarra, may perhaps be called fanciful, but American readers have been taught, in fiction at least, to regard as improbable nothing that is said to happen in South American republics, so that they have been prepared beforehand to accept all that they are told in "The Golden Horseshoe."

If it is read with an unquestioning spirit it will repay the reader in the interest and thrills that it supplies.



"The Sorceress of Rome," by Nathan Gallizier, published by T. C. Page & Company, is not really as sensational a story as its title is apt to suggest, although it deals more or less with conditions of Roman degeneracy at the end of the tenth century.

It belongs to the type of historical novels, the principal historical characters being the Emperor Otto III. and the Roman senator, Crescentius, and his wife Stephania. The nucleus of the story is Otto's attempt to reinstate Rome as the imperial capital and the fruitless attempt of Crescentius to free the city from the German yoke. The author also makes use of the legend that Stephania poisoned the emperor to avenge her husband's death.

These matters are, however, incidental to the plot, the theme of which is the overwhelming grief of Eckhardt, the commander of Otto's army, for the loss of his wife Ginevra, whom he supposes to be dead, but whom he afterward discovers living a notorious life in Rome under the name of Theodora. She also turns out to be a descendant of the infamous Marozia.

The story is on the whole well written and is unexpectedly free from many of the objectionable features of some previous historical novels of Roman decadence.

The depravity of the times, suggested rather than minutely described, is well balanced by the lofty character of Eckhardt which the author has drawn with considerable skill.

It is not likely that any fault will be found with "The First Secretary," by Demetra and Kenneth Brown, published by B. W. Dodge & Company, for lack of plot. There is no lack of complication in the story involving the familiar "hair breadth escapes" common to all adventure stories.

The authors have laid the scene of their story in Constantinople where the hero, Stephen Weir, the first secretary of the American legation, is involved in a conflict with the Mussulman authorities because he has fallen in love with a high-born Turkish girl. That she has been pledged to one of her own countrymen not only does not deter him in his pursuit of her, but rather stimulates it because she succeeds in conveying to him her loathing of the proposed match. She does this, although she knows nothing about his identity and he responds in total ignorance as to who she is, for it is a case of love at first sight.

Very few readers are unacquainted with the mysterious dangers that attend the unauthorized interference of foreigners in the family affairs of the Turks and therefore their appetite for sensation will be stimulated as soon as they understand the state of affairs between Weir and Rhasneh, the beautiful daughter of Takshan Pasha. They will be able to forecast, in a vague way perhaps—better that it should be vague—the difficulties and perils that surround the lovers, and they will have no trouble in anticipating the outcome.

It cannot be said that the book will add much that is of value to the store of American or English literature, but if it interests a sufficient number of readers of fiction it is to be supposed that the authors and the publishers will be satisfied.



B. W. Dodge & Company have published a book by George Bronson-Howard entitled "Scars on the Southern Seas," which ought to satisfy the appetite for adventure stories, an appetite that ordinarily seems to be insatiable.

It is a remarkable tale chiefly because of the resourceful imagination which the

author displays in his conception of plot and invention of episode. The uncertainties which are supposed to surround the relations between the United States and Japan constitute the foundation of the story and upon these is built an extraordinary conspiracy to seize the Philippines. We are told of the fitting out of an expedition under the direction of Japanese agents—white and brown as well as yellow—using as its base an uninhabited island in the China Sea, from which a descent is to be made upon the Philippines simultaneously with an uprising of the natives.

To this island come a half-dozen Americans, including one woman—the heroine, who is, of course, young and beautiful—the result being that the plans of the conspirators are thrown into confusion and brought to naught. The manner of their coming is one of the extraordinary features of the story, and if the reader has only sufficient credulity his interest in the recital will not be in the least disturbed.

The hero, Baldwin Brent, is a man of action, one of those twentieth century demigods who "do things"—but never talk about them, wherein he differs from most conspicuous members of his class.

Of the villain of the story we will only say that his name is Henry Lanier-Daingerfield, and that he finally reforms enough to perform a supreme act of renunciation by surrendering the heroine, Dorothy Gordon, to the man she loves.



It is rather difficult to speak of Fred M. White's book, "The Nether Millstone," published by Little, Brown & Company, without some show of impatience. It is not a story that one can conscientiously commend, either as to manner or substance. There is an affectation of style, a fantastic delineation of character, an absurdity of plot that make a serious consideration of the book next to impossible.

The book is unreal and artificial, not so much because of the defects of plot and construction as because of the mo-

tives which are attributed to the characters and especially to Ralph Darnley, the hero. If he and Mary Dashwood and Sir George and Lady Dashwood had shown themselves to be persons with whom the average reader could think and feel and act, we would be able to have something like genuine sympathy with them and interest in their problems.

But we venture to say that no one will admire the priggishness, the self-conscious superiority, the self-approving sense of nobility of character of Darnley which, in his intellectual and moral immaturity, prompted him to overwhelm Mary Dashwood with adversity and force her into sordid surroundings in order to humble her pride and compel her to an acceptance of him for his own sake and not for that of his wealth and position. The spectacle of a lover disciplining the woman of his choice in such a way and for such a purpose is neither attractive nor interesting.

That the ending is made to be a happy one does not help matters, for no one will be deceived into believing that any woman could be happy with such a man.



Important New Books.

- "The Ancient Law," Ellen Glasgow, Doubleday, Page & Co.
- "Janet of the Dunes," Harriet T. Comstock, Little, Brown & Co.
- "Jacquette: A Sorority Girl," Grace E. Cody, Duffield & Co.
- "A Modern Prometheus," Martha G. D. Bianchi, Duffield & Co.
- "Ten to Seventeen," Josephine Dodge Dakam, Harper & Bros.
- "The Flying Death," Samuel Hopkins Adams, McClure Co.
- "Somehow Good," William De Morgan, Henry Holt & Co.
- "For Jacinta," Harold Bindloss, Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- "Travers," Sara Dean, Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- "The Red Year," Louis Tracy, E. J. Clode.
- "The Love of His Life," Harry Bentley, John Lane & Co.
- "The Bond," Neith Boyce, Duffield & Co.
- "The Black Bag," Louis J. Vance, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- "Priest and Pagan," Herbert M. Hopkins, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- "Jack Spurlock," George H. Lorimer, Doubleday, Page & Co.

BIG SALARIES— AND THE MEN WHO GET THEM

BY VICTOR FORTUNE



Why Training and not "Pull" is the great influence behind the fat pay envelope.

It used to be said, and not without some truth, that "pull" rather than ability put men in line for well-paid positions.

But *this* is the day of the trained man—the expert. Competition in every business is so keen that employers are *compelled* to seek men of ability to do the work, rather than jeopardize their business interests by employing the man "with a pull."

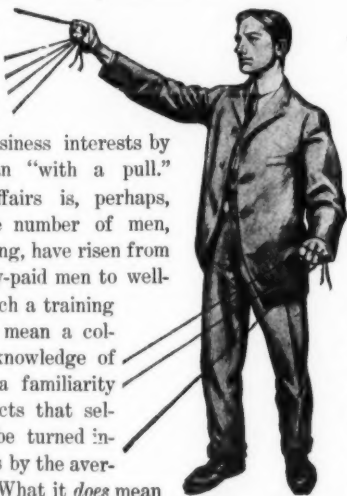
This state of affairs is, perhaps, responsible for the number of men, who, through training, have risen from the ranks of poorly-paid men to well-paid positions. Such a training doesn't necessarily mean a college education, a knowledge of the "ologies," or a familiarity with remote subjects that seldom, if ever, can be turned in to dollars and cents by the average working man. What it *does* mean is the hard-headed, every-day, common sense, *practical* training that makes men invaluable to their employers—that leads to more money.

"Pull" received a hard knock with the coming of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. The I. C. S. has made

it possible for any man, young or old, to place himself in line for promotion and a bigger salary without having to depend on the influence of his friends.

ABOUT THE I. C. S.

With an instruction staff of over 400 *practical* experts; 200 courses of study costing \$1,500,000 to prepare and \$250,000 annually to revise; 5 home office buildings covering 7 acres of floor space and costing over \$500,000; with these great advantages the I. C. S. is positively the largest and best man-helping institution the world has ever known. The International Correspondence Schools were founded in 1891, since when they have been first in size, first in number of subjects taught, first in simplicity, thoroughness and practicality. As an evidence of the salary-raising power of the I. C. S. it is only necessary to point to results: Of the total number of men whose salaries have been raised through I. C. S. training within the last year, over 4,000 have *voluntarily* reported salary increases aggregating, in one year, \$2,221,332. Add to this the number who have had their salaries raised but who have *not* been heard from, and some idea may be had of the mag-



PULL YOUR
OWN STRINGS

nificent work the I. C. S. is doing for men.

Not so many years ago a training such as the I. C. S. offers could be obtained only at college and at an outlay of a great amount of money. Such a thing as receiving a good, sound, practical training in one's spare time was unheard of.

Not only does the I. C. S. train men, but it advises them by suggesting most suitable courses and pointing out how easily obstacles may be overcome. *There's not a poorly-paid, ambitious man living that the I. C. S. cannot help—no matter how young, old or poor he may be, or how much or how little schooling he has had.*

MEN WHO HAVE EARNED MORE

Through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, thousands of men have acquired the training that has brought them rapid promotion and success. A case in point is that of H. A. Bankston, 216 Bright St., Macon, Ga., whose salary was *more* than doubled in a very short time. Bankston says: "I enrolled with the I. C. S. when I was working as a carpenter in a railroad shop. I am now a *contractor and builder* and have increased my earnings from \$2.50 per day to \$2,000 a year. The advantages of my course are too numerous to mention."

BOOKKEEPER BECOMES MANAGER

Kanston P. Cross, of Pembroke, Ky., was once a bookkeeper, and a good bookkeeper, too. But he wasn't satisfied. He saw other men filling big positions and thought it was "up to him" to better himself. He didn't wait for an opportunity, he *made* it by enrolling for an I. C. S. Course, with the result that when last heard from his salary had increased to \$1,600 per year. Cross writes: "I was a bookkeeper when I enrolled. I am now Manager of the Tobacco Storage Warehouse, Pembroke Warehouse Co., and of the Pembroke Light, Power and Water Co. Words cannot express my appreciation of what the I. C. S. has done for me."

When it is considered that the I. C. S. trains men without requiring them to leave

home or give up work, and that they continue to earn while they learn, the success of these men is the more remarkable.

Another great advantage is that the I. C. S. reaches and helps men no matter how far away they live, what they do for a living, or how long their working hours may be. This is clearly shown by the testimony of James B. Lund, 214 Baird Ave., Chicago, who through I. C. S. help advanced from

FARMER TO HEATING AND VENTILATING ENGINEER

Lund says: "When I started my Course in the I. C. S. I was working on the farm. I am now heating and ventilating engineer with the firm of Andrews and Johnson Company, and am earning *\$1,400 a year more* than I did when I enrolled. *This advancement is all due to the start I received from the I. C. S.*"

That's I. C. S. method—takes a man from the farm and places him in a good position at the work of his own choice—to say nothing of bringing him a raise in salary of \$1,400 a year. The motto of the I. C. S. "The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries" is *not*



TEACHER TO CHEMIST.

something merely to catch the eye, but a *truth* behind which stands the testimony of thousands of once poorly-paid men who, like Lund, have achieved lasting success through I. C. S. help.

CLERK TO INSPECTOR

The story of Albert Suhern's rise from clerk in a retail store to railroad inspector is particu-

larly interesting, in that it shows what a man can accomplish in spite of long hours, provided he has *the right kind of help*. He says: "When working as a clerk in a retail store sixteen hours a day, I took out a Course in the I. C. S. My Course enabled me to get rid of a position that was very burdensome and disagreeable to me, and to become an inspector for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. My earnings are \$45.00 a month in advance of what they were when I enrolled." Address 171 St. John St., New Haven, Conn.

That's another feature of I. C. S. training. It takes men from uncongenial positions and puts them at the work they like best. Still another advantage is that the I. C. S. way is so simple and at the same time so thorough, that ambitious men are enabled to overcome every obstacle and to quickly fit themselves for better positions and bigger salaries. Su-
hern's experience proves this.

SCHOOL TEACHER TO CHEMIST

It is wrong to suppose that the I. C. S. is only for men with little schooling. The I. C. S. also helps men who possess the advantages that a good schooling offers, but who wish to know more and earn more. To such men an I. C. S. Course is better than a college course because it leads to knowledge by the shortest route, eliminating all that is impractical or superfluous—with the added advantage that an I. C. S. training can be acquired in *spare time*.

While teaching school at Thomas, Ala., B. E. McDougle concluded that there was a much better position awaiting him somewhere in the world, and so he decided to reach out for it. His qualifications as a school teacher would have enabled him to secure many positions that would have paid better than teaching. But he didn't want them—he wanted work that besides paying well would be congenial. Consequently he took an I. C. S. Course in General Chemistry—a subject that had always appealed to him. Now he is first assistant chemist for the Republic Iron and Steel Co., *at almost triple his former salary*.

McDougle didn't have to pack up and go to some other town in order to study chemistry. He didn't even have to stop working. The training came to him in his spare moments, without heavy expense or inconvenience.

RODMAN TO SUPERINTENDENT

Because of his knowledge the trained man is always in line for promotion. With him advancement is natural. This is clearly shown in the case of Wesley W. Albee, of Augusta, Maine, whose letter speaks for itself. It reads: "When employed as rodman in the City Engineer's Office at Melrose, Mass., I enrolled for a course in your Schools. After a few months' study I received an advance in my earnings *without asking for it*; and, making good progress in my studies, received an advance regularly every six months. My advancement in my profession has been steady ever since, and I am now Superintendent of the Augusta Water Works, and have increased my earnings greatly. *My Course has been worth thousands of dollars to me*, and I would recommend your institution to any man who is sincere in his desire to advance."

There's nothing padded about a testimonial like that. It rings true. It's a plain, straightforward story of advancement won through ambition, plus I. C. S. help.

SALARY INCREASED EIGHT HUNDRED PER CENT.

The story of how Harry J. Lebherz, Frederick, Md., had his salary multiplied by eight reads like a book. Young Lebherz when a mere schoolboy of sixteen, enrolled for the I. C. S. Electrical Engineering Course in August, 1900. Four months later he secured a position as tracer for the Ox Fiber Brush Co. of Frederick, Md., and gradually advanced to the position of head designer. He was recently made assistant superintendent. When last heard from his salary had increased 800 per cent. since the time he secured his first position.

Being of an inventive turn of mind Lebherz was able to put that talent to good account through the help of his I. C. S. Course. One

of his inventions is an automatic brush machine which he designed one year after he enrolled.

STORIES OF SUCCESS

Nothing ever written is so replete with such dramatic history of success as the stories of the men who through the help of the I. C. S. have won higher places in the world. Contained in the I. C. S. book entitled "1001 Stories of Success," which is sent free to all who mark the coupon, are the *voluntary* statements of men telling how they have succeeded in breaking away from poorly paid positions and connecting with the fat pay-envelope—how dissatisfied men have obtained congenial positions—how men long past their prime have got in line for promotion without having to start afresh—how the young man leaving school has stepped into a good position at the very outset—how men already in good positions have advanced to even better—how from a state of dependence men have gained independence—how salaries have been doubled, trebled, quadrupled.

The I. C. S. takes a clerk and makes him a chief electrician at nearly three times his former salary. That's what it did for A. G. Carpenter, Bakersfield, Cal., who says he is making rapid progress, and that the I. C. S. offers rare opportunities to all ambitious men.

While pegging away as a shoemaker, Ralph C. Tebbetts, of 7 Furber St., Rochester, N. H., enrolled with the I. C. S. for a course in engine running. He writes: "I am now assistant engineer, and my earnings are more than doubled. Previous to my taking your Course *I knew nothing whatever about an engine.* I consider your system of education all that you claim for it."

From toolmaker to chief draftsman is the experience of Eric J. Pilblad, 39 Cherry St., Attleboro, Mass. Considering that at the time of enrolling Pilblad's knowledge of English was very limited, his success seems indeed wonderful. Without the help of the I. C. S. he couldn't possibly have risen so rapidly. He says: "When I enrolled I had not been in the country more than a few months, and *my knowledge of English was very limited.* With patience and the assistance of a dictionary I understood my Course without any difficulty whatever. I have advanced from the position of toolmaker to that of chief draftsman, and my earnings have increased 133 per cent. since enrolling. I have

never had occasion so far where I needed any help outside of my instruction papers.

Other examples of success attained through I. C. S. are: Farm hand to chief clerk; laborer to assistant engineer; carpenter to draftsman; draftsman to architect; laborer to contractor, and so on—ever the story of up, up, up, with I. C. S. training behind it all.

WHAT WILL YOU DO AT 60?

That's a question that should mean something to every man. What does it mean to *you*? Are you taking advantage of the bright days of Opportunity by preparing for the dark days of old age; or are you satisfied to stay down while some other fellow steps up? The opportunity to advance is within your reach—have you enough ambition to grasp it?

Surely, if thousands of other men have won success through I. C. S. training, *you* can do the same. It costs you nothing to learn how the I. C. S. can help you—nothing for the information and *advice* that a few years ago you couldn't get for any amount of money. You're not too old. Lack of capital is no hindrance. It doesn't matter how much or how little schooling you have had. Distance, occupation, or place of residence need not prevent you. There are no embarrassing stipulations. The I. C. S. fits its method to your particular case. It helps you *in your spare time.*

Be a winner. You're too good a man to be kept down; and you wouldn't *stay* down if you only knew how easy it is to advance. Investigation is free. Are you ambitious enough to mark the coupon?

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Telephone Engineer
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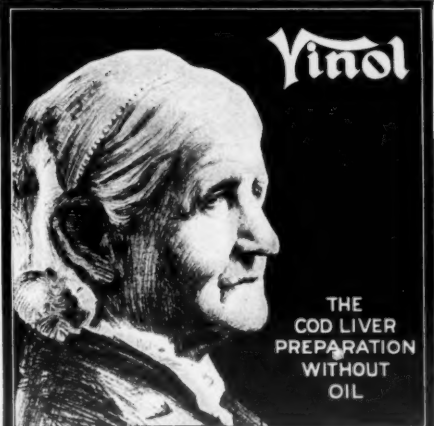
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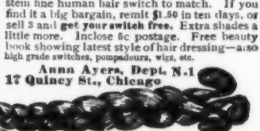
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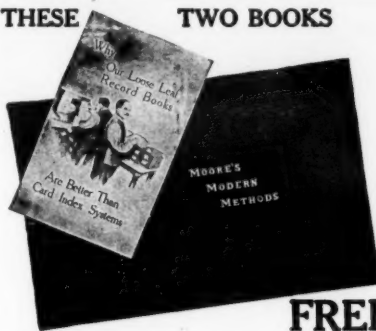
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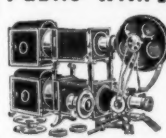
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I have reduced 15,000 women in the past six years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

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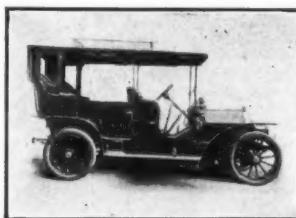
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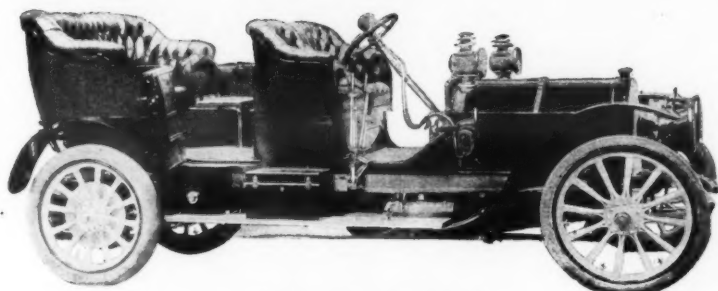
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